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WILSON'S

TALES OF THE BORDERS

AND OF SCOTLAND:

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative.

WITH A GLOSSARY.

Revised by

ALEXANDER LEIGHTON,

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

VOL. XII.

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

PR3537
M2M5
v.12

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WILSON'S

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE LAWYER'S TALES.

LORD KAMES'S PUZZLE.

On looking over some Session papers which had belonged to Lord Kames, with the object, I confess, of getting hold of some facts—those entities called by Quintilian the bones of truth, the more by token, I fancy, that they so often stick in the throat—which might contribute to my legends, I came to some sheets whereon his lordship had written some hasty remarks, to the effect that the case Napier *versus* Napier was the most curious puzzle that ever he had witnessed since he had taken his seat on the bench. The papers were fragmentary, consisting of parts of a Reclaiming Petition and some portion of a Proof that had been led in support of a brieve of service; but I got enough to enable me to give the story, which I shall do in such a connected manner as to take the reader along with me, I hope pleasantly, and without any inclination to choke upon the foresaid bones.

Without being very particular about the year, which really I do not know with further precision than that it was within the first five years of Lord Kames's senatorship, I request the reader to fancy himself in a small

domicile in Toddrick's Wynd, in the old city of Edinburgh; and I request this the more readily that, as we all know, Nature does not exclude very humble places from the regions of romance, neither does she deny to very humble personages the characters of heroes and heroines. Not that I have much to say in the first instance either of the place or the persons; the former being no more than a solitary room and a bed-closet, where yet the throb of life was as strong and quick as in the mansions of the great, and the latter composed of two persons—one, a decent, hard-working woman called Mrs. Hislop, whose duty in this world was to keep her employers clean in their clothes, wherein she stood next to the minister, insomuch as cleanliness is next to godliness—in other words, she was a washerwoman; the other being a young girl, verging upon sixteen, called Henrietta, whose qualities, both of mind and body, might be comprised in the homely eulogy, "as blithe as bonnie." So it may be, that if you are alarmed at the humility of the occupation of the one—even with your remembrance that Sir Isaac Newton experimented upon soap-bubbles—as being so intractable in the plastic-work of romance, you may be appeased by the qualities of the other; for has it not been our delight to sing for a thousand years, yea, in a thousand songs, too, the praises of young damsels, whether under the names of Jenny or Peggy, or those of Clarinda or Florabella, or whether engaged in herding flocks by Logan Waters, or dispensing knights' favours under the peacock? But we cannot afford to dispose of our young heroine in this curt way, for her looks formed parts of the lines of a strange history; and so we must be permitted the privilege of narrating that, while Mrs. Hislop's *protegée* did not come within that charmed circle which contains, according to the poets, so many

angels without wings, she was probably as fair every whit as Dowsabell. Yet, after all, we are not here concerned with beauty, which, as a specialty in one to one, and as a universality in all to all, is beyond the power of written description. We have here to do simply with some traits which, being hereditary, not derived from Mrs. Hislop, have a bearing upon our strange legend: the very slightest cast in the eyes, which in its piquancy belied a fine genial nature in the said Henney; and a classic nose, which, partaking of the old Roman type, and indicating pride, was equally untrue to a generosity of feeling which made friends of all who saw her—*except one.* A strange exception this *one;* for who, even in this bad world, could be an enemy to a creature who conciliated sympathy as a love, and defied antipathy as an impossibility? Who could *he* be? or rather, who could *she* be? for man seems to be excluded by the very instincts of his nature. The question may be answered by the evolution of facts; than which what other have we even amidst the dark gropings into the mystery of our wonderful being?

Mrs. Hislop's head was over the skeil, wherein lay one of the linen sheets of Mr. Dallas, the writer to the signet, which, with her broad hands, she was busy twisting into the form of a serpent; and no doubt there were indications of her efforts in the drops of perspiration which stood upon her good-humoured, gaucy face, so suggestive of dewdrops ('bating the poetry) on the leaves of a big blush peony. In this work she was interrupted by the entrance of Henney, who came rushing in as if under the influence of some emotion which had taken her young heart by surprise.

"What think ye, minny?" she cried, as she held up her hands.

"The deil has risen again from the grave where he was buried in Kirkcaldy," was the reply, with a laugh.

"No, that's no it," continued the girl.

"Then what is it?" was the question.

"He's dead," replied Henney.

"Who is dead?" again asked Mrs. Hislop.

"The strange man," replied the girl.

And a reply, too, which brought the busy worker to a pause in her work, for she understood who the *he* was, and the information went direct through the ear to the heart; but Henney, supposing that she was not understood, added—

"The man who used to look at me with yon terrible eyes."

"Yes, yes, dear, I understand you," said the woman, as she let the coil fall, and sat down upon a chair, under the influence of strong emotion. "But who told you?"

"Jean Graham," replied the girl.

An answer which seemed, for certain reasons known to herself, to satisfy the woman, for the never another word she said, any more than if her tongue had been paralyzed by the increased action of her heart; but as we usually find that when that organ in woman is quiet more useful powers come into action, so the sensible dame began to exercise her judgment. A few minutes sufficed for forming a resolution; nor was it sooner formed than that it was begun to be put into action, yet not before the excited girl was away, no doubt to tell some of her companions of her relief from the bugbear of the man with the terrible eyes. The formation of a purpose might have been observed in her puckered lips and the speculation in her grey eyes. The spirit of romance had visited the small house in Toddrick's Wynd, where for fifteen years the domestic *lares* had

sat quietly surveying the economy of poverty. She rose composedly from the chair into which the effect of Henney's exclamation had thrown her, went to the blue chest which contained her holiday suit, took out, one after another, the chintz gown, the mankie petticoat, the curch, the red plaid; and, after washing from her face the perspiration drops, she began to put on her humble finery—all the operation having been gone through with that quiet action which belongs to strong minds where resolution has settled the quivering chords of doubt.

Following the dressed dame up the High Street, we next find her in the writing-booth of Mr. James Dallas, writer to his Majesty's Signet. The gentleman was, after the manner of his tribe, minutely scanning some papers—that is, he was looking into them so sharply that you would have inferred that he was engaged in hunting for "flaws;" a species of game that is both a prey and a reward—*et præda et premium*, as an old proverb says. Nor shall we say he was altogether pleased when he found his inquiry, whatever it might be, interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Margaret Hislop of Toddrick's Wynd; notwithstanding that to this personage he and Mrs. Dallas, and all the Dallases, were indebted for the whiteness of their linen. No doubt she would be wanting payment of her account; yet why apply to him, and not to Mrs. Dallas? And, besides, it needed only one glance of the writer's eye to show that his visitor had something more of the look of a client than a cleaner of linen; a conclusion which was destined to be confirmed, when the woman, taking up one of the high-backed chairs in the room, placed it right opposite to the man of law, and, hitching her round body into something like stiff dignity, seated herself. Nor was this change from her usual deport-

ment the only one she underwent; for, as soon appeared, her style of speech was to pass from broad Scotch, not altogether into the "Inglis" of the upper ranks, but into a mixture of the two tongues; a feat which she performed very well, and for which she had been qualified by having lived in the service of the great.

"And so Mr. Napier of Eastleys is dead?" she began.

"Yes," answered the writer, perhaps with a portion of cheerfulness, seeing he was that gentleman's agent, or "doer," as it was then called; a word far more expressive, as many clients can testify, at least after they are "done;" and seeing also that a dead client is not finally "done" until his affairs are wound up and consigned to the green box.

"And wha is his heir, think ye?" continued his questioner.

"Why, Charles Napier, his nephew," answered the writer, somewhat carelessly.

"I'm no just a'thegither sure of that, Mr. Dallas," said she, with another effort at dignity, which was unfortunately qualified by a knowing wink.

"The deil's in the woman," was the sharp retort, as the writer opened his eyes wider than he had done since he laid down his parchments.

"The deil's in me or no in me," said she; "but this I'm sure of, that Henrietta Hislop—that's our Henney, ye ken—the brawest and bonniest lass in Toddrick's Wynd (and that's no saying little), is the lawful heiress of Mr. John Napier of Eastleys, and was called Henrietta after her mother."

"The honest woman's red wud," said the writer, laughing. "Why, Mrs. Hislop, I always took you for a shrewd, sensible woman. Do you really think that, because you bore a child to Mr. John Napier,

therefore Henney Hislop is the heiress of her reputed father?"

"*Me* bear a bairn to Mr. Napier!" cried the offended client. "Wha ever said I was the mother of Henney Hislop?"

"Everybody," replied he. "We never doubted it, though I admit she has none of your features."

"Everybody is a leear, then," rejoined the woman tartly. "There's no a drap of blood in the lassie's body can claim kindred with me or mine; though, if it were so, it would be no dishonour, for the Hislops were lairds of Highslaps in Ayrshire at the time of Malcolm Mucklehead."

"And whose daughter, by the mother's side, is she, then?" asked he, as his curiosity began to wax stronger.

"Ay, you have now your hand on the cocked egg," replied she, with a look of mystery. "The other was a wind ane, and you've just to sit a little and you'll see the chick."

The writer settled himself into attention, and the good dame thought it proper, like some preachers who pause two or three minutes (the best part of their discourse) after they have given out the text, to raise a wonder how long they intend to hold their tongue, and thereby produce attention, to retain her speech until she had attained the due solemnity.

"It is now," she began, in a low mysterious voice, "just sixteen years come June,—and if ye want the day, it will be the 15th,—and if ye want the hour, we may say eleven o'clock at night, when I was making ready for my bed,—I heard a knock at my door, and the words of a woman, 'Oh, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Hislop!' So I ran and opened the door; and wha think ye I saw but Jean Graham, Mr. Napier's cook, with een like twa candles, and her mouth as wide as if she had been

to swallow the biggest sup of porridge that ever crossed ploughman's craig?"

"'What's ado, woman?' said I, for I thought something fearful had happened.

"'Oh,' cried she, 'my lady's lighter, and ye're to come to Meggat's Land, even noo, this minute, and bide nae man's hindrance.'

"'And so I will,' said I, as I threw my red plaid ower my head; then I blew out my cruse, and out we came, jolting each other in the dark passage through sheer hurry and confusion—down the Canongate, till we came to Meggat's Land, in at the kitchen door, ben a dark passage, up a stair, then ben another passage, till we came to a back room, the door of which was opened by somebody inside. I was bewildered—the light in the room made my een reel; but I soon came to myself, when I saw a man and Mrs. Kemp the howdie busy rowing something in flannel.

"'Get along,' said the man to Jean; 'you're not wanted here.'

"And as Jean made off, Mrs. Kemp turned to me—

"'Come here, Mrs. Hislop,' said she.

"So I slipt forward; but the never a word more was said for ten minutes, they were so intent on getting the bairn all right—for ye ken, sir, it was a new-born babe they were busy with: they were as silent as the grave; and indeed everything was so still, that I heard their breathing like a rushing of wind, though they breathed just as they were wont to do. And when they had finished—

"'Mrs. Hislop,' said the man, as he turned to me, 'you're to take this child and bring it up as your own, or anybody else's you like, except Mr. Napier's, and you're never to say when or how you got it, for it's a banned creature, with the curse upon it of a malison for

the sins of him who begot it and of her who bore it. Swear to it;' and he held up his hand.

"And I swore; but I thought I would just take the advice of the Lord how far my words would bind me to do evil, or leave me to do gude, when the time came. So I took the bairn into my arms.

"'And wha will pay for the wet-nurse?' said I; 'for ye ken I am as dry as a yeld crummie. But there is a woman in Toddrick's Wynd wha lost her bairn yestreen: she is threatened wi' a milk-fever, and by my troth this little stranger will cure her; but, besides the nourice-fee, there is my trouble.'

"'I was coming to that,' said he, 'if your supple tongue had left you power to hear mine. In this leathern purse there are twenty gowden guineas—a goodly sum; but whether goodly or no, you must be content; yea, the never a penny more you may expect, for all connection between this child and this house or its master is to be from this moment finished for ever.'

"And a gude quittance it was, I thought, with a bonny bairn and twenty guineas on my side, and nothing on the other but maybe a father's anger and salt tears, besides the wrath of God against those who forsake their children. So with thankfulness enough I carried away my bundle; and ye'll guess that Henney Hislop is now the young woman of fifteen who was then that child of a day."

"And is this all the evidence," said the writer, "you have to prove that Henrietta Hislop is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Napier?"

"Maybe no," replied she; "if ye weren't so like the English stranger wha curst the Scotch kail because he did not see on the table the beef that was coming from the kitchen, besides the haggis and the bread-pudding.

You've only as yet got the broth, and, for the rest, I will give you Mrs. Kemp, wha told me, as a secret, that the child was brought into the world by her own hands from the living body of Mrs. Napier. Will that satisfy you?"

"No," replied Mr. Dallas, who had got deeper and deeper into a study. "Mr. Napier, I know, was at home that evening when his wife bore a child: that child never could have been given away without his consent; and as for the consent itself, it is a still greater improbability, seeing that he was always anxious for an heir to Eastleys."

"And so maybe he was," replied she; "but I see you are only at the beef yet, and you may be better pleased when you have got the haggis, let alone the pudding. Yea, it is even likely Mr. Napier wanted an heir, and, what is more, he got one, at least an heiress; but sometimes God gives and the devil misgives. And so it was here; for Mr. Napier took it into his head that the child was not his, and, in place of being pleased with an heir, he thought himself cursed with a bastard, begotten on his wife by no other than Captain Preston, his lady's cousin. And where did the devil find that poison growing but in the heart of Isabel Napier, the sister of that very Charles who is now thinking he will heir Eastleys by pushing aside poor Henney? And then the poison, like the old apple, was so fair and tempting; for Mr. Napier had been married ten years, and enjoyed the love that is so bonnie a 'little while when it is new,' and yet had no children, till this one came so exactly nine months after the captain's visit to Scotland, that Satan had little more to do than hold up the temptation. You see, sir, how things come round; but still, according to the old fashion, after a long, weary, dreary turn. Mrs. Napier died next day after the

birth; Mr. Napier lived a miserable man; Henney was brought up in poverty, and sometimes distress, but now I hope she has come to her kingdom."

Here Mrs. Hislop stopped; and as there could be no better winding-up of a romance than by bringing her heroine to her kingdom at last, she felt so well pleased with her conclusion, that she could afford to wait longer for her expected applause than the fair story-tellers in the *brigata* under Queen Pampinea; and it was as well that she was thus fortified, for the writer, in place of declaring his satisfaction with her proofs, seemed, as he lay back in his chair in a deep reverie, to be occupied once more in hunting for flaws. At length, raising himself on his chair, and fixing his eyes upon her with that look of scepticism which a writer assumes when he addresses a would-be new client who wants to push out an old one with a better right—

"Mrs. Hislop," said he, "if it had not been that I have always taken you for an honest woman, I would say that you are art and part in fabricating a story without a particle of foundation. There may possibly be some mystery about the birth and parentage of the young girl. You may have got her out of the house of Meggat's Land in the Canongate from a man—not Mr. Napier, you admit—who may have been the father of it by some mother residing in the house; and Mrs. Kemp may have been actuated, by some unknown means, to remove the paternity from the right to the wrong person. All this is possible; but that the child could be that one which Mrs. Napier bore is impossible, for this reason—and I beg of you to listen to it—that Mrs. Napier's child *was dead-born, and was, according to good evidence, buried in the same coffin with the mother.*"

A statement this, which, delivered in the solemn manner of an attorney who was really honest, and who

knew much of this history, appeared to Mrs. Hislop so strange that her tongue was paralyzed; an effect which had never before been produced by any one of all the five causes of the metaphysicians. Even her eyes seemed to have lost their power of movement; and as for her wits, they had, like those of the renowned Astolpho, surely left, and taken refuge in the moon.

"If you are not satisfied with my words," continued the writer (no doubt ironically, for where could he have found better evidence of the effect of his statement?), "I will give you writing for the truth of what I have said to you."

And rising and going towards a green tin box, he opened the same, and taking therefrom a piece of paper, he resumed his seat.

"Now listen," said he, as he unfolded an old yellow-coloured sheet of paper, and then he read these words: "'Your presence is requested at the funeral of Henrietta Preston, my wife, and of a child still-born, from my house, Meggat's Land, Canongate, to the burying-ground at St. Cuthberts, on Friday the 19th of this month June, at one o'clock;' and the name at this letter," continued Mr. Dallas, "is that of 'John Napier of Eastleys.' Will that satisfy you?"

And the "doer" for Mr. Charles Napier, conceiving that he had at last effectually "done" his client's opponent, seemed well pleased to sit and witness the further effect of his evidence on the bewildered woman; but we are to remember that a second stroke sometimes only takes away the pain of the former, and a repetition of blows will quicken the reaction which slumbered under the first. Whether this was so or not in our present instance, or whether Mrs. Hislop had recovered her wits by a process far shorter than that followed by the foresaid Astolpho, we know not; but certain it is,

that she recovered the powers of both her eyes and her tongue in much less time than the writer expected, and in a manner, too, very different from that for which he was probably prepared.

"Weel," replied she, smiling, "it would just seem that even the haggis has not pleased you, Mr. Dallas;" and, putting her hand into a big side-pocket, that might have served a gaberlunzie for a wallet, she extracted a small piece of paper. She continued: "But ye see a guid, honest Scotchwoman 's no to be suspected of being shabby at her own table; so read ye that, which you may take for the bread-pudding."

And the writer, having taken the paper, and held it before his face for so long a time that it might have suggested the suspicion that the words therein written stuck in his eyes, and would not submit to that strange process whereby, unknown to ourselves, we transfer written vocables to the ear before we can understand them, turned a look upon the woman of dark suspicion—

"Where, in God's name, got you this?" he said.

"Just read it out first," replied she. "Ye read yer ain paper, and why no mine?"

And the writer read, perhaps more easily than he could understand, the strange words:

"This child, born of my wife, and yet neither of my blood nor my lineage, I repudiate, and, unable to push it back into the dark world of nothing from which it came, I leave it with a scowl to the mercy which countervaileth the terrible decree whereby the sins of the parent shall be visited on the child. This I do on the 15th of June 17—. JOHN NAPIER of Eastleys, in the county of Mid-Lothian."

After reading this extraordinary denunciation, Mr. Dallas sat and considered, as if at a loss what to say;

but whether it was that scepticism was at the root of his thoughts, or that he assumed it as a mask to conceal misgivings to which he did not like to confess, he put a question :

"Where got you this notable piece of evidence?"

"Ay," replied Mrs. Hislop, "you are getting reasonable on the last dish. That bit of paper, which to me and my dear Henney is worth the haill estate of Eastleys, was found by me carefully pinned to the flannel in which the child was wrapt."

"Wonderful enough surely," repeated he, "*if true*" —the latter words being pronounced with emphasis which made the rough liquid letter sound like a hurling stone; "but," he continued, "the whole document, in its terms of crimination and exposure, and not less the wild manner of its application, is so unlike the act of a man not absolutely frantic, that I cannot believe it to be genuine."

"But you know, Mr. Dallas," replied she, "that Mr. John Napier was a man who, if he threw a stone, cared little whether it struck the kirk window or the mill door."

"That is so far true; but, passionate and unforgiving as he was, he was not so reckless as to be regardless whether the stone did not come back on his own head."

"And it's no genuine!" she resumed, as, disregarding his latter words, she relapsed into her more familiar dialect. "The Lord help ye! canna ye look at first the ae paper and then the ither? and if they're no alike, mustna the ither be the forgery?"

An example of the conditional syllogism which might have amused even a writer to the signet, if he had not been at the very moment busy in the examination of the handwriting of the funeral letter and that of the paper of repudiation and malison—the resemblance, or

rather the identity of which was so striking, as to reduce all his theories to confusion.

"By all that's good in heaven, the same," he muttered to himself; and then addressing his visitor, "I confess, Mrs. Hislop," said he, "that this paper has driven me somewhat off my point of confidence; but I suppose you will see that, if the child was actually, as the letter indicates, buried with its mother, Henrietta's rights are at an end. It is just possible, however, I fairly admit, that Mr. Napier, who was a very eccentric man, may have so worded the letter as to induce the world to believe that the so-considered illegitimate child had been dead-born, while he gratified—privately he might verily think—his vengeance by writing this terrible curse. Still I think you are wrong; but as this wonderful paper gives you a plausible plea, I would recommend you to Mr. White, in Mill's Court, who will see to the young woman's rights. He will be the flint, and I the steel; and between our friendly opposition we will produce a spark which will light up the candle of truth."

"Ay," replied she; "only as the spark of fire comes from the steel, we'll just suppose you are the flint—and by my troth you're hard enough; but, come as it may, it will light the lantern that will show Henney Napier to the bonnie haughs of Eastleys."

Mrs. Hislop having got back her paper from Mr. Dallas, left the writer's chambers, and directed her steps to Mill's Court, where she found Mr. White, even as she had Mr. Dallas, busy poring over law papers. She was, as we have seen, one of those people who can make their own introduction acceptable, and, moreover, one of those women, few as they are, who can tell a story with the continuity and fitting emphasis necessary to secure the attention of a busy listener. So Mr. White

heard her narrative, not only with interest, but even a touch of the pervading sympathy of the spirit of romance. And so he might; for who doesn't see that the charm of mystery can be enhanced by the hope of turning it to account of money? Then he was so much of a practical man as to know that while every string has two ends, the true way to get hold of both is to make sure in the first place of one. Wherefore he began to interrogate his client as to who could speak to the doings in the house in Meggat's Land on that eventful night when the child was born; and having taken notes of the answers to his questions, he paused a little, as if to consider what was the first step he ought to take into the region of doubt, and perhaps of intrigue, where at least there must be lies floating about like films in the clear atmosphere of truth. Nor had he meditated many minutes till he rose, and taking up his square hat and his gold-headed cane, he said—

"Come, we will try what we can discover in a quarter where an end of the ravelled string ought to be found, whether complicated into a knot by the twisting power of self-interest or no."

And leading the way, he proceeded with his client down the High Street, where, along under the glimmering lamps, were the usual crowds of loungers, composed of canny Saxon and fiery Celt, which have always made this picturesque thoroughfare so remarkable. Not one of all these had any interest for our two searchers; but it was otherwise when they came toward the Canongate Tolbooth, where, out from a dark entry sprang a young woman, and bounding forward, seized our good dame round the neck. This was no other than Henney Hislop herself, who, having been alarmed at the long absence of her "mother," as she called her, and of course believed her to be, was so delighted to find her,

that she sobbed out her joy in such an artless way, that even the writer owned it was interesting to behold. Nor was the picture without other traits calculated to engage attention; for the girl whose fortunes had been so strange, and were perhaps destined to be still more strange, was dressed in the humblest garb—the short gown and the skirt peculiar to the time; but then every tint was so bright with pure cleanliness, the earrings set off so fine a skin, the indispensable strip of purple round the head imparted so much of the grace of the old classic wreath; and beyond all this, which might be said to be extraneous, her features—if you abated the foresaid cast or slight squint in the eyes, which imparted a piquancy—were so regular, if not handsome, that you could not have denied that she deserved to be a Napier, if she was not a very Napier in reality. A few words whispered in Mrs. Hislop's ear, and the girl was off, leaving our couple to proceed on their way. Even this incident had its use; for Mr. White, who had known Mr. Napier, and had faith (as who has not?) in the hereditary descent of bodily aspects, could not restrain himself from the remark, however much it might inflame the hopes of his client—

"The curse has left no blight there," said he. "That is the very face of Mr. Napier—the high nose especially; and as for the eyes, with that unmistakeable cast, why, I have seen their foretypes in the head of John Napier a hundred times."

An observation so congenial to Mrs. Hislop, that she could not help being a little humorous, even in the depth of an anxiety which had kept her silent for the full space of ten minutes.

"Nose, sir! there wasn't a man frae the castle yett to Holyrood wha could have produced that nose except John Napier."

And without further interruption than her own laugh, they proceeded till they came to the entry called Big Lochend Close, up which they went some forty or fifty steps till they came to an outer door, which led by a short dark passage to two or three inner doors in succession, all leading to separate rooms occupied by separate people. No sooner had they turned into this passage than they encountered a woman in a plaid and with a lantern in her hand, who had just left the third or innermost room, and whose face, as it peered through the thick folds of her head-covering, was illuminated by a gleam from the light she carried. She gave them little opportunity for examination, having hurried away as if she had been afraid of being searched for stolen property.

"Isbel Napier," whispered Mrs. Hislop; "she wha first brought evil into the house of the Napiers, with all its woe."

"And who bodes us small hope here," said he, "if she has been with the nurse."

And entering the room from which the ill-omening woman had issued, they found another, even her of whom they were in search, sitting by the fire, torpid and corpulent, to a degree which indicated that as it had been her trade to nurse others, she had not forgotten herself in her ministrations.

"Mrs. Temple," said Mr. White, who saw the policy of speaking fair the woman who had been so recently in the company of an evil genius; "I am glad to find you so stout and hearty."

"Neither o' the twa, sir," replied she; "for I am rather weak and heartless. Many a ane I hae nursed into health and strength, but a' nursing comes hame in the end."

"And some, no doubt, have died under your care,"

continued the writer, with a view to introduce his subject; "and therefore you should be grateful for the life that is still spared to you. You could not save the life of Mrs. Napier."

"That's an auld story, and a waefu' ane," she replied, with a side-look at Mrs. Hislop; "and I hae nae heart to mind it. Some said the lady wasna innocent; and doubtless Mr. Napier thought sae, for he took high dealings wi' her, and looked at her wi' a scorn that would have scathed whinstanes. Sae it was better she was ta'en awa—ay, and her baby wi' her; for if it had lived, it would have dree'd the revenge o' that stern man."

"The child!" said Mr. White, "did it die too?"

"Dee! ye may rather ask if it ever lived; for it never drew breath, in this world at least."

A statement so strange, that it brought the eyes of the two visitors to each other; and no doubt both of them recurred in memory to the statement in the funeral letter, which, whatever may have been the case with the assertion now made by the nurse, never could have been dictated by her they had met in the passage; and no doubt, also, they both remembered the statement made by Mr. Dallas, to the effect that both the mother and child were buried together.

"Never drew breath, you say, nurse!" resumed Mr. White, with an air of astonishment; "why, I have been given to understand, not only that the child was born alive, but that it is actually living now."

"Weel," replied the nurse, "maybe St. Cuthbert has wrought a miracle, and brought the child out o' the grave by the West Church; but he has wrought nae miracle on me, to mak' me forget what my een saw, and my hands did, that day when I helped to place the dead body o' the innocent on the breast o'

its dead mother; ay, and bent her stiff arms sae as to bring them ower her bairn, just as if she had been faulding it to her bosom. And sae in this fashion were they buried."

"And you would swear to that, Mrs. Temple?" said the writer.

"Ay, upon fifty Bibles, ane after anither," was the reply, in something like a tone of triumph.

Nor could the woman be induced to swerve from these assertions, notwithstanding repeated interrogations; and the writer was left to the conclusion—which he preferred, rather than place any confidence in the funeral letter—that the nurse's statement was in some mysterious way connected with the visit of Isabel Napier; and yet, not so very mysterious, after all, when we are to consider that her brother was preparing to claim Eastleys, as well as the valuable furniture of the house in Meggat's Land, as the nearest lawful heir of his deceased uncle. The salvo was at least comfortable to both Mr. White and his client, and no doubt it helped to lighten their steps, as, bidding adieu to the the "hard witness," they left her to the nursing which comes "aye hame in the end."

But their inquiries were not finished; and retracing their steps up the Canongate, they landed in the Fountain Close, where, under the leading of Mrs. Hislop, the writer was procured another witness, with a name already familiar to him through the communication of his client; and this was no other than that same Jean Graham, who was sent to Toddrick's Wynd on that eventful night, fifteen years before, to bring Mrs. Hislop to the house in Meggat's Land;—one of those simple souls—we wish there were more of them in the world—who look upon a lie as rather an operose affair, and who seem to be truthful from sheer lazi-

ness. There was, accordingly, no difficulty here; for the woman rolled off her story just as if it had been coiled up in her mind for all that length of time.

"There was a terrible stir in the house that night," she began. "The nurse, wha is yet living in Lochend Close, and Mrs. Kemp the howdie, wha is dead, were wi' my lady; and John Cowie, the butler, was busy attending our master, who had been the haill day in ane o' his dark fits, for we heard him calling for Cowie in a fierce voice ever and again; and his step sounded ower our heads upon the floor as he walked back and fore in his wrath. Then I was sent for you, and brought you, and you'll mind how Cowie bade me go along; but I had mair sense, for I listened at the door, and heard what the butler said to ye when he gied ye the bairn; and think ye I didna see ye carry it along the passage as ye left? Sae far I could understand; but when I heard nurse say the bairn was dead, Mrs. Kemp say the bairn was still-born, and Cowie declare it was better it was dead and awa, I couldna comprehend this ava; nor do I weel yet; but we just thought that as there was something wrang between master and my lady, he wanted us to believe that the bairn was dead, for very shame o' being thought the father, when maybe he wasna. And then he was so guid to me and my neighbour Anne Dickson,—ye mind o' her—puir soul, she's dead too,—that we couldna, for the very heart o' us, say a word o' what we knew. But now when Mr. Napier is dead, and the brother o' that wicked Jezebel, Isbel Napier, may try to take the property frae Henney, wha I aye kenned as a Napier, with the very nose and een o' the father, I have spoken out; and may the Lord gie the right to whom the right is due!"

"It's all right," said the writer, after he had jotted

with a pencil the evidence of Jean, as well as that of the nurse; "and if we could find this John Cowie, we might so fortify the orphan's rights, as to defy Miss Napier and her brother, and Mr. Dallas, and all the witnesses they can bring."

"Ay," continued the woman, "but I doubt if you'll catch him. He left Mr. Napier's service about ten years ago, and I never heard mair o' him."

"Nor I either," said Mrs. Hislop.

"Well, we must search for him," added Mr. White; "for that man alone, so far as I can see, is he who will unravel this strange business."

And thus the day's work finished. The writer parted for Mill's Court, and Mrs. Hislop, filled with doubts, hopes, and anxieties, sought her humble dwelling in Toddrick's Wynd, where Henney waited for her with all the solicitude of a daughter; but a word did not escape her lips that might carry to the girl's mind a suspicion that the golden cord of their supposed relationship ran a risk of being severed, even with the eventual condition that one, if not both of the divisions, would be transmuted into a string of diamonds.

Meanwhile the agent was in his own house, revolving all the points of a puzzle more curious than any that had yet come within the scope of his experience. Sometimes he felt confidence, and at other times despair; and of course he had the consolation, which belongs to all litigants, that the opposite party was undergoing the same process of oscillation. It was clear enough that Cowie was the required Œdipus; and if it should turn out that he was dead, or could not be found, the advantage was, with a slight declination, on the part of Charles Napier; insomuch as, while he was indisputably the nephew of the deceased, the orphan, Henrietta, was under the necessity of

proving her birth and pedigree. And so, as it appeared, Mr. Dallas was of that opinion, for the very next day he applied to Chancery for a brieve to get Charles Napier served nearest and lawful heir to his uncle; and as in legal warfare, where the judges are cognisant only of patent claims, there is small room for retiring tactics, Mr. White felt himself obliged, however anxious he was to gain time, to follow his opponent's example by taking out a competing brieve in favour of Henrietta.

The parties were now face to face in court, and the battle behoved to be fought out; but as in all legal cases, where the circumstances are strange or peculiar, the story soon gets wind, so here the Meggat's Land romance was by-and-by all over the city. Nor did it take less fantastic forms than usual, where sympathies and antipathies are strong in proportion to the paucity of the facts on which they are fed. It was a favourite opinion of some, that the case could only be cleared by supposing that a dead stranger child had been surreptitiously passed off, and even coffined, as the true one; while others, equally skilled in the art of divining, maintained that the child given to Mrs. Hislop by Cowie was a bastard of his own, by the terrible woman Isabel Napier, who was thus, according to the ordinary working of public prejudice, raised to a height of crime sufficient to justify the hatred of the people: on which presumption, it behoved to be assumed that the paper containing the curse was a forgery by Cowie and his associate in crime, and that the money paid to Mrs. Hislop was furnished by the lady; all which suppositions, and others not less incredible, were greedily accepted, for the very reason that it required something prodigious to explain an enigma which exhausted the ordinary sources of man's ingenuity; just as we

find in many religions, where miracles—the more absurd, the more acceptable—are resorted to to explain the mystery of man's relation to God, a secret which no natural light can illuminate.

But all these suppositions were destined to undergo refractions through the medium of a new fact. The case, by technical processes, came before the Court of Session, where the diversity of opinion was, proportionably to the number of judges, as great as among the quidnuncs outside. The only clear idea in the heads of the robed and wigged wiseacres was, that the case, Napier *versus* Napier, was a puzzle which no man could read or solve. It seemed fated to be as famous as the old Sphinx, the insoluble Mœnander, or the tortuous labyrinth, or the intricate key of Hercules—*ne Apollo quidem intelligat;* and if it had not happened that Lord Kames suggested the possibility of getting an additional piece of evidence through the examination of the coffin wherein Mrs. Napier was buried, the court might have been sitting over the famous case even in this year of the nineteenth century. The notion was worthy of his lordship's ingenuity; and accordingly a commission was issued to one of the Faculty to proceed to the West Church burying-ground, and there cause to be laid open and examined the coffin of the said Mrs. Henrietta Preston or Napier, with the view to ascertain whether or not the body of a child had been placed therein along with the corpse of the mother.

This commission was accordingly executed, and the report bore, that "he, the commissioner, had proceeded to the burying-ground of the parish of St. Cuthberts, and there caused David Scott, the sexton, to lay open the grave of the said Henrietta Preston or Napier, and to open the coffin therein contained; which having accordingly been done by the said David Scott and his

assistants, the commissioner, upon a faithful examination, aided by the experience of the said David Scott, did find the skeletons of two bodies in the said coffin identified as that of the said lady, one whereof was that of a woman apparently of middle age, and the other that of a babe, which lay upon the chest of the larger skeleton in such a way or manner as to be retained or held in that position by the arms of the same being laid across it; that having satisfied himself of these facts, the commissioner caused the coffin to be again closed and the grave covered with all decency and care. And he accordingly made this report to their lordships."

The fact thus ascertained, in opposition to the expectation of those who favoured the orphan, was viewed by the court as depriving, to a great extent, the case of that aspect of a riddle by which it had been so unfortunately distinguished; and as the case had been hung up even beyond the time generally occupied by cases at that period, when, as it was sometimes remarked, law-suits were as often settled by the old rule, *Romanus sedendo vincit*—by the death of one or other of the parties—as by a judgment, the case was again put to the Roll for a hearing on the effect of the new evidence. It was contended for the nephew by Mr. Wight, that the question was now virtually settled, insomuch that the court was not bound to solve riddles, but to find to whom pertained a certain right of inheritance. The birth of the child had been sworn to by the nurse, as well as its death, and the final placing of it in the coffin; and now the court had, as it were, ocular demonstration of these facts by the body having been seen by their own commissioner, placed on the breast of the mother in that very peculiar way described by Mrs. Temple. All claim on the part of the girl was thus virtually excluded, for the proceedings which took

place that evening in another room, under circumstances of suspicion, were sworn to only by Mrs. Hislop herself, an interested witness, and were only partially confirmed by an eavesdropper, who, as eavesdroppers generally do (except when their own characters are concerned), perhaps heard according as foregone prejudices induced her to wish. These suspicious proceedings might be explained by as many hypotheses as had been devised by the wise judges of the taverns, among which was the theory of the living child being Cowie's own by Isabel Napier, and palmed off as Mrs. Napier's to hide the shame of the true mother,—all unlikely enough, no doubt, but not so impossible as that the coffined child should now be alive and awaiting the issue of this case, in the expectation of being Lady of Eastleys.

On the other side, Mr. Andrews, counsel for Henrietta, maintained that while his learned brother assumed the one half of the case as proved, and repudiated the other as a lie or a myth, he had a right to embrace the other half, and pronounce the first a stratagem or trick. The proceedings in the back-room into which Jean Graham introduced Mrs. Hislop were more completely substantiated than those in the bedroom where Mrs. Napier lay; for while the one were sworn to by Mrs. Hislop herself, a soothfast witness, and confirmed in all points by the woman Graham, the other were attempted to be proven by the solitary testimony of the nurse Temple. The paper containing the curse was as indisputably in the handwriting of Mr. Napier as was the funeral letter. The money paid was proved by the fact that the orphan had been kept and educated for fifteen years. The name Henrietta was not likely to have been a mere coincidence, and it was still more unlikely that a respectable woman such as Mrs. Hislop would

invent a story of affiliation so strangely in harmony with the secrets of the house in Meggat's Land, and fortify it by a forged document. Then Mrs. Hislop was unable to write, and no attempt had been made on the other side to prove that Henrietta had a father other than he who was pointed out by the paper of the curse. So he (the counsel) might follow the example of his brother, and hold the other half of the case to be unexplainable by hypotheses, however ridiculous. The child having been disposed of to Mrs. Hislop,—a fact thus proved,—what was to prevent him (the counsel) from going also to the haunts of the *tabernian* Solons, or anywhere else in the regions of fancy, for the theory that Mr. Napier, or some plotter for him in the shape of Mrs. Kemp or John Cowie, substituted the dead child of a stranger for the living one of his wife, and bribed the nurse Temple to tell the tale she had told? to which she would be the more ready by the golden promptings of the woman Isabel Napier, the niece, whose brother would, in the event of the stratagem being concealed, succeed to the estate of Eastleys.

At the conclusion of these pleadings, the judges were inclined to be even more humorous than they had been previous to the issuing of the commission, for they had thought they saw their way to a judgment against the orphan. The president (Braxfield), it is said, indulged in a joke, to the effect that he had read *somewhere*—it was not for so religious a man to say where—of a child having been claimed by two mothers; he would like to see two fathers at that work, at least he would not be one; but here the claim was set up by Death on the one side, and Life (if a personification could be allowed) on the other, and they could not follow the old precedent, because he suspected none of their lordships would like to see the grim claimant at the bar to

receive his half. And so they chuckled, as judges sometimes do, at their own jokes—generally very bad—altogether oblivious of the fable of the frogs who could see no fun in a game which was death to them; for, as we have indicated, the opinion of a great majority was against the claim of the young woman: nor would the decision have been suspended that day, had not Mr. Andrews risen and made a statement—perhaps *as* fictitious as a counsel's conscience would permit—to the effect that the agent (Mr. White) had procured some trace of the butler Cowie, who could throw more light on the case than Death had done, and that if some time were accorded to complete the inquiry, something might turn up which would alter the complexion even of this Protean mystery. The request was granted.

But, in truth, Mr. Andrews' suggestion was simply a bit of ingenuity, intended to ward off an unfavourable judgment, and allow a development of the chapter of accidents;—a wise policy; for as the womb of Time is never empty, so Fate writes in the morning a chapter of every man's life of a day, at which in the evening he is sometimes a little surprised. No trace had yet been got of Cowie; it was not even known whether he was alive. But if we throw some fourteen days into the wallet-bag of Saturn, we may come to a day whereupon a certain person, in an inn far down in a valley of Westmoreland, and in the little town called Kirby Lonsdale, was busy reading the *Caledonian Mercury*—for it was not more easy to say where the winged *Mercury* of that time would not go, than it is to tell where a certain insect without wings, "which aye travels south," might not be found in England as an immigrant. It was at least no wonder that the paper should contain an account of the romance wrapped up

in the case Napier *versus* Napier; and certainly, if we could have judged from the face of the individual, we would have set him down as one given to the reading of riddles; for, after he had perused the paragraph, he looked as if he knew more about that case than all the fifteen, with the macers to boot. Nor was he contented with an indication of a mere look of wisdom: he actually burst out into a laugh—an expression wondrously unsuited to the gravity of the subject. You who read this will no doubt suspect that we are merely shading this man for the sake of effect: and this is true; but you are to remember that, while we are chroniclers of things mysterious, we work for the advantage to you of putting into your power to venture a shrewd guess; in making which, you are only working in the destined vocation of man, for the world is only guesswork all over, and you yourself are only guesswork as a part of it. The reader of the *Mercury* was verily Mr. John Cowie, whilom butler to Mr. John Napier, and now waiter in the Lonsdale Arms of the obscure Kirby—a place like Peebles, where, if you wanted to deposit a secret, you could do so by crying it out at the market-cross; and, moreover, he was verily in possession of the key to the Napier mystery.

Accordingly, Mr. White of Mill's Court in two days afterwards received a letter, informing him that John Cowie was the writer of the same, and that, if a reasonable consideration were held out to him, he would proceed to the northern metropolis, and there settle for ever a case which apparently had kept the newsmongers of Edinburgh in aliment for a length of time much exceeding the normal nine days. Opportune and happily come in the very nick of time as the latter was—for the delay allowed by the court had all but expired—Mr. White saw the danger of promising anything which

could be construed into a reward; but he could use other means of decoying the shy bird into his meshes; and these he used in his answer with such effect, that the man who could solve the mystery was in Edinburgh at the end of a week. Nor was Mr. White unprepared to receive him, for he had previously got a commission to examine him and take his deposition: but then an agent likes to know what a witness will say before he cites him; and the canny Scotchman, of all men in the world, is the most uncanny if brought to swear without some hope of being benefited by his oath. There was, therefore, need of tact as well as delicacy; and Mr. White contrived in the first place to get his man to take up his quarters in the house in Mill's Court. A good supper and chambers formed the first demulcent—we do not say bribe, because, by a legal fiction, all eating and drinking is set down to the score of hospitality. A Scotch breakfast followed in the morning, at which were present Mrs. White and Mrs. Hislop, and our favourite Henney—the last of whom, spite of all the efforts of her putative mother to keep from her the secret of her birth and prospects, had caught the infection of the general topic of the city, and wondered at her strange fortune, much as the paladin in the "Orlando" did when he got into the moon. No man can precognosce like a woman, and here were three; but perhaps they might have all failed, had it not been for the natural art of Henney, who, out of pure goodness and gratitude, was so delighted with the man who had rolled her in a blanket and sent her to her beloved mother, as she still called her, that she promised to make him butler at Eastleys, and keep him comfortable all his days.

"Now," said the cautious agent, "this promise of Henney's is not made in consideration of your giving evidence for her before the commissioner."

"I'm thinking of nothing but her face," said John. "I could swear to it out of a thousand; and Heaven bless her! for I think I am again in the once happy house in Meggat's Land."

And John pretended he was wiping a morsel of egg from his mouth, while the handkerchief was extended as far as the eye.

"A terrible night that was," he continued. "Mrs. Napier had been in labour all day; and when Mrs. Kemp told me to tell my master that my lady had been delivered of TWINS——"

"*Twins!*" cried they all, as if moved by some sympathetic chord which ran from heart to heart.

"Ay, twins," he repeated; "one dead, and another living—even you yourself, Henney, who are as like your father as if there never had been a Captain Preston in the world."

And thus was John Cowie precognosced. We need not say that he was that very day examined before the commissioner. He gave an account of all the proceedings of the house in Meggat's Land on the eventful night to which we have referred. The case was no longer a puzzle; and accordingly a decision was given in favour of Henrietta, whereby we have one other example of truth and right emerging from darkness into light. Some time afterwards, the heiress, with Mrs. Hislop alongside, and John Cowie on the driver's box, proceeded to Eastleys and took possession; where Henrietta acted the part of a generous lady, Mrs. Hislop that of a kind of a dowager, and John was once more butler in the house of the Napiers. We stop here. Those who feel interest enough in the fortunes of Henney to inquire when and whom she married, and what were the subsequent fortunes of a life so strangely begun, will do well to go to Eastleys.

THE ORPHAN.

About forty years ago, a post-chaise was a sight more novel in the little hamlet of Thorndean, than silk gowns in country churches during the maidenhood of our great-grandmothers; and, as one drew up at the only public-house in the village, the inhabitants, old and young, startled by the unusual and merry sound of its wheels, hurried to the street. The landlady, on the first notice of its approach, had hastily bestowed upon her goodly person the additional recommendation of a clean cap and apron; and, still tying the apron-strings, ran bustling to the door, smiling, colouring, and courtesying, and courtesying and colouring again, to the yet unopened chaise. Poor soul! she knew not well how to behave—it was an epoch in her annals of innkeeping. At length the coachman, opening the door, handed out a lady in widow's weeds. A beautiful, golden-haired child, apparently not exceeding five years of age, sprang to the ground without assistance, and grasped her extended hand. "What an image o' beauty!" exclaimed some half-dozen bystanders, as the fair child lifted her lovely face of smiles to the eyes of her mother. The lady stepped feebly towards the inn, and though the landlady's heart continued to practise a sort of fluttering motion, which communicated a portion of its agitation to her hands, she waited upon her unexpected and unusual guests with a kindliness and humility that fully recompensed for the expertness of a practised waiter. About half an hour after the

arrival of her visitors, she was seen bustling from the door, her face, as the villagers said, bursting with importance. They were still in groups about their doors, and in the middle of the little street, discussing the mysterious arrival; and, as she hastened on her mission, she was assailed with a dozen such questions as these—"Wat ye wha she is?" "Is she ony great body?" "Hae ye ony guess what brought her here?" and, "Is yon bonny creature her ain bairn?" But to these and sundry other interrogatories, the important hostess gave for answer, "Hoot, I hae nae time to haver the noo." She stopped at a small, but certainly the most genteel house in the village, occupied by a Mrs. Douglas, who, in the country phrase, was a very douce, decent sort of an old body, and the widow of a Cameronian minister. In the summer season Mrs. Douglas let out her little parlour to lodgers who visited the village to seek health, or for a few weeks' retirement. She was compelled to do this from the narrowness of her circumstances; for, though she was a "clever-handed woman," as her neighbours said, "she had a sair fecht to keep up an appearance ony-way like the thing ava." In a few minutes Mrs. Douglas, in a clean cap, a muslin kerchief round her neck, a quilted black bombazine gown, and snow-white apron, followed the landlady up to the inn. In a short time she returned, the stranger lady leaning upon her arm, and the lovely child leaping like a young lamb before them. Days and weeks passed away, and the good people of Thorndean, notwithstanding all their surmises and inquiries, were no wiser regarding their new visitor; all they could learn was, that she was the widow of a young officer, who was one of the first that fell when Britain interfered with the French Revolution; and the mother and her child became

known in the village by the designation of "Mrs. Douglas's twa pictures!"—an appellation bestowed on them in reference to their beauty.

The beautiful destroyer, however, lay in the mother's heart, now paling her cheeks like the early lily, and again scattering over them the rose and the rainbow. Still dreaming of recovery, about eight months after her arrival in Thorndean, death stole over her like a sweet sleep. It was only a few moments before the angel hurled the fatal shaft, that the truth fell upon her soul. She was stretching forth her hand to her work-basket, her lovely child was prattling by her knee, and Mrs. Douglas smiling like a parent upon both, striving to conceal a tear while she smiled, when the breathing of her fair guest became difficult, and the rose, which a moment before bloomed upon her countenance, vanished in a fitful streak. She flung her feeble arms around the neck of her child, who now wept upon her bosom, and exclaimed, "Oh! my Elizabeth, who will protect you now, my poor, poor orphan?" Mrs. Douglas sprang to her assistance. She said she had much to tell, and endeavoured to speak; but a gurgling sound only was heard in her throat; she panted for breath; the rosy streaks, deepening into blue, came and went upon her cheeks like the midnight dances of the northern lights; her eyes flashed with a momentary brightness more than mortal, and the spirit fled. The fair orphan still clung to the neck, and kissed the yet warm lips of her dead mother.

As yet she was too young to see all the dreariness of the desolation around her; but she was indeed an orphan in the most cruel meaning of the word. Her mother had preserved a mystery over her sorrows and the circumstances of her life, which Mrs. Douglas had

never endeavoured to penetrate. And now she was left to be as a mother to the helpless child, for she knew not if she had another friend; and all that she had heard of the mother's history was recorded on the humble stone which she placed over her grave: "*Here resteth the body of Isabella Morton, widow of Captain Morton; she died amongst us a stranger, but beloved.*" The whole property to which the fair orphan became heir by the death of her mother did not amount to fifty pounds, and amongst the property no document was found which could throw any light upon who were her relatives, or if she had any. But the heart of Mrs. Douglas had already adopted her as a daughter; and, circumscribed as her circumstances were, she trusted that He who provided food for the very birds of heaven, would provide the orphan's morsel.

Years rolled on, and Elizabeth Morton grew in stature and in beauty, the pride of her protector, and the joy of her age. But the infirmities of years grew upon her foster-mother, and, disabling her from following her habits of industry, stern want entered her happy cottage. Still Elizabeth appeared only as a thing of joy, contentment, and gratitude; and often did her evening song beguile her aged friend's sigh into a smile. And to better their hard lot, she hired herself to watch a few sheep upon the neighbouring hills, to the steward of a gentleman named Somerville, who, about the time of her mother's death, had purchased the estate of Thorndean. He was but little beloved, for he was a hard master, and a bad husband; and more than once he had been seen at the hour of midnight, in the silent churchyard, standing over the grave of Mrs. Morton. This gave rise to not a few whisperings respecting the birth of poor Elizabeth. He had no children; and a nephew, who resided in his

house, was understood to be his heir. William Sommerville was about a year older than our fair orphan; and ever, as he could escape the eye of his uncle, he would fly to the village to seek out Elizabeth as a playmate. And now, while she tended the few sheep, he would steal round the hills, and placing himself by her side, teach her the lessons he had that day been taught, while his arm in innocence rested on her neck, their glowing cheeks touched each other, and her golden curls played around them. Often were their peaceful lessons broken by the harsh voice and the blows of his uncle. But still William stole to the presence of his playmate and pupil, until he had completed his fourteenth year; when he was to leave Thorndean, preparatory to entering the army. He was permitted to take a hasty farewell of the villagers, for they all loved the boy; but he went only to the cottage of Mrs. Douglas. As he entered, Elizabeth wept, and he also burst into tears. Their aged friend beheld the yearnings of a young passion that might terminate in sorrow; and taking his hand, she prayed God to prosper him, and bade him farewell. She was leading him to the door, when Elizabeth raised her tearful eyes; he beheld them, and read their meaning, and, leaping forward, threw his arms round her neck, and printed the first kiss on her forehead! "Do not forget me, Elizabeth," he cried, and hurried from the house.

Seven years from this period passed away. The lovely girl was now transformed into the elegant woman, in the summer majesty of her beauty. For four years Elizabeth had kept a school in the village, to which her gentleness and winning manners drew prosperity; and her grey-haired benefactress enjoyed the reward of her benevolence. Preparations were making at Thorndean

Hall for the reception of William, who was now returning as Lieutenant Sommerville. A post-chaise in the village had then become a sight less rare; but several cottagers were assembled before the inn to welcome the young laird. He arrived, and with him a gentleman between forty and fifty years of age. They had merely become acquainted as travelling companions; and the stranger being on his way northward, had accepted his invitation to rest at his uncle's for a few days. The footpath to the Hall lay through the churchyard, about a quarter of a mile from the village. It was a secluded path, and Elizabeth was wont to retire to it between school hours, and frequently to spend a few moments in silent meditation over her mother's grave. She was gazing upon it, when a voice arrested her attention, saying, "Elizabeth—Miss Morton!" The speaker was Lieutenant Sommerville, accompanied by his friend. To the meeting of the young lovers we shall add nothing. But the elder stranger gazed on her face and trembled, and looked on her mother's grave and wept. "Morton!" he repeated, and read the inscription on the humble stone, and again gazed on her face, and again wept. "Lady!" he exclaimed, "pardon a miserable man—what was the name of your mother?—who the family of your father? Answer me, I implore you!" "Alas! I know neither," said the wondering and now unhappy Elizabeth. "My name is Morton," cried the stranger; "I had a wife; I had a daughter once, and my Isabella's face was thy face!" While he yet spoke, the elder Sommerville drew near to meet his nephew. His eyes and the stranger's met. "Sommerville!" exclaimed the stranger, starting. "The same," replied the other, his brow blackening like thunder, while a trembling passed over his body. He rudely grasped the arm of his nephew, and dragged

him away. The interesting stranger accompanied Elizabeth to the house of Mrs. Douglas. Painful were his inquiries; for, while they kindled hope and assurance, they left all in cruel uncertainty. "Oh, sir!" said Mrs. Douglas, "if ye be the faither o' my blessed bairn, I dinna wonder at auld Sommerville growing black in the face when he saw ye; for, when want came hard upon our heels, and my dear motherless and faitherless bairn was driven to herd his sheep by the brae-sides —there wad the poor, dear, delicate bairn (for she was as delicate then as she is bonnie now) been lying—the sheep a' feeding round about her, and her readin' at her Bible, just like a little angel, her lee lane, when the brute wad come sleekin' down ahint her, an' giein' her a drive wi' his foot, cursed her for a little lazy something I'm no gaun to name, an' rugged her bonnie yellow hair, till he had the half o' it torn out o' her head; or the monster wad riven the blessed book out o' her hand, an' thrown it wi' an oath as far as he could drive. But the nephew was aye a bit fine callant; only, ye ken, wi' my bairn's prospects, it wasna my part to encourage onything."

Eagerly did the stranger, who gave his name as Colonel Morton, hang over the fair being who had conjured up the sunshine of his youth. One by one, he was weeping and tracing every remembered feature of his wife upon her face, when doubt again entered his mind, and he exclaimed in bitterness, "Merciful Heaven! convince me! Oh, convince me that I have found my child!" The few trinkets that belonged to Mrs. Morton had been parted with in the depth of her poverty. At that moment Lieutenant Sommerville hastily entered the cottage. He stated that his uncle had left the Hall, and delivered a letter from him to Colonel Morton. It was of few words, and as follows:

"Morton,—We were rivals for Isabella's love; you were made happy, and I miserable. But I have not been unrevenged. It was I who betrayed you into the hands of the enemy. It was I who reported you dead—who caused the tidings to be hastened to your widowed wife, and followed them to England. It was I who poisoned the ear of her friends, until they cast her off; I dogged her to her obscurity, that I might enjoy my triumph; but death thwarted me as you had done. Yet I will do one act of mercy—she sleeps beneath the grave where we met yesterday; and the lady before whom you wept—is your own daughter."

He cast down the letter, and exclaimed, "My child! my long lost child!" And, in speechless joy, the father and the daughter rushed to each other's arms. Shall we add more? The elder Sommerville left his native land, which he never again disgraced with his presence. William and Elizabeth wandered by the hill-side in bliss, catching love and recollections from the scene. In a few months her father bestowed on him her hand, and Mrs. Douglas, in joy and in pride, bestowed upon both her blessing.

THE BURGHER'S TALES.

THE BROWNIE OF THE WEST BOW.

I CANNOT say so much for the authenticity of the legend I am now to relate, as I have been able to do for some of the others in this collection; but that is no reason, I hope, for its failing to interest the reader, who makes it a necessary condition of his acceptance, that a legend shall keep within the bounds of human nature: not that any one of us can say what these bounds are, for every day of our experience is extending them in both the inner and outer worlds; and we never can be very sure whether the things which rise upon the distant horizon of our nocturnal visions are less unstable and uncertain than those that exist under our noses. True it is, at any rate, that the legend was narrated to me in a meagre form by a lady, sufficiently ancient to be supposed to be a lover of strange stories, and not imaginative or wicked enough to concoct them.

That part of Edinburgh called the West Bow was, at the date of our legend, the tinsmiths' quarter; a fact which no one who chanced to walk down that way could have doubted, unless indeed he was deaf. Among the fraternity there was one destined to live in annals even with more posthumous notoriety than he of the same place and craft, who long got the credit of being the author of the "Land o' the Leal." His name was Thomas, or, according to the Scottish way of pronouncing it, Tammas Dodds; who, with a wife going under the domestic euphuism of Jenny, occupied as a dwelling-

house a small flat of three rooms, in the near neighbourhood of his workshop. This couple had lived together five years, without having any children procreated of their bodies, or any quarrel born of their spirits; and thus they might have lived to the end of their lives, if a malign influence, born of the devil, had not got possession of the husband's heart.

This influence, which we may be permitted by good Calvinists to call diabolical, was, as a consequence, not only in its origin, but also in its medium, altogether extraneous to our couple. For so far as regards Mrs. Jenny Dodds, she was, as much as a good wife could be, free from any great defects of conduct; and as for the tinsmith himself, he had hitherto lived so sober and douce a life, that we cannot avoid the notion, that if he had not been subject to "aiblins a great temptation," he would not have become the victim of the arch-enemy. Thus much we say of the dispositions of the two parties; and were it not that certain peculiarities belonged to Jenny, which, as reappearing in an after-part of our story, it is necessary to know, we would not have gone further into mere character—an element which has little to do generally with legends, except in so far as it either produces the incidents, or may be developed through them. The first of these peculiarities was a settled conviction that she had as good a right to rule Tammas Dodds, as being her property, as if she had drunk of the waters of St. Kevin. Nor was this conviction merely natural to her; for she could lay her finger on that particular part of Sacred Writ which is the foundation of the generally-received maxim, "One may do what one likes with one's own." No doubt, she knew another passage in the same volume with a very different meaning; but then Mrs. Dodds did not *wish* to remember that, or to obey it when she

did remember it; and we are to consider, without going back to that crazy school of which a certain Aristippus was the dominie, that wishing or not wishing has a considerable influence upon the aspects of moral truth, if it does not exercise over them a kind of legerdemain of which we are unconscious, whereby it changes one of these aspects into another, even when these are respectively to each other as white is to black. This "claim of right" does not generally look peaceful. No more it should; for it is clearly enough against nature; and one seldom kicks at her without getting sore toes. True enough, there do appear cases where it seems to work pretty well; but when they are inquired into, it is generally found either that the husband is a simpleton, submitting by mere inanity, or a man who has resisted to the uttermost, and is at last crumpled up by pure "Caudlish" iteration and perseverance. How Tammas took it may yet appear.

Proceeding with the peculiarities: another of these was, that Mrs. Dodds, like her of Auchtermuchty, or Mrs. Grumlie, carried domesticity to devotion, scarcely anything in the world having any interest to her soul save what was contained in the house—from Tammas, the chief article of furniture, down, through the mahogany table, to the porridge-pot; clouting, mending, darning, cleaning, scouring, washing, scraping, wringing, drying, roasting, boiling, stewing, being all of them done with such duty, love, and intensity of purpose, that they were veritable sacrifices to the *lares*. This was doubtless a virtue; and as doubtless it was a vice, insomuch as, if we believe another old Greek pedagogue of the name of Aristotle, "all virtues are medial vices, and all vices extreme virtues." How Tammas viewed this question may also appear. But we may proceed to state, that Mrs. Janet Dodds was not content with

doing all those things with such severity of love or duty. She was always telling herself what she intended to do, either at the moment or afterwards. "This pan needs to be scoured." "Thae stockings maun be darned." "This sark is as black as the lum, and maun be plotted." "The floor needs scrubbing." "Tammas's coat is crying, 'A steek in time saves nine,' and by my faith it says true;" and so on. Nor did it signify much whether Thomas or any other person was in the house at the time—the words were not intended for anybody but herself; and to herself she persisted in telling them with a stedfastness which only the ears of a whitesmith could tolerate; even with the consideration that he was not, as so many are, deaved with scandal—a delectation which Janet despised, if she did not care as little for what was going on domestically within the house on the top of the same stair, as she did for the in-door affairs of Japan or Tobolsk. We may mention, also, that she persevered in reading the same chapter of the Bible, and in singing the same psalm, every Sunday morning. In addition to these characteristics, Janet made it a point never to change the form or colour of her dress; so that if all the women in Edinburgh had been of her taste and mode of thinking, all the colours by which they are diversified and made interesting would have been reduced to the dead level of hodden-grey; the occupation of the imp Fashion would have been gone; nay, the angels, for fear of offending mortals, would have eschewed the nymph Iris, from whom the poets say they steal tints, and dipt their wings in a grey cloud before appearing in the presence of the douce daughters of men.

With all these imperfections—and how many husbands would term some of them perfections!—the married life of Thomas and Janet Dodds might have

gone on for another five years, and five to that, if it had not been that Thomas, in a weary hour, cast a glance with a scarlet ray in it on a certain Mary Blyth, who lived in the Grassmarket—a woman of whom our legend says no more than that she was a widow, besides being fair to the eye, and pleasant to the ear. We could wish that we had it not to say; but as truth is more valuable than gold, yea, refined gold, we are under the necessity of admitting that that red ray betokened love, if an affection of that kind could be called by a name so hallowed by the benedictions of poets and the songs of angels. You must take it in your own way, and with your own construction; but however that may be, we must all mourn for the fearful capabilities within us, and the not less awful potentialities in the powers without—the one hidden from us up to the moment when the others appear, and all wrestling with the enemy prevented by what is often nothing less than a fatal charm. From that moment, Thomas Dodds was changed after the manner of action of moral poisons; for we are to remember that while the physical kill, the other only transmute, and the transmutation *may be* from any good below grace to any evil above the devil.

This change in the mind of the husband included his manner of viewing those peculiarities in the mental constitution of Janet to which we have alluded. Her desire to rule him was now rebellion; her devotion to "hussyskep" was nothing better than mercenary grubbing; her adhesion to her hodden-grey was vulgar affectation; and as to her monologues, they were evidence of insanity. Such changes in reference to other objects happen to every one of us every day in the year, only we don't look at and examine them; nor, if we did, could we reconcile them to any theory of the mind—all that we can say being, that if we love a certain ob-

ject, we hate any other which comes between us and our gratification; and thus, just as Mr. Thomas Dodds loved Mrs. Mary Blyth, so in an equal ratio he hated his good helpmate Jenny. And then began that other wonderful process called reconciliation, whereby the wish gradually overcomes scruples through the cunning mean of falsifying their aspects. Whereunto, again, the new mistress contributed in the adroit way of all such wretches—instilling into his ear the moral poison which deadened the apperception of these scruples at the same time that it brought out the advantages of disregarding them. The result of all which was, that Jenny's husband, of whom she had made a slave, for his own good and benefit, as she thought, and not without reason, arrived, by small degrees, and by relays of new motives, one after another, at the conclusion of actually removing her from this big world, and of course also from that little one to her so dear, even that of her household empire.

A resolution this, which, terrible and revolting as it may appear to those who are happily beyond the influence of "the wish," was far more easily formed than executed; for Nature—although improvident herself of her children, swallowing them up in thousands by earthquakes, tearing them by machinery, and drowning them in the sea by shiploads—is very careful to defend one of them against another. Every scheme the husband could think of was surrounded with difficulties, and one by one was laid aside, till he came to that of precipitating his faithful Jenny, as if by accident, into a deep pool in the North Loch, that sheet of water which contained as many secrets in its bosom as that more romantic one in Italy, not far removed from a certain pious nunnery. Even here there was the difficulty of getting Jenny out at night, and down

Cranstoun's Close, and to west of the foot thereof, where the said deep pool was, for no other ostensible purpose in the world than to see the moon shedding her beams on the surface of the water—an object not half so beautiful to her as the clear tin pan made by her own Tammas, and in which she made her porridge every morning. But the adage about the will and the way is of such wondrous universality, that one successful effort seems as nothing in the diversity of man's inventions; and so it turned out to be comparatively easy to get Janet out one evening for the reason that her husband did not feel very well, and would like his supper the better for a walk along the edge of the loch, in which, if it was her pleasure, she would not refuse to accompany him. So pleasant a way of putting the thing harmonized with Janet's love of rule, and she agreed upon the condition she made with herself, by means of the eternal soliloquy, that she would put on the stew to be progressing towards unctuousness and tenderness before they went. Was that to be Janet's last act of her darling hussyskep? It would not be consistent with our art were we to tell you; but this much is certain, that Janet Dodds went down Cranstoun's Close along with her beloved Tammas, that shortly after she was plunged by him into the said deep hole of the loch, and cruelly left there to sink or swim, while he hastened back to tell his new love, Mrs. Blyth, how desperately he had done her bidding. But sometimes running away has a bad look; and it happened that as Thomas was hurrying up the dark close, he met a neighbour brother of the craft, who cried to him, "What, ho! Tammas Dodds; whaur frae and whaur tae, man?" To which, seeing how the act of running away would look in the Justiciary Court, he replied with wonderful invention for the moment, that

Janet had fallen into the deep pool of the loch, and that though he had endeavoured to get her out, he had failed, by reason of his not being able to swim, and that he was running to get some one to help to save her, whereupon he entreated his brother craftsman to go with him to the spot, and help him to rescue his beloved wife, if she weren't yet dead. So away they went, in a great hurry, but to no purpose; for when they came to the said pool, no vestige of a creature being therein they could see, except some air-bubbles reflecting the moonbeams, and containing, no doubt, the living breath of the drowned woman.

Nor when the terrible news was spread through the city, and a boat and drags were made to do their uttermost, under the most willing hands, could the body be found. It was known that the bank there was pretty steep in declivity, and the presumption was, that the body had rolled down into the middle of the loch, where, in consequence of the muddiness of the waters, it would be difficult to find it. The efforts were continued next morning, and day by day, for a week, with no better success, till at last it was resolved to wait for "the bursting of the gall-bladder," when, no doubt, Mrs. Janet Dodds's body would rise and swim on the top of the waters. An event this which did not occur till about three weeks had passed; at the end of which time a crowd of people appeared at Mr. Dodds's door, bearing a corpse in a white sheet. It was received by the disconsolate Thomas with becoming resignation, and laid on the bed, even the marriage-bed, realizing that strange meeting of two ends which equalizes pain and pleasure, and reduces the product to *nil*. Nor were many hours allowed to pass when, decayed and defaced as it was, it was consigned to a coffin without Mr. Dodds being able to bring his re-

solution to the sticking point of trying to recognise in the confused mass of muscle and bone, forming what was once a face, the lineaments of her who had been once his pride, and now, by his own act, had become his shame and condemnation in the sight of Heaven. Next day she was consigned to the tomb, in so solemn a manner, that if man were not man, one would have had a difficulty in recognising in that gentle hand that held the head-cord, and dropped it so softly on the coffin, the same member which drove the innocent victim into the deep waters.

There is a continuous progress in all things; a fact which we know only after we get hold of the clue. And so, when Mrs. Mary Blyth appeared as Mrs. Mary Dodds, in room of the domesticated Jenny, it was in perfect accordance with the law of cause and effect. No doubt they did their best to be happy, as all creatures do, even the devil's children, only in a wrong shaft; but they had made that fearful miscalculation, which is the wages of sin, when they counted upon conscience as a pimp to their pleasures, in place of a king's-evidence against them, that king being the Lord of heaven and earth. And so it turned out in the course of several years, that, as their love lost its fervour, their respective monitors acquired greater power in pleading the cause of her who was dead, and convincing them, against their will (for the all-powerful wish has no virtue here), that they had done a cruel thing, for which they were amenable to an avenging guardian of the everlasting element of good in nature's dualism. Yet, strange enough, each of the two kept his and her own secret. Their hearts burned, even as the fire which consumes the wicked, under the smother of a forced silence—itself a torment and an agony; yea, neither of the two would mention the name of Jenny

Dodds for the entire world. And there was more than a mutual fear that one should know what the other thought. Each was under a process of exculpation and inculpation—a mutual blaming of each other in their hearts, without ever yet a word said to indicate their thoughts. It was the quarrel of devils, who make the lesser crime a foil to show the greater, and call it a virtue for the reason that they would rather be the counterfeits of good than the base metal of evil; yet with no advantage, for hypocrisy is only the glow which conceals the worm in its retreat within it. The plea of the wife was, that she was courted by the man, and that although she might have wished Jenny out of the way, and hinted as much, she never meant actual murder; while his, again, was the old Barnwell charge, that his better nature had been corrupted by the woman, and that he did it at her suggestion, and under the influence of her siren power. They thus got gradually into that state of feeling by which the run-away convicts from a penal settlement were actuated, when, toiling away through endless brakes and swamps where neither meat nor drink could be procured, they were so maddened by hunger, that each, with a concealed knife under his sleeve, watched his neighbour for an opportunity to strike; nor could one dare to fall behind, without the suspicion being raised in the minds of his companions, that he was to execute his purpose when they were off their guard. So like, in other respects too; for these men, afraid to speak their thoughts of each other, journeyed on in deep silence, and each was ready to immolate his friend at the altar of selfishness, changed into a bloodthirsty Dagon by the fiends Hunger and Thirst.

The years were now to be counted as seven since Janet Dodds was plunged into the deep pool of the

North Loch, and the state of mind of the married criminals, which we have tried to describe, had been growing and growing, for two of these years, as if it threatened to get stronger the older they grew, and the nearer the period of judgment. One morning when they were in bed—for even yet, while they concealed their thoughts from each other, and the name of Jenny Dodds was a condemned word in their vocabulary, even as the sacred name among the Romans, they had evinced no spoken enmity to each other—they heard a tirl at the door. The hour was early, and the douce genius of the grey dawn was deliberating with herself whether it was time to give place to her advancing sister, the morning. Mrs. Mary Dodds rose to answer the knock, and Thomas listened with natural curiosity to know who the early visitor was, and what was wanted. He heard a suppressed scream of fear from his wife, and the next moment she came rushing into the room; yet the never a word she uttered, and her lips were so white and dry that you might have supposed that her silence was the result of organic inability. Nor even when she got into bed again, and tried to hide her head with the bed-clothes, did her terror diminish, or her lips become more obedient to the feeling within; so that Thomas knew not what to think, except it was that she had seen a ghost—not an unnatural supposition at a time when occult causes and spiritual appearances were as undoubted as the phenomena of the electric telegraph are in our day. But he was not destined to be left many minutes more in ignorance of the cause of Mrs. Mary Dodds's terror, for, upon listening, he heard some one come into the kitchen, and bolt the door on the inside—so much for his ears; then he turned his eyes to the kitchen, into which he could, as well as the light

of the grey dawn would permit, see from where he lay; and what did he see?

> "How comes it? whence this mimic shape?
> In look and lineament so like our kind.
> You might accost the spectral thing, and say,
> 'Good e'en t'ye.'"

No other than the figure of Mrs. Janet Dodds herself. Yes, there she was in her old grey dress, busy taking off that plaid which Thomas knew so well, and hanging the same upon the peg, where she had hung it so often for five long years. Thomas was now as completely deprived of the power of speech as she who lay, equally criminal as himself, alongside of him; but able at least to look, or rather, unable to shut their eyes, they watched the doings of the strange morning visitor. They saw that she was moving about as if she were intent upon domestic work; and, by-and-by, there she was busy with coals and sticks brought from their respective places, putting on the fire, which she lighted with the indispensable spunk applied to the spark in the tinder-box. Next she undertook the sweeping of the floor, saying to herself—and they heard the words —"It looks as if it hadna been swept for seven years." Next she washed the dishes, which had been left on the table, indulging in the appropriate monologue implying the necessity of the work. Thereafter it appeared as if she was dissatisfied with the progress of the fire, for she was presently engaged in using the bellows, every blast of which was heard by the quaking couple in bed, and between the blasts the words came, "Ower late for Tammas's breakfast." So the blowing continued, till it was apparent enough, from the reflection of the flame on the wall, that she was succeeding in her efforts. Then, having made herself sure of the fire, she went

to the proper place for the porridge goblet, took the same and put a sufficient quantity of water therein, placed it on the fire, and began to blow again with the same assiduity as before, with still interjected sentences expressive of her confidence that she would overcome the obstinacy of the coals. And overcome it she did, as appeared from the entire lighting up of the kitchen. Was ever Border Brownie so industrious! Some time now elapsed, as if she were sitting with due patience till the water should boil. Thereafter she rose, and they saw her cross the kitchen to the lobby, where the meal was kept, then return with a bowl containing what she no doubt considered a sufficient quantity. The stirring utensil called a "theedle" had also got into its proper place, and by-and-by they heard the sound of the same as it beat upon the bottom and sides, guided by an experienced hand, and, every now and then, the sweltering and totling of the pot. This process was now interrupted by the getting of the grey basin into which the porridge behoved to be poured; and poured it was, the process being followed by the sound of "the clauting o' the laggan," so familiar to Scotch ears. "Now it's ready for him," said the figure, as it moved across the kitchen again, to get the spoon and the bowl of milk, both of which they saw her place beside the basin.

All things being thus completed according to the intention of the industrious worker, a period of silence intervened, as if she had been taking a rest in the chair which stood by the fire. A most ominous interlude, for every moment the couple in bed expected that she would enter the bedroom, were it for nothing else than to "intimate breakfast;" an intimation which, if one could have judged by their erect hair and the sweat that stood in big drops on their brows,

they were by no means prepared for. They were not to be subjected to this fearful trial, for the figure (so we must persist in calling it) was seen again to cross the kitchen, take down the plaid, and adjust it over the head according to the manner of the times. They then heard her draw the bolt, open the door, and shut the same again after her as she departed. She was gone.

Mr. Thomas Dodds and his wife now began to be able to breathe more freely. The hair resumed its flexibility, and the sweat disappeared; but, strange as it may seem, they never exchanged a word with each other as to who the visitor was, nor as to the morning's work she had so industriously and silently (with the exception of her monologues) executed. Too certain in their convictions as to the identity, whether in spirit or body, of the figure with that of her they had so cruelly put out of the way, they seemed to think it needless to question each other; and, independently of this, the old terror of the conscience was sufficient to seal their lips now, as it had done for a period before. Each of them supposed that the visitor was sent for the special purpose of some particular avengement of the crime upon the other; the appearance in so peaceful a way, in the meantime, being merely a premonition to show them that their consciences were not working in vain; and if Thomas was the greater sinner, which he no doubt suspected, in spite of himself, he might place against that conviction the fact that the inscrutable visitor had shown him the kindness at least of preparing his breakfast, and entirely overlooking the morning requirements of his spouse. Under these thoughts they rose and repaired with faltering step and fearful eyes to the kitchen. There everything was in the order they had anticipated from what they had seen and heard. Each

looked with a shudder at the basin of porridge as if it had been invested with some terrible charm—nay, might it not have been poisoned?—a thought which rushed instantaneously into the head of Thomas, and entirely put to flight the prior hypothesis that he had been favoured by this special gift of cookery. The basin was accordingly laid aside by hands that trembled to touch it, and fear was a sufficient breakfast for both of them on that most eventful morning.

This occurrence, as may readily be supposed, was kept a profound secret. They both saw that it might be the forerunner of divine means to bring their evil deeds to light; and, under this apprehension, their taciturnity and mutual discontent, if not growing hatred, continued, broken only by occasional growls and curses, and the ejaculations forced out by the inevitable circumstances of their connection. The effect of the morning visit was meanwhile most apparent upon the man who committed the terrible act. He could not remain in the house, which, even in their happiest condition, was slovenly kept, showing everywhere the want of the skilled hands of that queen of housewives, Mrs. Janet Dodds—so ill-requited for her devotion to her husband. Nay, he felt all this as a reproof to him, and sorely and bitterly lamented the fatal act whereby he had deprived of life the best of wives, and the most honest and peaceful of womankind. Then the awe of divine vengeance deepened these shadows of the soul till he became moody and melancholy, walking hither and thither without an object, and in secluded places, looking fearfully around him as if he expected every moment the spectre visitor of the morning to appear before him. Nor was he less miserable at home, where the growing hatred made matters worse and worse every hour, and where, when the grey dawn came, he expected

another visit and another scene of the same description as the last.

Nearly a week had thus passed, and it was Sabbath morning. The tinsmiths' hammers were silent, the noisy games of the urchins were hushed, the street of the Bow resounded only occasionally to the sound of a foot—all Edinburgh was, in short, under the solemnity enjoined by the Calvinism so much beloved by the people; and surely the day might have been supposed to be held in such veneration by ministering spirits, sent down to earth to execute the purposes of Heaven, that no visit of the feared shadow would disturb even the broken rest of the wicked. So perhaps thought our couple; but their thoughts belied them, for just again, as the dawn broke over the tops of the high houses, the well-known tirl was heard at the door. Who was to open it? For days the mind of the wife had been made up. She would not face that figure again; no, if all the powers of the world were there to compel her; and as for Thomas, conscience had reduced the firmness of a man who once upon a time could kill to a condition of fear and trembling. Yet terrified as he was, he considered that he was here under the obligation to obey powers even higher than his conscience, and disobedience might bring upon him some evil greater than that under which he groaned. So up he got, trembling in every limb, and proceeding to the door, opened the same. What he saw may be surmised, but what he felt no one ever knew, for the one reason that he had never the courage to tell it, and for the other that no man or woman was ever placed in circumstances from which they could draw any conclusion which could impart even a distant analogy. This much, however, was known: Thomas retreated instantly to bed, and the visitor, in the same suit of

hodden-grey, again entered, passed the bolt, took off her plaid, hung it up, and began the duties which she thought were suited to the day and the hour. So much being thus alike, the couple in the bedroom no doubt augured a repetition of the old process. They were right, and they were wrong. Their eyes were fixed upon her, and watched her movements; but the watch was that of the charmed eye, which is said to be without motive. They saw her once more go deliberately and tently through the old process of putting on the fire, and they heard again the application of the bellows, every blast succeeding another with the regularity of a clock, until the kitchen was illuminated by the rising flame. This was all that could be called a repetition; for in place of going for the porridge goblet, she went direct for the tea-kettle, into which she poured a sufficient quantity of water, saying the while to herself, "Tammas maun hae his tea breakfast on Sabbath morning"—words which Thomas, as he now lay quaking in bed, knew very well he had heard before many a time and oft. Nor were the subsequent acts less in accordance with the old custom of the dwelling. There was no sweeping of the floor or scouring of pans on the sacred morning; in place of all which she had something else to do, for surely we must suppose that this gentle visitor was a good Calvinist, and would perform only the acts of necessity and mercy. These she had done in so far as regarded necessity, and now they saw her go to the shelf on which the Bible was deposited—a book which, alas! for seven years had not been opened by either of the guilty pair. Having got what she wanted, she sat down by the table, opened the volume at a place well thumbed, and began to read aloud a chapter in the Corinthians, which Thomas Dodds, the more by reason that he had heard it read

two hundred and fifty times, knew by heart. This being finished, she turned up a psalm, yea, that very psalm which Janet Dodds had sung every Sunday morning, and, presently, the kitchen was resonant with the rising notes of the Bangor, as they came from a throat trembling with devotion—

"I waited on the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

"He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way."

The service finished, they saw her replace the book where she had found it; and by this time the kettle was spewing from the mouth thereof a volume of steam, as if it were calling to its old mistress to relieve it from the heat of the fire; nor was she long in paying due obedience. The tea-pot was got where she seemed to know it would be found, so also the tea-canister. The quantity to be put in was a foregone conclusion, and steadily measured with the spoon. The water was poured in, and the utensil placed on the cheek of the chimney in order to the indispensable infusion. Next the cup and saucer were placed on the table, then followed the bread and butter, and the sugar and the milk; all being finished by the words to herself, "There's nae egg in the house." Having thus finished her work, she took down her plaid, adjusted it carefully, opened the door, and departed.

The effect produced by this second spectral appearance could scarcely be exaggerated, yet we suspect you will not find it of that kind which is most in harmony

with human nature, except in the case of Mrs. Dodds the second, who lay, as on the former occasion, sweating and trembling. It was now different with the husband, on whom apparently had fallen some of the seeds of the word, as they were scattered by the lips of the strange visitor, and conscience had prepared the soil. The constitutional strength of character which had enabled him to perpetrate a terrible deed of evil, was ready as a power to achieve his emancipation, and work in the direction of good. So, without saying a word of all that had been acted that morning, he rose and dressed himself, and, going into the kitchen, he sat down without the fear of poison, and partook of the breakfast which had been so strangely prepared for him, nor was he satisfied till he read the chapter and psalm with which he had been so long familiar. He then returned to the bedroom, and addressing his wife—

"You now see," said he, "that Heaven has found us out. That visitor is nae ither than Mrs. Janet Dodds returned frae the grave, and sure it is that nane are permitted to leave that place o' rest except for a purpose. No, it's no for naething that Janet Dodds comes back to her auld hame. What the purpose may be, the Lord only knows; but this seems to me to be clear enough—that you and I maun pairt. You see that nae breakfast has been laid for you. I have taen mine, and nae harm has come o't; a clear sign that though we are baith great criminals, you are considered to be the warst o' the twa. It was you wha put poison into my ear and cast glamour ower my een; it was you wha egged me on, for 'the lips of a strange woman drop as a honeycomb, and her words are smoother than oil; but her feet take hold of hell.' That I am guilty, I know; and 'though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.' I will dree my doom what-

ever it may be, and so maun you yours; but there may be a difference, and so far as mortal can yet see, yours will be waur to bear than mine. But, however a' that may be, the time is come when you maun leave this house. 'Cast out the strange woman, and contention shall go out; yea, strife and reproach shall cease;' but 'go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end, when thy neighbour hath put thee to shame.' Keep your secret frae a' save the Lord; and may He hae mercy on your soul!"

With which words, savouring as they did of the objurgations of the black pot to the kettle, Mr. Thomas Dodds left his house, no doubt in the expectation that Mrs. Dodds *secunda* would move her camp, and betake herself once more to her old place of residence in the Grassmarket. Where he went that day no man ever knew, further than that he was seen in the afternoon in St. Giles's Church, where, no doubt, he did his best to make a cheap purchase of immunity to his soul and body, in consideration of a repentance brought on by pure fear, produced by a spectre; and who knows but that that was a final cause of the spectre's appearance? We have seen that it was a kindly spirit, preparing porridge and tea for him at the same time that it made his hair stand on end, and big drops of sweat settle upon his brow or roll down therefrom—a conjunction this of the tawse and the jelly-pot, whereby kind and loving parents try to redeem naughty boys. Nor let it be said that this kindly dealing with a murderer is contrary to the ways of Heaven; for, amidst a thousand other examples, did not Joshua, after the wall of Jericho lay flat at the blast of a trumpet, save that vile woman Rahab at the same time that he slew the young and the old, nay, the very infants, with the edge of the sword? All which, though we are not, by token of our sins, able

to see the reason thereof, is doubtless consonant to a higher justice—altogether unlike our goddess, who is represented as blind, merely because she is supposed not to see a bribe when offered to her by a litigant. So the penitence of Mr. Thomas Dodds might be a very dear affair after all, in so much as terror is a condition of the soul which, of all we are doomed to experience, is the most difficult to bear, especially if it is a terror of divine wrath. On his return to his house in the evening, he found that Mrs. Mary had taken him at his word and decamped, but not without providing herself with as good a share of the "goods in communion" as she could, perhaps, at two or three returns, carry off. So was she like Zebulun in all save her righteousness, for she "rejoiced in her going out;" nay, she had some reason, for she had discovered that in a secret drawer of an old cabinet there was a pose of gold collected by the industrious hands of Mrs. Janet, and unknown to her husband, every piece of which she carried off in spite of all fear of the spectre, which, if a sensible one, might have been supposed to be more irritated at this heedless spoliation than at all the Jezebel had yet done, with the exception of the counselling her death in the deep hole of the North Loch. On seeing all this robbery, Mr. Dodds became more and more aware of the bad exchange he had made by killing his good spouse to enable him to take another, who had merely found more favour in his eyes by reason of her good looks; and we may augur how much deeper his feeling of regret would have been, had he known the secret pose, so frugally and prudently laid up, perhaps for his sake, at least for the sake of both, when disease or old age might overtake them, in a world where good and evil, pleasure and pain, appear to be fixed quantities, only shoved from one to another

by wisdom and prudence, yet sometimes refusing to be moved even by these means.

After satisfying himself of the full extent of the robbery, which, after all, he had brought upon himself, and very richly deserved, he sat down upon a chair and began to moralize, after the manner of those late penitents who have found themselves out to be either rogues or fools—the number of whom comprehends, perhaps, all mankind. He had certainly good reason to be contrite. The angel in the house had become a spectre, and she who was no angel, either in the house or out of it, had carried off almost everything of any value he possessed. Nor did he stop at mere unspoken contrition, he bewailed in solemn tones his destiny, and then began to cast up all the perfections of good Janet, the more perfect and beautiful these seeming in proportion as he felt the fear of her reappearance, perhaps next time, in place of making his breakfast, to run away with him to the dire place of four letters. All her peculiarities were now virtues—nay, the very things which had appeared to him the most indefensible took on the aspect of angelic endowments. While her careful housewifery was all intended for his bodily health and comfort, her perseverance in adhering to the one chapter and the one psalm was due to that love of iteration which inspires those who are never weary of well-doing. And what was more extraordinary, one verse of the psalm—that which we have quoted—had special reference to the manner of her death, and her deliverance from condemnation in the world to come. No doubt the man who meditates upon his own crime or folly at the very moment when he is suffering from its sharp recalcitrations, is just about as miserable a wretch as the reformatory of the world can present; but when, to the effects upon himself, he is compelled to

think of the cruelty he has exercised towards others—and those perhaps found out to be his best friends—we doubt if there are any words beyond the vocabulary of the condemned that are sufficient to express his anguish. Even this did not comprehend all the suffering of Mr. Dodds, for, was he not under doom without knowing what form it was to assume, whether the spectre (whose cookery might be a sham) would choke him, burn him, or run away with him?

Deeply steeped in this remorseful contemplation, during which the figure of his ill-used wife flitted before the eye of his fancy with scarcely less of substantial reality than she had shown in her spectral form, he found that he had lost all regard to time. The night was fast setting in, the shadows of the tall houses were falling deeper and deeper on the room, and the Sabbath stillness was a solemn contrast to the perturbations inside the chamber of his soul, where "the serpents and the cockatrices would not be charmed." Still, everything within and without was dreary, and the spoliation of his means did not tend to enliven the outer scene, or impart a charm to the owner. While in this state of depression, Tammas heard a knock at the door. It was not, as on the former occasions, what is called a tirl. It might be a neighbour, or it might be an old crony, and he stood in need of some one to raise his spirits, so he went to the door and opened it. But what was his horror when he saw enter a female figure, in all respects so like his feared visitor that he concluded in the instant that she was the same! nor could all his penitence afford him resolution enough to make a proper examination; besides, it was grey dark, and even a pair of better eyes than he could boast of, might, under the circumstances soon to appear, have been deceived. Retreating into the kitchen, he

was followed by this dubious, and yet not dubious visitor, who, as he threw himself upon a chair, took a seat right opposite to him.

"Ye'll no ken me, Tammas Dodds?" said she.

Whereupon Tammas looked and looked again, and still the likeness he dreaded was so impressive, that, in place of moving his tongue, he moved, that is, he shuddered, all over.

"What—eh?" at length he stuttered; "ken ye? wha in God's name are ye? No surely Mrs. Janet Dodds in the likeness of the flesh!"

"No, but her sister, Mrs. Paterson," replied the other. "And is it possible ye can hae forgotten the only woman who was present at your first marriage?"

"Ay, ay," replied Tammas, as he began to come to a proper condition of perceiving and thinking; "and it was you, then, wha was here this morning?"

"No, no," replied she; "I have not been here for seven long years, even since that terrible night when you pushed Janet into the North Loch."

"And may Heaven and its angels hae merey upon me!" ejaculated he.

"Aiblins they may," said she, "for your purpose was defeated; yea, even by that Heaven and thae angels."

"What mean you, woman?" cried the astonished man. "What, in the name o' a' that's gude on earth and holy in heaven, do ye mean?"

"Just that Janet Dodds is at this hour a leevin' woman," was the reply.

"The Lord be thanked!" cried Tammas again, "for 'He preserveth all them that love Him.'"

"'But all the wicked He will destroy,'" returned she; "and surely it was wicked to try to drown sae faithful a wife and sae gude a Christian."

"Wicked!" rejoined he, in rising agony. "'Let the

righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let them reprove me, it shall,' as Solomon says, 'be an excellent oil.'"

"I am glad," continued the woman, "to find you with a turned heart; but whaur is the Jezebel ye took in her place?"

"Awa this day," replied he. "I have found her out, and never mair is she wife o' mine."

"Sae far weel and better," said she.

"Ay, but speak to me o' Janet," cried he, earnestly. "Come, tell me how she escaped, whaur she is, and how she is; for now I think there is light breaking through the fearfu' cloud."

"Light indeed," continued Mrs. Paterson; "and now, listen to a strange tale, mair wonderfu' than man's brain ever conceived. When ye thought ye had drowned her, and cared naething doubtless—for ye see I maun speak plain—whether her spirit went to the ae place or the ither, ay, and ran awa to add to murder a lee, she struggled out o' the deep, yea—

> 'He took her from the fearfu' pit,
> And from the miry clay.'

And when she got to the bank she ran as for the little life was in her, until she came to the foot of Halkerstone's Wynd, where she crossed to the other side of the loch. When she thought hersel' safe, she took the road to Glasgow, where I was then living wi' my husband, wha is since dead. The night was dark, but self-preservation maks nae gobs at dangers; so on she went, till in the grey morning she made up to the Glasgow carrier, wha agreed to gie her a cast even to the end o' his journey. It was the next night when she arrived at my door, cold and hungry, and, what was waur, sair and sick at heart. She told me the

hail story as weel as she could for sobs and greeting; for the thought aye rugged at her heart that the man she had liked sae weel, and had toiled for night and day, should hae turned out to be the murderer o' his ain wife."

"And weel it might hae rugged and rugged," ejaculated Tammas.

"I got aff her wet clothes," continued she, "and gave her some strong drink to warm her, and then we considered what was to be dune. My husband was for off to Edinburgh to inform on ye, even if there should hae been a drawing o' the neck on't; but Janet cried, and entreated baith him and me to keep the thing quiet. She said she couldna gae back to you; and as for getting you punished, she couldna bear the thought o't. And then we a' thought what a disgrace it would be to our family if it were thought that my sister had been attempted to be murdered by her husband. We knew weel enough ye would say she had fallen in by accident; and when afterwards we heard that ye had buried a body that had been found in the loch, we made up our minds as to what we would do. We just agreed to keep Janet under her maiden name. Nane in Glasgow had ever seen her before, and her ain sorrows kept her within doors, so that the secret wasna ill to keep. Years afterwards, my husband was ta'en from me, and Janet and I came, about twa months syne, to live at Juniper Green, wi' John Paterson, my husband's brother, wha had offered us a hame."

"And is Janet there now?" cried Tammas, impatiently.

"Ay," continued Mrs. Paterson; "but, alas! she's no what she was. She gets at times out o' her reason, and will be that way for days thegether. The doctor has a name for it ower lang for my tongue, but it tells

naething but what we ken ower weel. When in thae fits she thinks she is here in the Bow, and living with you, and working and moiling in the house just as she used to do langsyne. Mairower, and that troubles us maist ava, she will be out when the reason's no in, so that we are obliged to watch her. Five days syne she was aff in the morning before daylight, and even so late as this morning she played us the same trick; whaur she gaed we couldna tell, but I had some suspicion she was here."

"Ay," replied Mr. Dodds, as he opened his eyes very wide; "she was here wi' a vengeance."

Thus Mrs. Paterson's story was finished; and our legend of the Brownie, more veritable, we opine, than that of Bodsbeck, is also drawing to a conclusion. Tammas, after a period of meditation, more like one of Janet's hallucinations than a fit of rational thinking, asked his sister-in-law whether she thought that Janet, in the event of her getting quit of her day-dreams, would consent to live with him again. To which question she answered that she was not certain; for that Janet, when in her usual state of mind, was still wroth against him for the attempt to take away her life; but she added that she had no objection, seeing he was penitent, to give him an opportunity to plead for himself. She even went further, and agreed to use her influence to bring about a reconciliation. It was therefore agreed between them that the sister should call again when Janet had got quit of her temporary derangement, and Thomas might follow up this intimation with a visit. About four days thereafter, accordingly, Mrs. Paterson kept her word, and next day Mr. Dodds repaired to Juniper Green. At first Janet refused to see him; but upon Mrs. Paterson's representations of his penitence and suffering, she

became reconciled to an interview. We may venture to say, without attempting a description of a meeting unparalleled in history, that if Janet Dodds had not been a veritable Calvinist, no good could have come of all Mr. Dodds's professions; but she knew that the Master cast out the dumb spirit which tore the possessed, and that that spirit attempted murder not less than Tammas. Wherefore might not *his* dumb spirit be cast out as well by that grace which aboundeth in the bosom of the Saviour? We do not say that a return of her old love helped this deduction, because we do not wish to mix up profane with sacred things. Enough if we can certify that a very happy conclusion was the result. The doctor did his duty, and Janet having been declared *compos mentis*, returned to her old home. Her first duty was to look for "the pose." It was gone in the manner we have set forth; but Janet could collect another, and no doubt in due time did; nor did she fail of any of her old peculiarities, all of which became endeared to Thomas by reason of their being veritable sacrifices to his domestic comfort.

GLEANINGS OF THE COVENANT.

THE LAST SCRAP.

It is a fact well known to Dr. Lee, and to many besides, that notwithstanding the extensive researches of Wodrow and others, there have died away in the silent lapse of time, or are still hovering over our cleuchs and glens, in the aspect of a dim and misty tradition, many instances of extreme cruelty and wanton oppression, exercised (during the reign of Charles II.) over the poor Covenanters, or rather Nonconformists, of the south and west counties of Scotland. In particular, although the whole district suffered, it was in the vale of the Nith, and in the hilly portion of the parish of Closeburn, that the fury of Grierson, Dalzell, and Johnstone—not to mention an occasional simoom, felt on the withering approach of Clavers *with his lambs*—was felt to the full amount of merciless persecution and relentless cruelty. The following anecdote I had from a sister of my grandmother, who lived till a great age, and who was lineally descended from one of the parties. I have never seen any notice whatever taken of the circumstances; but am as much convinced of its truth, in all its leading features, as I am of that of any other similar statements which are made in Wodrow, "Naphtali," or the "Cloud of Witnesses."

The family of Harkness has been upwards of four hundred years tenants on the farm of Queensberry, occupying the farm-house and steading situated upon the banks of the Caple, and known by the name of

Mitchelslacks. The district is wild and mountainous, and, at the period to which I refer, in particular, almost inaccessible through any regularly constructed road. The hearts, however, of these mountain residents were deeply attuned to religious and civil liberty, and revolted with loathing from the cold doctrines and compulsory ministrations of the curate of Closeburn. They were, therefore, marked birds for the myrmidons of oppression, led on by Claverhouse, and "Red Rob," the scarlet-cloaked leader of his band.

It was about five o'clock of the afternoon, in the month of August, that a troop of horse was seen crossing the Glassrig—a flat and heathy muir—and bearing down with great speed upon Mitchelslacks. Mrs. Harkness had been very recently delivered of a child, and still occupied her bed, in what was denominated the chamber, or cha'mer—an apartment separated from the rest of the house, and set apart for more particular occasions. Her husband, the object of pursuit, having had previous intimation, by the singing or whistling of a bird (as was generally reported on such occasions), had betaken himself, some hours before, to the mountain and the cave—his wonted retreat on similar visits. From this position, on the brow of a precipice, inaccessible by any save a practised foot, he could see his own dwelling, and mark the movements which were going on outside. The troop, having immediately surrounded the houses, and set a guard upon every door and window, as well as an outpost, or spy, upon an adjoining eminence, immediately proceeded with the search—a search conducted with the most brutal incivility, and even indelicacy; subjecting every child and servant to apprehensions of the most horrid and revolting character. It would be every way improper to mention even a tithe of the oaths and blasphemy

which were not only permitted, but sanctioned and encouraged, by their impious and regardless leader. Suffice it to say, that after every other corner and crevice was searched in vain, the cha'mer was invaded, and the privacy of a female, in very interesting and delicate circumstances, rudely and suddenly entered.

"The old fox is here," said Clavers, passing his sword up to the hilt betwixt the mother and her infant, sleeping unconsciously on her arm, and thrusting it home with such violence that the point perforated the bed, and even penetrated the floor beneath.

"Toss out the whelp," vociferated Red Rob—always forward on such occasions; "and the b—ch will follow." And, suiting the action to the word, he rolled the sleeping, and happily well-wrapped, infant on the floor.

"The Lord preserve my puir bairn!" was the instantaneous and instinctive exclamation of the agonized and now demented mother, springing at the same time from her couch, and catching up her child with a look of the most despairing alarm. A cloud of darkened feeling seemed to pass over the face and features of the infant,* and a cry of helpless suffering succeeded, at once to comfort and to madden the mother. "A murderous and monstrous herd are ye all," said she, again resuming her position, and pressing the affrighted, rather than injured child to her breast. "Limbs of Satan and enemies of God, begone! He whom ye seek is not here; nor will the God *he* serves and *you* defy, ever suffer him, I fervently hope and trust, to fall into your merciless and unhallowed hands."

At this instant a boy about twelve years of age was dragged into the room, and questioned respecting the

* "In the light of heaven its face
Grew dark as they were speaking."

place of his father's retreat, sometimes in a coaxing, and at others in a threatening manner. The boy presented, to every inquiry, the aspect of dogged resistance and determined silence.

"Have the bear's cub to the croft," said Clavers, "and shoot him on the spot."

The boy was immediately removed; and the distracted mother left, happily for herself, in a state of complete insensibility. There grew, and there still grows, a rowan-tree in the corner of the garden or kailyard of Mitchelslacks; to this tree or bush the poor boy was fastened with cords, having his eyes bandaged, and being made to understand, that, if he did not reveal his father's retreat, a ball would immediately pass through his brain. The boy shivered, attempted to speak, then seemed to recover strength and resolution, and continued silent.

"Do you wish to smell gunpowder?" ejaculated Rob, firing a pistol immediately under his nose, whilst the ball perforated the earth a few paces off.

The boy uttered a loud and unearthly scream, and his head sunk upon his breast. At this instant, the aroused and horrified mother was seen on her bended knees, with clasped hands, and eyes in which distraction rioted, at the feet of the destroyers. But nature, which had given her strength for the effort, now deserted her, and she fell lifeless at the feet of her apparently murdered son. Even the heart of Clavers was somewhat moved at this scene; and he was in the act of giving orders for an immediate retreat, when there rushed into the circle, in all the frantic wildness of a maniac, at once the father and the husband. He had observed from his retreat the doings of that fearful hour; and, having every reason to conclude that he was purchasing his own safety at the expense of the

lives of his whole family, he had issued from the cave, and hurled himself from the steep, and was now in the presence of those whom he deemed the murderers of his family.

"Fiends—bloody, brutal, heartless fiends—are ye all! And is this your work, ye sons of the wicked and the accursed one? What! could not *one* content ye? Was not the boy enough to sacrifice on your accursed temple to Moloch, but ye must imbrue your hands in the blood of a weak, an infirm, a helpless woman! Oh, may the God of the Covenant," added he, bending reverently down upon his knees, and looking towards heaven, "may the God of Jacob forgive me for cursing ye! And, thou man of blood" (addressing Clavers personally), "think ye not that the blood of Brown, and of my darling child, and my beloved wife—think ye not, wot ye not, that their blood, and the blood of the thousand saints which ye have shed, will yet be required, ay, fearfully required, even to the last drop, by an avenging God, at your hands?"

Having uttered these words with great and awful energy, he was on the point of drawing his sword, concealed under the flap of his coat, and of selling his life as dearly as possible, when Mrs. Harkness, who had now recovered her senses, rushed into his arms, exclaiming—

"Oh Thomas, Thomas, what is this ye hae done? Oh, beware, beware!—I am yet alive and unskaithed. God has shut the mouths of the lions; they have not been permitted to hurt *me*. And our puir boy, too, moves his head, and gives token of life. But you, you, my dear, dear, infatuated husband—oh, into what hands have ye fallen, and to what a death are ye now reserved!"

"Unloose the band," vociferated Clavers; "make

fast your prisoner's hands, and, in the devil's name, let us have done with this drivelling!"

There was a small public-house at this time at Closeburn mill, and into this Clavers and his party went for refreshment; whilst an adjoining barn, upon which a guard was set, served to secure the prisoner. No sooner was Mr. Harkness left alone, and in the dark—for it was now nightfall—than he began to think of some means or other of effecting his escape. The barn was happily known to him; and he recollected that, though the greater proportion of the gable was built of stone and lime, yet that a small part towards the top, as was sometimes the case in these days, was constructed of turf, and that, should he effect an opening through the soft material, he might drop with safety upon the top of a peat-stack, and thus effect his escape to Creechope Linn, with every pass and cave of which he was intimately acquainted. In a word, his escape was effected in this manner; and though the alarm was immediately given, and large stones rolled over the precipices of the adjoining linn, he was safely ensconced in darkness, and under the covert of a projecting rock; and ultimately (for, in the course of a few days, King William and liberty were the order of the day) he returned to his wife and his family, there to enjoy for many years that happiness which the possession of a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man is sure to impart. The brother, however, of this more favoured individual was not so fortunate, as may be gathered from Wodrow, and the "Cloud of Witnesses;" for he was executed ere the day of deliverance, at the Gallowlee, and his most pathetic and eloquent address is still extant.

Let us rejoice with trembling that we live in an age

and under a government so widely different from those now referred to; and whilst on our knees we pour forth the tribute of thankfulness to God, let us teach our children to prize the precious inheritance so dearly purchased by our forefathers.

THE STORY OF MARY BROWN.

If the reader of what I am going to relate for his or her edification, or for perhaps a greater luxury, viz. wonder, should be so unreasonable as to ask for my authority, I shall be tempted, because a little piqued, to say that no one should be too particular about the source of pleasure, inasmuch as, if you will enjoy nothing but what you can prove to be a reality, you will, under good philosophical leadership, have no great faith in the sun—a thing which you never saw, the existence of which you are only assured of by a round figure of light on the back of your eye, and which may be likened to tradition; so all you have to do is to believe like a good Catholic, and be contented, even though I begin so poorly as to try to interest you in two very humble beings who have been dead for many years, and whose lives were like a steeple without a bell in it, the intention of which you cannot understand till your eye reaches the weathercock upon the top, and then you wonder at so great an erection for so small an object. The one bore the name of William Halket, a young man, who, eight or nine years before he became of much interest either to himself or any other body, was what in our day is called an Arab of the City—a poor street boy, who didn't know who his father was, though, as for his mother, he knew her by a pretty sharp experience, insomuch as she took from him every penny he made by holding horses, and gave him more cuffs than cakes

in return. But Bill got out of this bondage by the mere chance of having been taken a fancy to by Mr. Peter Ramsay, innkeeper and stabler, in St. Mary's Wynd (an ancestor, we suspect, of the Ramsays of Barnton), who thought he saw in the City Arab that love of horse-flesh which belongs to the Bedouin, and who accordingly elevated him to the position of a stable-boy, with board and as many shillings a week as there are days in that subdivision of time.

Nor did William Halket—to whom for his merits we accord the full Christian name—do any discredit to the perspicacity of his master, if it was not that he rather exceeded the hopes of his benefactor, for he was attentive to the horses, civil to the farmers, and handy at anything that came in his way. Then, to render the connection reciprocal, William was gratefully alive to the conviction that if he had not been, as it were, taken from the street, the street might have been taken from him, by his being locked up some day in the Heart of Midlothian. So things went on in St. Mary's Wynd for five or six years, and might have gone on for twice that period, had it not been that at a certain hour of a certain day William fell in love with a certain Mary Brown, who had come on that very day to be an under-housemaid in the inn; and strange enough, it was a case of "love at first sight," the more by token that it took effect the moment that Mary entered the stable with a glass of whisky in her hand sent to him by Mrs. Ramsay. No doubt it is seldom that a fine blooming young girl, with very pretty brown hair and very blue eyes, appears to a young man with such a recommendation in her hand; but we are free to say that the whisky had nothing to do with an effect which is well known to be the pure result of the physical attributes of the

individual. Nay, our statement might have been proved by the counterpart effect produced upon Mary herself, for she was struck by William at the same moment when she handed him the glass; and we are not to assume that the giving of a pleasant boon is always attended with the same effect as the receiving of it.

But, as our story requires, it is the love itself between these two young persons, whose fates were so remarkable, we have to do with—not the causes, which are a mystery in all cases. Sure it is, humble in position as they were, they could love as strongly, as fervently, perhaps as ecstatically, as great people—nay, probably more so, for education has a greater chance of moderating the passion than increasing it; and so, notwithstanding of what Plutarch says of the awfully consuming love between Phrygius and Pierea, and also what Shakespeare has sung or said about a certain Romeo and a lady called Juliet, we are certain that the affection between these grand personages was not *more* genuine, tender, and true, than that which bound the simple and unsophisticated hearts of Will Halket and Mary Brown. But at best we merely play on the surface of a deep subject when we try with a pen to describe feelings, and especially the feelings of love. We doubt, if even the said pen were plucked from Cupid's wing, whether it would help us much. We are at best only left to a choice of expressions, and perhaps the strongest we could use are those which have already been used a thousand times—the two were all the world to each other, the world outside nothing at all to them; so that they could have been as happy on the top of Mount Ararat, or on the island of Juan Fernandez, provided they should be always in each other's company, as they were in St. Mary's Wynd.

And as for whispered protestations and chaste kisses—for really their love had a touch of romance about it you could hardly have expected, but which yet kept it pure, if not in some degree elevated above the loves of common people—these were repeated so often about the quiet parts of Arthur's Seat and the King's Park, and the fields about the Dumbiedykes and Duddingstone Loch, that they were the very moral aliments on which they lived. In short, to Mary Brown the great Duke of Buccleuch was as nothing compared to Willie Halket, and to Willie Halket the beautiful Duchess of Grammont would have been as nothing compared to simple Mary Brown. All which is very amiable and very necessary; for if it had been so ordained that people should feel the exquisite sensations of love in proportion as they were beautiful, or rich, or endowed with talent (according to a standard), our world would have been even more queer than that kingdom described by Gulliver, where the ugliest individual is made king or queen.

Things continued in this very comfortable state at the old inn in St. Mary's Wynd for about a year, and it had come to enter into the contemplation of Will that upon getting an increase of his wages he would marry Mary, and send her to live with her mother, a poor, hard-working washerwoman, in Big Lochend Close; whereunto Mary was so much inclined, that she looked forward to the day as the one that promised to be the happiest that she had yet seen, or would ever see. But, as an ancient saying runs, the good hour is in no man's choice; and about this time it so happened that Mr. Peter Ramsay, having had a commission from an old city man, a Mr. Dreghorn, located as a planter in Virginia, to send him out a number of Scottish horses, suggested to William that he would do well to

act as supercargo and groom. Mr. Dreghorn had offered to pay a good sum to the man who should bring them out safe, besides paying his passage over and home. And Mr. Ramsay would be ready to receive Will into his old place again on his return. As for Mary, with regard to whom the master knew his man's intentions, she would remain where she was, safe from all temptation, and true to the choice of her heart. This offer pleased William, because he saw that he could make some money out of the adventure, whereby he would be the better able to marry, and make a home for the object of his affections; but he was by no means sure that Mary would consent; for women, by some natural divining of the heart, look upon delays in affairs of love as ominous and dangerous. And so it turned out that one Sabbath evening, when they were seated beneath a tree in the King's Park, and William had cautiously introduced the subject to her, she was like other women.

"The bird that gets into the bush," she said, as the tears fell upon her cheeks, "sometimes forgets to come back to the cage again. I would rather hae the lean lintie in the hand, than the fat finch on the wand."

"But you forget, Mary, love," was the answer of Will, "that you can feed the lean bird, but you can't feed me. It is I who must support you. It is to enable me to do that which induces me to go. I will come with guineas in my pocket where there are now only pennies and placks; and you know, Mary, the Scotch saying, 'A heavy purse makes a light heart.'"

"And an unsteady one," rejoined Mary. "And you may bring something else wi' you besides the guineas; maybe a wife."

"One of Mr. Dreghorn's black beauties," said Will, laughing. "No, no, Mary, I am too fond of the flaxen

ringlets, the rosy cheeks, and the blue eyes; and you know, Mary, you have all these, so you have me in your power. But to calm your fears, and stop your tears, I'll tell you what I'll do."

"Stay at hame, Will, and we'll live and dee thegither."

"No," replied Will; "but, like the genteel lover I have read of, I will swear on your Bible that I will return to you within the year, and marry you at the Tron Kirk, and throw my guineas into the lap of your marriage-gown, and live with you until I die."

For all which and some more we may draw upon our fancy; but certain it is, as the strange story goes, that Will did actually then and there—for Mary had been at the Tron Kirk, and had her Bible in her pocket (an article, the want of which is not well supplied by the scent-bottle of our modern Maries)—swear to do all he had said, whereupon Mary was so far satisfied that she gave up murmuring—perhaps no more than that. Certain also it is, that before the month was done, Will, with his living, kicking charges, and after more of these said tears from Mary than either of them had arithmetic enough to enable them to count, embarked at Leith for Richmond, at which place the sugar-planter had undertaken to meet him.

We need say nothing of the voyage across the Atlantic, somewhat arduous at that period, nor need we pick up Will again till we find him in Richmond, with his horses all safe, and as fat and sleek as if they had been fed by Neptune's wife, and had drawn her across in place of her own steeds. There he found directions waiting from Mr. Dreghorn, to the effect that he was to proceed with the horses to Peach Grove, his plantation, a place far into the heart of the country. But Will was content; for had he not time and to spare

within the year, and he would see some more of the new world, which, so far as his experience yet went, seemed to him to be a good place for a freeman to live in? So off he went, putting up at inns by the way, as well supplied with food and fodder as Mr. Peter Ramsay's, in St. Mary's Wynd, and showing off his nags to the planters, who wondered at their bone and muscle, the more by reason they had never seen Scotch horses before. As he progressed, the country seemed to Will more and more beautiful, and by the time he reached Peach Grove he had come to the unpatriotic conclusion that all it needed was Mary Brown, with her roses, and ringlets, and eyes, passing like an angel—lovers will be poets—among these ebon beauties, to make it the finest country in the world.

Nor when the Scotsman reached Peach Grove did the rosy side of matters recede into the shady; for he was received in a great house by Mr. Dreghorn with so much kindness, that, if the horses rejoiced in maize and oats, Will found himself, as the saying goes, in five-bladed clover. But more awaited him, even thus much more, that the planter, and his fine lady of a wife as well, urged him to remain on the plantation, where he would be well paid and well fed; and when Will pleaded his engagement to return to Scotland within the year, the answer was ready, that he might spend eight months in Virginia at least, which would enable him to take home more money,—an answer that seemed so very reasonable, if not prudent, that "Sawny" saw the advantage thereof and agreed. But we need hardly say that this was conceded upon the condition made with himself, that he would write to Mary all the particulars, and also upon the condition, acceded to by Mr. Dreghorn, that he would take the charge of getting the letter sent to Scotland.

All which having been arranged, Mr. Halket—for we cannot now continue to take the liberty of calling him Will—was forthwith elevated to the position of driving negroes in place of horses, an occupation which he did not much relish, insomuch that he was expected to use the lash, an instrument of which he had been very chary in his treatment of four-legged chattels, and which he could not bring himself to apply with anything but a sham force in reference to the two-legged species. But this objection he thought to get over by using the sharp crack of his Jehu-voice as a substitute for that of the whip; and in this he persevered, in spite of the jeers of the other drivers, who told him the thing had been tried often, but that the self-conceit of the negro met the stimulant and choked it at the very entrance to the ear; and this he soon found to be true. So he began to do as others did; and he was the sooner reconciled to the strange life into which he had been precipitated by the happy condition of the slaves themselves, who, when their work was over, and at all holiday hours, dressed themselves in the brightest colours of red and blue and white, danced, sang, ate corn-cakes and bacon, and drank coffee with a zest which would have done a Scotch mechanic, with his liberty to produce a lock-out, much good to see. True, indeed, the white element of the population was at a discount at Peach Grove. But in addition to the above source of reconciliation, Halket became day by day more captivated by the beauty of the country, with its undulating surface, its wooded clumps, its magnolias, tulip-trees, camellias, laurels, passion-flowers, and palms, its bright-coloured birds, and all the rest of the beauties for which it is famous all over the world. But nature might charm as it might—Mary Brown was three thousand miles away.

Meanwhile the time passed pleasantly, for he was

accumulating money; Mary's letter would be on the way, and the hope of seeing her within the appointed time was dominant over all the fascinations which charmed the senses. But when the month came in which he ought to have received a letter, no letter came—not much this to be thought of, though Mr. Dreghorn tried to impress him with the idea that there must be some change of sentiment in the person from whom he expected the much-desired answer. So Halket wrote again, giving the letter, as before, to his master, who assured him it was sent carefully away; and while it was crossing the Atlantic he was busy in improving his penmanship and arithmetic, under the hope held out to him by his master that he would, if he remained, be raised to a book-keeper's desk; for the planter had seen early that he had got hold of a long-headed, honest, sagacious "Sawny," who would be of use to him. On with still lighter wing the intermediate time sped again, but with no better result in the shape of an answer from her who was still the object of his day fancies and his midnight dreams. Nor did all this kill his hope. A third letter was despatched, but the returning period was equally a blank. We have been counting by months, which, as they sped, soon brought round the termination of his year, and with growing changes too in himself; for as the notion began to worm itself into his mind that his beloved Mary was either dead or faithless, another power was quietly assailing him from within,—no other than ambition in the most captivating of all shapes—Mammon. We all know the manner in which the golden deity acquires his authority; nor do we need to have recourse to the conceit of the old writer who tells us that the reason why gold has such an influence upon man, lies in the fact that it is of the colour of the sun, which is the

fountain of light, and life, and joy. Certain it is, at least, that Halket having been taken into the counting-house on a raised salary, began "to lay by," as the Scotch call it; and by-and-by, with the help of a little money lent to him by his master, he began by purchasing produce from the neighbouring plantations, and selling it where he might,—all which he did with advantage, yet with the ordinary result to a Scotsman, that while he turned to so good account the king's head, the king's head began to turn his own.

And now in place of months we must begin to count by lustrums; and the first five years, even with all the thoughts of his dead, or, at least, lost Mary, proved in Halket's case the truth of the book written by a Frenchman, to prove that man is a plant; for he had already thrown out from his head or heart so many roots in the Virginian soil that he was bidding fair to be as firmly fixed in his new sphere as a magnolia, and if that bore golden blossoms, so did he; yet, true to his first love, there was not among all these flowers one so fair as the fair-haired Mary. Nay, with all hope not yet extinguished, he had even at the end of the period resolved upon a visit to Scotland, when, strangely enough, and sadly too, he was told by Mr. Dreghorn, that having had occasion to hear from Mr. Peter Ramsay on the subject of some more horse-dealings, that person had reported to him that Mary Brown, the lover of his old stable-boy, was dead. A communication this which, if it had been made at an earlier period, would have prostrated Halket altogether, but it was softened by his long foreign anticipations, and he was thereby the more easily inclined to resign his saddened soul to the further dominion of the said god, Mammon; for, as to the notion of putting any of those beautiful half-castes he sometimes saw about the planter's house at Peach

Grove, in the place of her of the golden ringlets, it was nothing better than the desecration of a holy temple. Then the power of the god increased with the offerings, one of which was his large salary as manager, a station to which he was elevated shortly after he had received the doleful tidings of Mary's death. Another lustrum is added, and we arrive at ten years; and yet another, and we come to fifteen; at the end of which time Mr. Dreghorn died, leaving Halket as one of his trustees, for behoof of his wife, in whom the great plantation vested. If we add yet another lustrum, we find the Scot—fortunate, save for one misfortune that made him a joyless worshipper of gold—purchasing from the widow, who wished to return to England, the entire plantation under the condition of an annuity.

And Halket was now rich, even beyond what he had ever wished; but the chariot-wheels of Time would not go any slower—nay, they moved faster, and every year more silently, as if the old Father had intended to cheat the votary of Mammon into a belief that he would live for ever. The lustrums still passed: another five, another, and another, till there was scope for all the world being changed, and a new generation taking the place of that with which William Halket and Mary Brown began. And he was changed too, for he began to take on those signs of age which make the old man a painted character; but in one thing he was not changed, and that was the worshipful stedfastness, the sacred fidelity, with which he still treasured in his mind the form and face, the words and the smiles, the nice and refined peculiarities that feed love as with nectared sweets, which once belonged to Mary Brown, the first creature that had moved his affections, and the last to hold them, as the object of a cherished memory for ever. Nor with time, so deceptive, need

we be so sparing in dealing out those periods of five years, but say at once that at last William Halket could count twelve of them since first he set his foot on Virginian soil; yea, he had been there for sixty summers, and he had now been a denizen of the world for seventy-eight years. In all which our narrative has been strange, but we have still the stranger fact to set forth, that at this late period he was seized with that moral disease (becoming physical in time) which the French call *mal du pays*, the love of the country where one was born, and first enjoyed the fresh springs that gush from the young heart. Nor was it the mere love of country, as such, for he was seized with a particular wish to be where Mary lay in the churchyard of the Canongate, to erect a tombstone over her, to seek out her relations and enrich them, to make a worship out of a disappointed love, to dedicate the last of his thoughts to the small souvenirs of her humble life. Within a month this old man was on his way to Scotland, having sold the plantation, and taken bills with him to an amount of little less than a hundred thousand pounds.

In the course of five weeks William Halket put his foot on the old pier of Leith, on which some very old men were standing, who had been urchins when he went away. The look of the old harbour revived the image which had been imprinted on his mind when he sailed, and the running of the one image into the other produced the ordinary illusion of all that long interval appearing as a day; but there was no illusion in the change, that Mary Brown was there when he departed, and there was no Mary Brown there now. Having called a coach, he told the driver to proceed up Leith Walk, and take him to Peter Ramsay's inn, in St. Mary's Wynd; but the man told him there was no inn

there, nor had been in his memory. The man added that he would take him to the White Horse in the Canongate, and thither accordingly he drove him. On arriving at the inn, he required the assistance of the waiter to enable him to get out of the coach; nor probably did the latter think this any marvel, after looking into a face so furrowed with years, so pale with the weakness of a languid circulation, so saddened with care. The rich man had only an inn for a home, nor in all his native country was there one friend whom he hoped to find alive. Neither would a search help him, as he found on the succeeding day, when, by the help of his staff, he essayed an infirm walk in the great thoroughfare of the old city. The houses were not much altered, but the signboards had got new names and figures; and as for the faces, they were to him even as those in Crete to the Cretan, after he awoke from a sleep of forty-seven years—a similitude only true in this change, for Epimenidas was still as young when he awoke as when he went to sleep, but William Halket was old among the young and the grown, who were unknown to him, as he was indeed strange to them. True, too, as the coachman said, Peter Ramsay's inn, where he had heard Mary singing at her work, and the stable where he had whistled blithely among his favourite horses, were no longer to be seen —*etiam cineres perierunt*—their very sites were occupied by modern dwellings. What of that small half-sunk lodging in Big Lochend Close, where Mary's mother lived, and where Mary had been brought up, where perhaps Mary had died? Would it not be a kind of pilgrimage to hobble down the Canongate to that little lodging, and might there not be for him a sad pleasure even to enter and sit down by the same fireplace where he had seen the dearly-beloved face, and

listened to her voice, to him more musical than the melody of angels?

And so, after he had walked about till he was wearied, and his steps became more unsteady and slow, and as yet without having seen a face which he knew, he proceeded in the direction of the Big Close. There was, as regards stone and lime, little change here; he soon recognised the half-sunk window where, on the Sunday evenings, he had sometimes tapped as a humorous sign that he was about to enter, which had often been responded to by Mary's finger on the glass, as a token that he would be welcome. It was sixty years since then. A small corb would now hold all that remained of both mother and daughter. He turned away his head as if sick, and was about to retrace his steps. Yet the wish to enter that house rose again like a yearning; and what more in the world than some souvenir of the only being on earth he ever loved was there for him to yearn for? All his hundred thousand pounds were now, dear as money had been to him, nothing in comparison of the gratification of seeing the room where she was born—yea, where probably she had died. In as short a time as his trembling limbs would carry him down the stair, which in the ardour of his young blood he had often taken at a bound, he was at the foot of it. There was there the old familiar dark passage, with doors on either side, but it was the farthest door that was of any interest to him. Arrived at it, he stood in doubt. He would knock, and he would not; the mystery of an undefined fear was over him; and yet, what had he to fear? For half a century the inmates had been changed, no doubt, over and over again, and he would be as unknowing as unknown. At length the trembling finger achieves the furtive tap, and the door was opened by a woman,

whose figure could only be seen by him in coming between him and the obscure light that came in by the half-sunk window in front; nor could she, even if she had had the power of vision, see more of him, for the lobby was still darker.

"Who may live here?" said he, in the expectation of hearing some name unknown to him.

The answer, in a broken, cracked voice, was not slow—

"Mary Brown; and what may you want of her?"

"Mary Brown!" but not a word more could he say, and he stood as still as a post; not a movement of any kind did he show for so long a time that the woman might have been justified in her fear of a very spirit.

"And can ye say nae mair, sir?" rejoined she. "Is my name a bogle to terrify human beings?"

But still he was silent, for the reason that he could not think, far less speak, nor even for some minutes could he achieve more than the repetition of the words, "Mary Brown."

"But hadna ye better come in, good sir?" said she. "Ye may ken our auld saying, 'They that speak in the dark may miss their mark;' for words carry nae light in their een ony mair than me, for, to say the truth, I am old and blind."

And, moving more as an automaton than as one under a will, Halket was seated on a chair, with this said old and blind woman by his side, who sat silent and with blank eyes waiting for the stranger to explain what he wanted. Nor was the opportunity lost by Halket, who, unable to understand how she should have called herself Mary Brown, began, in the obscure light of the room, to scrutinize her form and features; and in doing this, he went upon the presumption that this second Mary Brown only carried the name of the first; but as

he looked he began to detect features which riveted his eyes; where the reagent was so sharp and penetrating, the analysis was rapid—it was also hopeful—it was also fearful. Yes, it was true that that woman was *his* Mary Brown. The light-brown ringlets were reduced to a white stratum of thin hair; the blue eyes were grey, without light and without speculation; the roses on the cheeks were replaced by a pallor, the forerunner of the colour of death; the lithe and sprightly form was a thin spectral body, where the sinews appeared as strong cords, and the skin seemed only to cover a skeleton. Yet, withal, he saw in her that identical Mary Brown. That wreck was dear to him; it was a relic of the idol he had worshipped through life; it was the only remnant in the world which had any interest for him; and he could on the instant have clasped her to his breast, and covered her pale face with his tears. But how was he to act? A sudden announcement might startle and distress her.

"There was once a Mary Brown," said he, who was once a housemaid in Mr. Peter Ramsay's inn in St. Mary's Wynd."

"And who can it be that can recollect that?" was the answer, as she turned the sightless orbs on the speaker. "Ye maun be full o' years. Yes, that was my happy time, even the only happy time I ever had in this world."

"And there was one William Halket there at that time also," he continued.

Words which, as they fell upon the ear, seemed to be a stimulant so powerful as to produce a jerk in the organ; the dulness of the eyes seemed penetrated with something like light, and a tremor passed over her entire frame.

"That name is no to be mentioned, sir," she said

nervously, "except ainee and nae mair; he was my ruin; for he pledged his troth to me, and promised to come back and marry me, but he never came."

"Nor wrote you?" said Halket.

"No, never," replied she; "I would hae gien the world for a scrape o' the pen o' Will Halket; but it's a' past now, and I fancy he is dead and gone to whaur there is neither plighted troth, nor marriage, nor giving in marriage; and my time, too, will be short."

A light broke in upon the mind of Halket, carrying the suspicion that Mr. Dreghorn had, for the sake of keeping him at Peach Grove, never forwarded the letters, whereto many circumstances tended.

"And what did you do when you found Will had proved false?" inquired Halket. "Why should that have been your ruin?"

"Because my puir heart was bound up in him," said she, "and I never could look upon another man. Then what could a puir woman do? My mother died, and I came here to work as she wrought—ay, fifty years ago, and my reward has been the puir boon o' the parish bread; ay, and waur than a' the rest, blindness."

"Mary!" said Halket, as he took her emaciated hand into his, scarcely less emaciated, and divested of the genial warmth.

The words carried the old sound, and she started and shook.

"Mary," he continued, "Will Halket still lives. He was betrayed, as you have been betrayed. He wrote three letters to you, all of which were kept back by his master, for fear of losing one who he saw would be useful to him; and, to complete the conspiracy, he reported you dead upon the authority of Peter Ramsay. Whereupon Will betook himself to the making of money; but he never forgot his Mary, whose name has been

heard as often as the song of the birds in the groves of Virginia."

"Ah, you are Will himself!" cried she. "I ken now the sound o' your voice in the word 'Mary,' even as you used to whisper it in my ear in the fields at St. Leonard's. Let me put my hand upon your head, and move my fingers ower your face. Yes, yes. Oh, mercy, merciful God, how can my poor worn heart bear a' this!"

"Mary, my dear Mary!" ejaculated the moved man, "come to my bosom and let me press you to my heart; for this is the only blissful moment I have enjoyed for sixty years."

Nor was Mary deaf to his entreaties, for she resigned herself as in a swoon to an embrace, which an excess of emotion, working on the shrivelled heart and the wasted form, probably prevented her from feeling.

"But, oh, Willie!" she cried, "a life's love lost; a lost life on both our sides."

"Not altogether," rejoined he, in the midst of their mutual sobs. "It may be—nay, it is—that our sands are nearly run. Yea, a rude shake would empty the glass, so weak and wasted are both of us; but still there are a few grains to pass, and they shall be made golden. You are the only living creature in all this world I have any care for. More thousands of pounds than you ever dreamt of are mine, and will be yours. We will be married even yet, not as the young marry, but as those marry who may look to their knowing each other as husband and wife in heaven, where there are no cruel, interested men to keep them asunder; and for the short time we are here you shall ride in your carriage as a lady, and be attended by servants; nor shall a rude breath of wind blow upon you which it is in the power of man to save you from."

"Ower late, Willie, ower late," sighed the exhausted woman, as she still lay in his arms. "But if all this should please my Will—I canna use another name, though you are now a gentleman—I will do even as you list, and that which has been by a cruel fate denied us here we may share in heaven."

"And who shall witness this strange marriage?" said he. "There is no one in Edinburgh now that I know or knows me. Has any one ever been kind to you?"

"Few, few indeed," answered she. "I can count only three."

"I must know these wonderful exceptions," said he, as he made an attempt at a grim smile; "for those who have done a service to Mary Brown have done a double service to me. I will make every shilling they have given you a hundred pounds. Tell me their names."

"There is John Gilmour, my landlord," continued she, "who, though he needed a' his rents for a big family, passed me many a term, and forbye brought me often, when I was ill and couldna work, many a bottle o' wine; there is Mrs. Paterson o' the Watergate, too, who aince, when I gaed to her in sair need, gave me a shilling out o' three that she needed for her bairns; and Mrs. Galloway, o' Little Lochend, slipt in to me a peck o' meal ae morning when I had naething for breakfast."

"And these shall be at our marriage, Mary," said he. "They shall be dressed to make their eyes doubtful if they are themselves. John Gilmour will wonder how these pounds of his rent he passed you from have grown to hundreds; Mrs. Paterson's shilling will have grown as the widow's mite never grew, even in heaven; and Mrs. Galloway's peck of meal will be made like

the widow's cruse of oil—it will never be finished while she is on earth."

Whereupon Mary raised her head. The blank eyes were turned upon him, and something like a smile played over the thin and wasted face. At the same moment a fair-haired girl of twelve years came jumping into the room, and only stopped when she saw a stranger.

"That is Helen Kemp," said Mary, who knew her movements. "I forgot Helen; she lights my fire, and when I was able to gae out used to lead me to the Park."

"And she shall be one of the favoured ones of the earth," said he, as he took by the hand the girl, whom the few words from Mary had made sacred to him, adding, "Helen, dear, you are to be kinder to Mary than you have ever been;" and, slipping into the girl's hand a guinea, he whispered, "You shall have as many of these as will be a bigger tocher to you than you ever dreamed of, for what you have done for Mary Brown."

And thus progressed to a termination a scene, perhaps more extraordinary than ever entered into the head of a writer of natural things and events not beyond the sphere of the probable. Nor did what afterwards took place fall short of the intentions of a man whose intense yearnings to make up for what had been lost led him into the extravagance of a vain fancy. He next day took a great house, and forthwith furnished it in proportion to his wealth. He hired servants in accordance, and made all the necessary arrangements for the marriage. Time, which had been so cruel to him and his sacred Mary, was put under the obligation of retribution. John Gilmour, Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Galloway, and Helen Kemp were those,

and those alone, privileged to witness the ceremony. We would not like to describe how they were decked out, nor shall we try to describe the ceremony itself But vain are the aspirations of man when he tries to cope with the Fates! The changed fortune was too much for the frail and wasted bride to bear. She swooned at the conclusion of the ceremony, and was put into a silk-curtained bed. Even the first glimpse of grandeur was too much for the spirit whose sigh was "vanity, all is vanity," and, with the words on her lips, "A life's love lost," she died.

TIBBY FOWLER.

"Tibby Fowler o' the glen,
A' the lads are wooin' at her."—*Old Song.*

All our readers have heard and sung of "Tibby Fowler o' the glen;" but they may not all be aware that the glen referred to lies within about four miles of Berwick. No one has seen and not admired the romantic amphitheatre below Edrington Castle, through which the Whitadder coils like a beautiful serpent glittering in the sun, and sports in fantastic curves beneath the pasture-clad hills, the grey ruin, the mossy and precipitous crag, and the pyramid of woods, whose branches, meeting from either side, bend down and kiss the glittering river, till its waters seem lost in their leafy bosom. Now, gentle reader, if you have looked upon the scene we have described, we shall make plain to you the situation of Tibby Fowler's cottage, by a homely map, which is generally *at hand.* You have only to bend your arm, and suppose your shoulder to represent Edrington Castle, your hand Clarabad, and near the elbow you will have the spot where "ten cam' rowing owre the water;" a little nearer to Clarabad is the "lang dyke side," and immediately at the foot of it is the site of Tibby's cottage, which stood upon the Edrington side of the river; and a little to the west of the cottage, you will find a shadowy row of palm-trees, planted, as tradition testifieth, by the hands of Tibby's father, old Ned Fowler, of whom many speak until this day. The locality of the song was known to

many; and if any should be inclined to inquire how we became acquainted with the other particulars of our story, we have only to reply, that that belongs to a class of questions to which we do not return an answer. There is no necessity for a writer of tales taking for his motto—*vitam impendere vero.* Tibby's parents had the character of being "bien bodies;" and, together with their own savings, and a legacy that had been left them by a relative, they were enabled at their death to leave their daughter in possession of five hundred pounds. This was esteemed a fortune in those days, and would afford a very respectable foundation for the rearing of one yet. Tibby, however, was left an orphan, as well as the sole mistress of five hundred pounds, and the proprietor of a neat and well-furnished cottage, with a piece of land adjoining, before she had completed her nineteenth year; and when we add that she had hair like the raven's wings when the sun glances upon them, cheeks where the lily and the rose seemed to have lent their most delicate hues, and eyes like twin dew-drops glistening beneath a summer moonbeam, with a waist and an arm rounded like a model for a sculptor, it is not to be wondered at that "a' the lads cam' wooin' at her." But she had a woman's heart as well as woman's beauty and the portion of an heiress. She found her cottage surrounded, and her path beset, by a herd of grovelling pounds-shillings-and-pence hunters, whom her very soul loathed. The sneaking wretches, who profaned the name of lovers, seemed to have *money* written on their very eyeballs, and the sighs they professed to heave in her presence sounded to her like stifled groans of—*your gold—your gold!* She did not hate them, but she despised their meanness; and as they one by one gave up persecuting her with their addresses, they consoled themselves with retorting upon

her the words of the adage, that "her *pride* would have a fall!" But it was not from pride that she rejected them, but because her heart was capable of love —of love, pure, devoted, unchangeable, springing from being beloved, and because her feelings were sensitive as the quivering aspen, which trembles at the rustling of an insect's wing. Amongst her suitors there might have been some who were disinterested; but the meanness and sordid objects of many caused her to regard all with suspicion, and there was none among the number to whose voice her bosom responded as the needle turns to the magnet, and frequently from a cause as inexplicable. She had resolved that the man to whom she gave her hand should wed her for herself —and for herself only. Her parents had died in the same month; and about a year after their death she sold the cottage and the piece of ground, and took her journey towards Edinburgh, where the report of her being a "great fortune," as her neighbours term her, might be unknown. But Tibby, although a sensitive girl, was also, in many respects, a prudent one. Frequently she had heard her mother, when she had to take but a shilling from the legacy, quote the proverb, that it was

"Like a cow in a clout,
That soon wears out."

Proverbs we know are in bad taste, but we quote it, because by its repetition the mother produced a deeper impression on her daughter's mind than could have been effected by a volume of sentiment. Bearing therefore in her memory the maxim of her frugal parent, Tibby deposited her money in the only bank, we believe, that was at that period in the Scottish capital, and hired herself as a child's maid in the family of a gentleman who occupied a house in the neighbour-

hood of Restalrig. Here the story of her fortune was unknown, and Tibby was distinguished only for a kind heart and a lovely countenance. It was during the summer months, and Leith Links became her daily resort; and there she was wont to walk with a child in her arms and another leading by the hand, for there she could wander by the side of the sounding sea; and her heart still glowed for her father's cottage and its fairy glen, where she had often heard the voice of its deep waters, and she felt the sensation which we believe may have been experienced by many who have been born within hearing of old Ocean's roar, that wherever they may be, they hear the murmur of its billows as the voice of a youthful friend, and she almost fancied, as she approached the sea, that she drew nearer the home which sheltered her infancy. She had been but a few weeks in the family we have alluded to, when, returning from her accustomed walk, her eyes met those of a young man habited as a seaman. He appeared to be about five-and-twenty, and his features were rather manly than handsome. There was a dash of boldness and confidence in his countenance; but as the eyes of the maiden met his, he turned aside as if abashed and passed on. Tibby blushed at her foolishness, but she could not help it, she felt interested in the stranger. There was an expression, a language, an inquiry in his gaze, she had never witnessed before. She would have turned round to cast a look after him, but she blushed deeper at the thought, and modesty forbade it. She walked on for a few minutes, upbraiding herself for entertaining the silly wish, when the child who walked by her side fell a few yards behind. She turned round to call him by his name—Tibby was certain that she had no motive but to call the child, and though she did steal a sidelong glance towards the spot

where she had passed the stranger, it was a mere accident, it could not be avoided—at least so the maiden wished to persuade her conscience against her conviction; but that glance revealed to her the young sailor, not pursuing the path on which she had met him, but following her within the distance of a few yards, and until she reached her master's door, she heard the sound of his footsteps behind her. She experienced an emotion between being pleased and offended at his conduct, though we suspect the former eventually predominated, for the next day she was upon the Links as usual, and there also was the young seaman, and again he followed her to within sight of her master's house. How long this sort of dumb love-making, or the pleasures of diffidence continued, we cannot tell. Certain it is that at length he spoke, wooed, and conquered; and about a twelvemonth after their first meeting, Tibby Fowler became the wife of William Gordon, the mate of a foreign trader. On the second week after their marriage William was to sail upon a long, long voyage, and might not be expected to return for more than twelve months. This was a severe trial for poor Tibby, and she felt as if she would not be able to stand up against it. As yet her husband knew nothing of her dowry, and for this hour she had reserved its discovery. A few days before their marriage she had lifted her money from the bank and deposited it in her chest.

"No, Willie, my ain Willie," she cried, "ye maunna, ye winna leave me already: I have neither faither, mother, brother, nor kindred; naebody but you, Willie; only you in the wide world; and I am a stranger here, and ye winna leave your Tibby. Say that ye winna, Willie." And she wrung his hand, gazed in his face, and wept.

"I maun gang, dearest; I maun gang," said Willie, and pressed her to his breast; "but the thocht o' my ain wifie will mak the months chase ane anither like the moon driving shadows owre the sea. There's nae danger in the voyage, hinny, no a grain o' danger; sae dinna greet; but come, kiss me, Tibby, and when I come hame I'll mak ye leddy o' them a'."

"Oh no, no, Willie!" she replied; "I want to be nae leddy; I want naething but my Willie. Only say that ye'll no gang, and here's something here, something for ye to look at." And she hurried to her chest, and took from it a large leathern pocket-book that had been her father's, and which contained her treasure, now amounting to somewhat more than six hundred pounds. In a moment she returned to her husband; she threw her arms around his neck; she thrust the pocket-book into his bosom. "There, Willie, there," she exclaimed; "that is yours—my faither placed it in my hand wi' a blessing, and wi' the same blessing I transfer it to you—but dinna, dinna leave me." Thus saying, she hurried out of the room. We will not attempt to describe the astonishment, we may say the joy, of the fond husband, on opening the pocket-book and finding the unlooked-for dowry. However intensely a man may love a woman, there is little chance that her putting an unexpected portion of six hundred pounds into his hands will diminish his attachment; nor did it diminish that of William Gordon. He relinquished his intention of proceeding on the foreign voyage, and purchased a small coasting vessel, of which he was both owner and commander. Five years of unclouded prosperity passed over them, and Tibby had become the mother of three fair children. William sold his small vessel and purchased a larger one, and in fitting it up all the gains of his five successful years

were swallowed up. But trade was good. She was a beautiful brig, and he had her called the *Tibby Fowler*. He now took a fond farewell of his wife and little ones upon a foreign voyage which was not calculated to exceed four months, and which held out high promise of advantage. But four, eight, twelve months passed away, and there were no tidings of the *Tibby Fowler*. Britain was then at war; there were enemies' ships and pirates upon the sea, and there had been fierce storms and hurricanes since her husband left; and Tibby thought of all these things and wept; and her lisping children asked her when their father would return, for he had promised presents to all, and she answered, to-morrow, and to-morrow, and turned from them and wept again. She began to be in want, and at first she received assistance from some of the friends of their prosperity; but all hope of her husband's return was now abandoned; the ship was not insured, and the mother and her family were reduced to beggary. In order to support them, she sold one article of furniture after another, until what remained was seized by the landlord in security for his rent. It was then that Tibby and her children, with scarce a blanket to cover them, were cast friendless upon the streets, to die or to beg. To the last resource she could not yet stoop, and from the remnants of former friendship she was furnished with a basket and a few trifling wares, with which, with her children by her side, she set out, with a broken and a sorrowful heart, wandering from village to village. She had travelled in this manner for some months, when she drew near her native glen, and the cottage that had been her father's, that had been her own, stood before her. She had travelled all the day and sold nothing. Her children were pulling by her tattered gown, weeping and crying, "Bread,

mother, give us bread!" and her own heart was sick with hunger.

"Oh, wheesht, my darlings, wheesht!" she exclaimed, and she fell upon her knees and threw her arms round the necks of all the three, "you will get bread soon; the Almighty will not permit my bairns to perish; no, no; ye shall have bread."

In despair she hurried to the cottage of her birth. The door was opened by one who had been a rejected suitor. He gazed upon her intently for a few seconds; and she was still young, being scarce more than six-and-twenty, and in the midst of her wretchedness, yet lovely.

"Gude gracious, Tibby Fowler!" he exclaimed, "is that you? Poor creature! are ye seeking charity? Weel, I think ye'll mind what I said to you now, that your pride would have a fa'!"

While the heartless owner of the cottage yet spoke, a voice behind her was heard exclaiming, "It is her! it is her! my ain Tibby and her bairns!"

At the well-known voice, Tibby uttered a wild scream of joy, and fell senseless on the earth; but the next moment her husband, William Gordon, raised her to his breast. Three weeks before he had returned to Britain, and traced her from village to village, till he found her in the midst of their children, on the threshold of the place of her nativity. His story we need not here tell. He had fallen into the hands of the enemy; he had been retained for months on board of their vessel; and when a storm had arisen, and hope was gone, he had saved her from being lost and her crew from perishing. In reward for his services, his own vessel had been restored to him, and he was returned to his country, after an absence of eighteen months, richer than when he left, and laden with honours. The

rest is soon told. After Tibby and her husband had wept upon each other's neck, and he had kissed his children, and again their mother, with his youngest child on one arm, and his wife resting on the other, he hastened from the spot that had been the scene of such bitterness and transport. In a few years more, William Gordon having obtained a competency, they re-purchased the cottage in the glen, where Tibby Fowler lived to see her children's children, and died at a good old age in the house in which she had been born—the remains of which, we have only to add, for the edification of the curious, may be seen until this day.

THE CRADLE OF LOGIE.

It is not very easy, when we consider the great desire manifested by authors and editors to serve up piquant dishes of fiction on the broad table of literature, to account for the fact that the undoubtedly true story of the Cradle of Logie and the Indian Princess, as she is often called, should never have appeared in print. It has apparently escaped the sharpest eyes of our chroniclers. Sir Walter Scott did not appear to have much fancy for Angus; but it would seem that the facts of this strange occurrence in a civilised country, and not very far back, had never reached him. Even the histories of Forfarshire are silent; and the pictures of Scotland for tourists, which generally seize on any romantic trait connected with a locality or an old ruin, have also overlooked them. Yet the principal personage in the drama was one whose name was for years in the mouths of the people, not only for peculiarities of character, but retribution of fate; and this local fame has died away only within a comparatively recent period. It was in my very early years that I saw the Cradle, and heard, imperfectly, its tale from my mother; but her account was comparatively meagre. I sought long for details; nor was I by any means successful till I fell in with a man named Aminadab Fairweather, a resident at the Scouring Burn, in Dundee, who was in the habit of frequenting Logie House, and who, though very old, remembered many of the circumstances.

The truth is, there were rich flesh-pots in Logie House—richer than those which supplied the muscles of the Theban mummies, so enduring through long ages, no doubt, from being so well fed; for Mr. Fletcher of Lindertes,* who was proprietor of the mansion, was the greatest epicurean and glossogaster that ever lived since Leontine times. Then a woman called Jenny M'Pherson, who had in early life, like "a good Scotch louse," who "aye travels south," found her way from Lochaber to London, where she had got into George's kitchen, and learned something better than to make sour kraut, was the individual who administered to her master's epicureanism, if not gulosity. Nay, it was said she had a hand in the tragedy of the Cradle; but, however that may be, it is certain she was deep in the confidences of Fletcher. But then Mrs. M'Pherson, as she chose to call herself—though the never a M'Pherson was connected with her except by the ties of blood, which, like those of all Celts, had their loose terminations dangling into infinity at the beginning of the world's history—was given to administering the contents of her savoury flesh-pots to others than the family of Logie; yea, like a true Highlander, she delighted in having henchmen—or haunchmen truly, in this instance—who gave her love in return for her edible luxuries. It happened that our said Aminadab was one of those favoured individuals; and it is lucky for this generation that he was, for if he had not been, there would assuredly have been no records of the Cradle and the black lady.

It was in a little parlour off the big kitchen that Janet received her henchmen. And was there ever man so happy as our good Aminadab?—and that for several human reasons, whereof the first was certainly

* Mr. Fletcher had also the property of Balinsloe as well as Logie. They've all passed into other hands.

the Logie flesh-pots; the second, the stories about the romantic place wherewith she contrived to garnish and spice these savoury mouthfuls; and last, Janet herself, who was always under the feminine delusion that she was the corporate representative of the first of these reasons, if, indeed, the others were not mere *adjecta*, not to be taken into account; whereas there were doubts if she was for herself ever counted at all, except as the mere "old-pot" which contained the realities. And their happiness would certainly have been complete if it had not been—at least in the case of Aminadab—that it could be enjoyed only by passing through that grim medium, a churchyard. But then, is not all celestial bliss burdened by this condition; nay, is not even our earthly bliss, which is a foretaste of heaven, only a flower raised upon the rottenness of other flowers—a type of the soul as it issues from corruption? Yes, Aminadab could not get to the holy of holies except by passing through Logie kirkyard, a small and most romantic Golgotha, on the left of the road leading to Lochee, whose inhabitants it contained, and which was so limited and crowded, that one might prefigure it as one of those holes or dungeons in Michael Angelo's pictures, belching forth spirits in the shape of inverted tadpoles, the tail uppermost, and yet representing ascending sparks. The wickets that surrounded Logie House—lying as it does upon the south side of Balgay Hill, and flanked on the east by a deep gully, wherethrough runs a small stream, which, so far as I know, has no name—were locked at night. The terrors of this place, at the late hours when these said henchmen behoved to seek their savoury rewards, were the only drawback to Aminadab's supreme bliss.

And if the time of these symposial meetings had been somewhat later in the century, how much more

formidable would have been a passage through this contracted valley of tumuli and bones! No churchyard, except those of Judea, was ever invested with such terrors—not the mystical fears of a divine fate seen in the descending cloud, with Justice gleaming with fiery eyes on Sin, and holding those scales, the decision of which would destine to eternal bliss or eternal woe, and that Justice personified in Him "whose glory is a burning like the burning of a fire," —no, but the revolting fears produced by the profanity of that poor worm of very common mud, which has been since the beginning of time acting the God. Ay, the aurelia-born image of grace sees a difference when it looks from the sun to the epigenetic thing which He raises out of corruption. There was, in that small place of skulls, a rehearsal of the great day. We hear little of these freaks now-a-days; but it was different then, when men made themselves demons by drink. One night William Maule of Panmure, then in his days of graceless frolic; Fletcher Read, the nephew of the laird, and subsequently the laird himself, of Logie; Rob Thornton, the merchant, Dudhope, and other kindred spirits, who used to sing in the inn of Sandy Morren, the hotel-keeper, "Death begone, here's none but souls," sallied drunk from the inn. The story goes that the night was dark, and there stood at the door a hearse, which had that day conveyed to the "howf," now about to be shut up because of its offence against the nostrils of men who are not destined to need a grave, the wife of an inconsolable husband and the mother of children; and thereupon came from Maule's mouth—for wickedness will seek its playful function in a pun—the proposition that the bacchanals should have a rehearsal in the kirkyard of Logie. Well, it signified, of course, nothing that the Black Princess

had been buried there, so far away from the land of "the balmy East,"

> "Where the roses blow and the oranges grow,
> And all is divine but man below."

Fletcher Read might have recollected this, but what though? Was not the pun a good one—worthy of Hood? They all mounted the hearse, Panmure being driver; nor could Sandy Morren give to these white-robed spirits, who were so soon to rise in glory from the envious earth, more than a sour-milk horn and half a dozen of snow-white table-cloths for the theatrical property of the great players. So it has been since the time when the shepherd who killed the son of Æbolus, for that he gave them wine which they thought was poison, because they found their heads out of order —wine still generates on folly the afflatus of madness. The story goes on. The night was as dark as those places they were to illumine with their white robes, alas! not of innocence. But the darkness was not of the moon's absence in another hemisphere; only that darkness which is cloud-born, and must cede in twinkling yet glorious intervening moments to the moon, when she will salute the graves and the marriage-guests; and the hearse, as it slowly wended its way up the road to Lochee, every now and then pouring forth from its dark inside peals of laughter. The travellers on the road look with wide eyes at the grim apparition, and flee. They arrive at the rough five-bar stile; it is thrown back, and the hearse is driven into the place of the dead. The story goes on. There is silence everywhere, and appropriately there, where the four brick corners of the smoke-coloured Cradle rise from the hollow of Balgay Hill. They waited till the moon shone out again in her calm, breathless repose; and

then resounded from the clanging black boards of the hearse a terrible din resembling thunder, and already each man, with his table-cover rolled round him, was snug behind the solemn head-stones, storied with domestic loves severed by the dark angel.

Now was the time for the trumpet-call, which behoved to be sounded by the cycloborean lungs of the broad-chested Panmure. The story has no reason to flag where the stake of the *grimelinage* is the upraising of white-robed spirits. The sour-milk horn is sounded as it never was sounded before on the earth which had passed away; every spirit comes forth from below the head-stones; and there rose a wail of misery which nothing but wine could have produced.

"Mercy on our poor souls!"

"Justice," cried Maule. "Stand out there, Bob Thornton, and answer for the sins done in the body." The story goes on, and it intercalates "fie, fie, on man." Thornton stands forth shrieking for the said mercy.

"Was not you, sir, last night, of the time of the past world, in the inn kept by Sandy Morren, in the town called Bonnie Dundee—bonnie in all save its sin, and its magistracy gone a-begging, and its hemp-spinners,* and the effect of Sandy Riddoch's reign—drinking and swearing?"

"I was."

"Then down with you to the pit which has no bottom whatsomever."

And Thornton disappears in the hollow not far from where the brick Cradle stands.

"Stand forth, Fletcher Read."

"Weren't you, sir, art and part in confining in yonder dungeon the poor unfortunate black lady,

* There is some prevision here which I cannot explain.

whereby she was murdered by that villain of an uncle of yours, Fletcher of Lindertes?"

"I was."

"Down with you to the pit and the lake of brimstone."

And down he went into the same valley.

"Stand forth, Dudhope."

"Were not you, sir, seen, on the 21st of December of the late dynasty of time, in the company of one of these denizens of Rougedom in the Overgate, that disgrace of the last world, for which it has very properly been burnt up like a scroll of Sandy Riddoch's peculations?"

"I was."

"Then down to the pit."

And Dudhope—even he the representative of Graham of opprobrious memory—disappeared.

"You're all (cried Maule) like the Lady of Luss's kain eggs, every one of which fell through the ring into the tub, and didn't count."

And so on with the rest, till there were no more to go down. Yet the horn sounded again, for Maule was not so drunk that he did not remember there were any more to come; but then, had he not been singing in Sandy Morren's, "Death begone, here's none but souls?" The story goes on. The horn having sounded, there stood forth a figure that did not belong to this crowd of sinners. It was a woman dressed in dark clothes, with a black bonnet, and an umbrella in her hand. How the great God can show his power over the little god, man! The woman was no other than a Mrs. Geddes of Lochee, who, having got a little too much at the Scouring Burn, had, on her way home, slipped into the resting-place of her husband, who had been buried only a week before, and having got

drowsy, had fallen asleep on the flat stone which covered him. In a half dreamy state she had seen all this terrible mummery—no mummery to her; for she thought it real: and as every one stood forward by name, she often said to herself, "When will it be Johnnie's turn, poor man? for he was an awfu' sinner; I fear the pit's owre guid for him." But Johnnie was not called. And then she expected her own summons —fell agony of a moment of the expectation of scorching flames to envelope her body, the flesh of which, as she pinched herself, had feeling and sensibility. Then if these great men, whose names she had often heard of, and who, as having white robes, and riches, and honours, might have expected to get to heaven, and yet didn't, what was to become of her, who had only dark garments, and who had been drinking that night at the Scouring Burn? There was no great wonder that Mrs. Geddes was distressed, yea miserable; and when she heard the horn sounded and no one went forward—Johnnie was of course afraid, and was concealing himself—she stood up with her umbrella in her hand. And Maule, now getting terrified through the haze of his drunkenness, cried out, "Who are you?"

"Mrs. Geddes, Johnnie Geddes's wife, o' the village o' Lochee, just twa miles frae that sink o' sin, Bonnie Dundee. I hae been a great sinner. I kept company wi' Sandy Simpson when Johnnie was living, and came here to greet owre his grave."

"A woman!" cried Maule; "then to heaven as fast as your wings will carry you."

And this man, who braved God, shook with terror before a weak woman; and so did all these brave bacchanals, who, on hearing the horn when no more remained to be condemned, thought their false God had

called them, and had returned to witness the object of their new-born fear. Hurrying into the hearse, the party were in a few minutes posting to Dundee in solemn silence, where they arrived about two o'clock, not to resume their orgies, but to separate each for his home, with the elements in him of a sense of retribution, not forgotten for many a day. At the long run the story finishes, and the chronicler, lifting up his hands to heaven, cries, "Is there no end, Lord, is there no end to the profanity of man? Lord, why stayeth the hand of vengeance?"

If guidman Aminadab had known these things—which he couldn't do, because, like Sir James Colquhoun's last day (of the session), which he wanted the judges to abolish, this last day (of the world) happened after the said Aminadab was in the habit of seeking Mrs. M'Pherson's parlour—he would have had greater deductions from his pleasure; for Aminadab read his Bible, and belonged to the first Secession. And so it was better he didn't, especially on that night when Mrs. M'Pherson had been so extraordinarily condescending to her henchman as to set before him a fine piece of pork, in recognition of his adherence to the resolution of leaving the flesh-pots of Egypt—the old Church. It was a dark night in January. There was a cheerful fire in the neat parlour, and Janet was communicative, if not chatty, in good English, got in George's kitchen at Kew.

"I would like all this better," said Aminadab, "if I had not that churchyard to come through; and then there's that fearful-looking Cradle in the hollow, with four lums like the stumpt posts of a child's rocking-bed. What is it, Janet?—it's not a cow-house, nor a hen-house, but a pure dungeon, fearful to free men, who might shudder to be confined in it."

"What more?" said Janet. "Do you know anything more, Aminadab?"

"Yes; but I am eating Logie's pork, and don't like to say much."

"Never mind the pork, man; speak out. Do the folks down in the town say anything, or shake their heads, or point their fingers?"

"Well, they say there's a human being confined in it," replied Aminadab. "And so they may, for sounds have been heard coming from the dark hole—ay, and I have heard them myself—deep moans and weeping. I would like to know if there's a secret."

"Hush, hush, Aminadab. There is a secret, and you're the only man I would speak of it to."

And Mrs. M'Pherson rose solemnly and locked the door upon herself and her henchman.

"You know, Aminadab, that my master came from Bombay some years ago, and brought home with him a black wife. Dear, good soul—so kind, so timid, so cheerful too; but, Heaven help me, what could I do?—for you know Mr. Fletcher is a terrible man. He does not fear the face of clay; and the scowl upon his face when he is in his moods is terrible. I am bound to obey."

"But what of her?" said Aminadab. "It's no surely she who is in the horrid hole?"

"Never you mind that, but eat your bacon, you fool for stopping me. When I'm stopped, I seldom begin again for a day and night at least."

"Something like your master, Janet."

"No, Aminadab; I have *a heart*, lad."

"That I know, Janet," said Aminadab, with a lump of pork in his mouth; "and—and—it—is—fat—lass."

"And the easier swallowed," said she.

"I meant your heart, Mrs. M'Pherson."

"And I must swallow that too, as it seems to come up my throat and choke me, even as the pork seems to do you. Take time, Aminadab. There's no hurry, man. Ah well, then, we have it all among the servants how Mr. Fletcher got my lady. He was a great man in Bombay—governor, I think, or something near that—and my lady was the only daughter of the Nawab or Nabob of some kingdom near Bombay—I forget the strange Indian name. She was the very petted child of her father; and when Mr. Fletcher saw her, she was running about the palace like a wild, playful creature—I may say, our bonny little roes of the Highland hills, or maybe another creature she used to speak about, I think they call it gazelle, with such wonderful eyes for shining, that you cannot look into them no more you could at the sun. For, oh, Aminadab! they have strange things in these places, which are much nearer the sun than we are here in this old country. But the mighty Nabob was unwilling to give her to the white-faced lover, even though he was the governor of Bombay, forbye having Balinsloe and Lindertes in Scotland too. Maybe he thought a Scotsman could not like a black Indian princess, though she was with her grand shawls about her, and her jewelled turban, and diamonds and pearls, and all that; and maybe, Aminadab, he thought"—and here Janet lowered her husky voice—"that it was just for these fine things he wanted her, rich though he was himself. Yet, strange enough too, the Nabob had promised the man who should marry his daughter the weight of herself in fine Indian gold, weighed in a balance, as her tocher. Heard ye ever the like of a tocher, man?"

"That would depend upon her size and weight, Janet, lass. Now, had you a tocher like that, it would be a gey business, I think,—fourteen potato-stones at the

very least, I would say, eh?"—and he must get quit of the mouthful before he could finish—"Eh, Janet?"

"And if you go on at that rate with my pork, you will not, by-and-by, be much behind me. But, guid faith, Aminadab, I'm not ashamed, lad, of my size. A poor, smoke-dried, shrivelled cook shames her guid savoury dishes, intended to fatten mankind and make them jolly. But you are right about the offer of the Nabob. The creature was small, and light, and lithe, and could not weigh much. But then, think of the jewels! These did not depend upon her weight, but upon their own light. Oh, what diamonds, and rubies, and pearls as big as marbles! I have looked at them till my eyes reeled with the light of them; and no wonder, when I have heard them valued at a hundred thousand guineas—and to think of all that being held in a little box! There is one necklace worth fifteen thousand itself."

"And yet a small neck, too, maybe?—'And thou shalt make a necklace to fit her neck,' said the Lord. It would not be half the girth of yours, Mrs. M'Pherson?"

"Ay, Aminadab; not a half, nor anything like it. But don't stop me again, lad, or I'll stop the pork. (A pause.) Ah, well, I fear it was the shining jewels, and not the black face, did the business on my master's side. And, of course, he would be all smiles at the Nabob's court; for, Aminadab, my lad, there never was on the face of God's earth a man who could so soon change the horrid dark scowl into the very light of sunshine as Mr. Fletcher. I have seen him, when in company with Kincaldrum, and Dudhope, and Glencagles, and the rest, laughing till his face was as red as the sun, then, all of a sudden, when some of his moods came over him, turn just like a fiend new come out of

—oh, I'll just say it out, Aminadab, though ye be of the Seceders—just hell, lad."

"But, good mother Janet—"

"Mother your own mother, man, till you be a father, Aminadab. Have I not told you to let me go on? There's no honour in a mother: that sow you are eating was the mother six times of thirteen at each litter; and I think that's about seventy-eight. Mother, forsooth! Ay, and yet you'll see a beggar wretch, clad in tanterwallops—rags is owre guid a word—coming to Logie door, and looking as if she had the right to demand meal from me, merely because she has two at her feet and one in her arms. Such honourable gaberlunzies get no meal from me. My master was keen for the match; but the Nabob was shy of the white face. And here's a curious thing—I got it from my lady herself. She said the Nabob, her papa, as she called him—for, just like us here, they have kindly words and real human feelings—made a bargain with my master, that if he took her away out of India to where the big woman they call the Company lives, he would be kind to her, and '*treat her as he would do a child which is rocked in a cradle.*'"

"Better than Naomi's wish," said Aminadab; "'And the Lord grant ye find rest in the house of thy husband.'"

"That bargain they made him sign with blood drawn just right over his heart; and the Nabob signed, too, for the weight of gold and the jewels. Then came the marriage. Such a day had not been witnessed in Bombay for years, if ever, when a great son of the big woman was to be married to the daughter of a Nawab. All the great men of Bombay, and the rich Parsees, she called them, were at the king's court, and the little princes round about for hundreds of miles, and

all the ministers of Indian state,—for you must know that the marriage was in the English fashion, as the Nawab thought he could bind the bridegroom best in that way. Then the grand feast, and such dancing, and deray, and firing of cannons, and waving of flags, was never seen!"

"'And all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again.'"

"Just so, guid auld Burgher lad," rejoined Mrs. M'Pherson.

"They had only been a few months married, when Mr. Fletcher's health having failed him,—and surely his liver is rotten to this day, if not his heart too,—he came home with his wife, and bought this bonnie place. She brought with her a squalling half-and-half thing,—there he's at the door this moment." By-and-by, "My little prince (she cried), go to Aditi—Ady, we call her—that's the black ayah my lady brought home with her."

"That will be another wife, I fancy," said Aminadab. "They have all two or three wives in the East, haven't they? Guid faith, ane's mair than eneugh here, if the Nawab's daughter's in her cradle."

"No, no, no, ye fool."

"'And I shall cut off the multitude of No,' Ezekiel thirtieth, fifteen."

"An ayah is a servant; and Ady's a good black soul as ever foolishly washed her face when there's no occasion for the trouble. And yet these black creatures are for ever washing themselves. They wash before breakfast and after breakfast, before dinner and after dinner, before supper and after supper, but the never a bit whiter they are that ever I could see."

"Yea, they might save themselves a great deal of trouble," said Aminadab.

"But they won't," rejoined Janet. "We have been tortured with their washings. Sometimes, when angry, I say to Ady, Can't you go down to the *Scouring Burn?*"

"'And wash thyself in the brook Cherith, which is before Jordan.'"

"But she says it's Brahma that bids her—that's their biggest god; and this Brahma is a trouble to us too. It seems he is everywhere; and Ady seeks him on Balgay Hill and in the churchyard o' nights, when the moon's out; thereafter coming in with those eyes of hers like flaming coals, darting them on us, who don't believe in Brahma, as if we were the real heathens, and not she and her mistress."

"'And thou shalt not erect a temple to Dagon, but cut him down to the stumps,'" said Aminadab.

"Hush, hush, man. Our servants are all in terror. They say that Ady is right, for that they have seen him in about the skirts of Balgay woods, and down in the hollow of the ravine, moving about like a spirit of darkness, with something white round his head, and a wide cloak wrapped about him."

Aminadab had just taken up a large tankard of ale, wherewith he intended to make a clean sweep of his hearty supper down his throat; but he paused, laid down the tankard, turned pale, shook, and looked wistfully into the face of his chieftainess. Nor did he speak a word, because some idea had probably magnetized his tongue at the wrong end, and the other would not move.

"Ady says, and so do the servants, that he has no shadow; and we should think he shouldn't, because our ghosts hereaway have none that ever I heard of. But that's a lie of their foolish religion; for I could swear I one night saw his shadow flit like that of a

sun-dial, when the sun's in a hurry to get the curtains round his head, away past the east end of the house, and disappear in a moment. But I'll tell you what, Aminadab, he may, like our spirits, be a shadow himself. I could hardly speak for fear, though five minutes before I had as good a tankard of that Logie-brewed as you have before you; but I got my tongue through the ale at the other end o't, and cried out with Zechariah, wherein I was something like you, Aminadab, 'Ho, ho, come forth, and flee from the land of the north.'"

"That would stump his Dagonship," said Aminadab, with an effort to be cheerful in spite of the foresaid idea, whatever it was. "Ay," he continued, after drinking off the tankard, and getting courage and wit at same time, "a line from the Bible is just like a rifle-shot in the hinder-end of these false gods. They can't stand it nohow."

"And you've stumpt me," replied the cook, "with the chopping-knife of your folly, so that I don't know where to find my legs again. It was a year after he came to Logie before another half-and-half was born —a boy too; and then there came a change over Mr. Fletcher's mind. There's something strange about those English that live long in India. I've noticed it when I was in London, in George's house; but it's all from the liver," continued the cook. "First grilled upon the ribs, then cooled with champagne, then healed up with curry, chiles, and ginger. No wonder the devil gets into the kitchen, where a dish like that is waiting him. Then they're so proud and selfish, and fond of themselves and their worthless lives."

"'Skin for skin, yea, all that they have, will they give for their lives.' So the devil said of him of Uz."

"But you see it's all in the liver," continued the

cook. "Aditi came to me one day, and said, 'De 'Gyptians in India tink body divided into sixteen parts, with God to each part! he! he! Janette!' and the black creature laughed. Then I say, the liver of an Englishman, after he comes from India, is the devil's part; and so it was with Mr. Fletcher. He began first to interfere with Kalee's religion. 'Oh, terrible, Janette!' cried Ady, on another day; 'master cut off head of Kartekeya's peacock, and smashed de tail of Garoora.' On another day, 'Right eye of elephant head of Ganeso knocked into de skull.' Another day, this time in tears, weeping awfully, 'Oh, Janette! tail of holy cow clean snapt over de rump!'"

"All right," said Aminadab of the first Secession. "'And I will cause their images to cease out of Noph.'"

"Ay, but I am 'wide,'" continued the cook.

"Three feet and a half across the bosom," said Aminadab, who was still in his reverie, with the secret idea still exercising a power over him, even after the tankard of ale.

"Wide in my mind and charities, ye fool, man," continued she, not disinclined this time to laugh; for she was proud of being jolly in the person. "I felt for poor Kalee. She wept incessantly at the loss of the cow's tail, and asked me if I had seen it, nay, implored me like a worshipper to try to recover it for her. I said, God forgive me, that I had seen it in the dung-pit, and that George had carted it away. 'And didn't know de value!' cried Ady. 'Worth de necklace of diamonds;' and both she and Kalee broke out into such a yell as made the house ring. Yet with all this, Kalee still loved the gloomy man. She would throw her jewelled arms about his neck, and hang upon him, with her feet off the ground, so little, light,

and lithe. She was so like a sapling, you could have bent her any way. And when the love was in her heart, and it was never absent, she was really bonny. Our eyes hereaway are mere cinders to these glowing churley bits of flaming sulphur; and then that strange look of the shining face, just as if she yearned to enter into his very soul,—ay, as the souls of these black creatures go up and form a part of Brahma's spirit, that's all over the earth."

"All art," cried Aminadab, getting impatient of Janet's eloquence—eloquence, I say; for Janet was a superior woman, and, though a cook, a natural genius. "All art. 'And he made her to use enchantments, and deal with familiar spirits and wizards.'"

"No, no, man, it was all real nature. But it wasna real nature made him throw the poor black soul away, whose gold and jewels he had bartered his white, I should say yellow, rotten-livered body for. Ay, if she had been a man, I would have liked her better than him; for, as I hate the skin of an old hen when the fat becomes rancid and golden, so do I hate a yellow-faced man, with the devil sitting gnawing at his liver."

"The reason the devil's so bitter," said Aminadab.

"Ay, if you were to try a beef-steak off his rump or spare-rib, ye'll find it more like the absynth I use in the kitchen than the flesh of a capon or three-year-old stot."

"Yea, I would be like unto him who was made to 'suck honey out of the living rock.'"

"The cruel man threw her away from him, just as if her tocher had been the weight of herself in copper, instead of gold. And oh! it was so easily done; for the creature was not only, as I have said, light, but she had such a touchiness when her glancing eye saw

that her love was not returned by him she loved beyond all the earth, that you would have thought she shrunk all up into a tiny child, couring in the corner of the big drawing-room, so like a wounded bird."

"Yaw-aw-aw," yawned the Seceder, half asleep. "'And he gave up the ghost in the room, while he sought his meat to relieve his soul.'"

"Asleep and dreaming," cried Mrs. M'Pherson, who had got into the very spirit of description. "Away to the Scouring Burn, and never show your face here again."

But Aminadab soon pacified the wide-souled and wide-bodied cook, who, being of his own persuasion, really loved the man. Yes, she was a Seceder from the old faith; and such a Seceder! No wonder there was a blank among the congregation of mere bodies.

It was now well on to twelve, and Aminadab had that Cradle to pass, and the kirkyard to get through; all, too, with that idea in his head to which we have alluded, and which, we may as well tell, was no other than a vivid recollection of having seen this Brahma on a prior night. He had discharged the notion at the time as an illusion, though in general he had little power over his supernatural fears, which were to him not indeed supernatural, but very natural; so much so, as we have said, that a mere inanimate and dead, very dead burying-place, had been more than once the means of cutting him out of a savoury piece of pork, and a good Logie-brewed tankard. It was the allusion made by Janet that recalled the suspicion that he had seen "something." Ah, "something!" what a pregnant vocable—so mysterious, so provocative of curiosity—an "it!"—of all the words in our language, the most suggestive of a difference from the real being of flesh and blood, carrying a name got at the baptismal font, whereby it shall be known and pass current like a

counter. And is it not at best only a counter, yea, a counterfeit? We are only to each other as signs of things which are not seen; and yet we laugh when we hear the "it," as if it might not be the very thing of which we are one of the signs! Is it not thus that we are all humbugged in this world of ours? For we take the sign for the thing; yea, talk to the sign, and love it, or hate it, or worship it—all the while being as ignorant as mules, "ne pictum quidem vidit;" the very sign may be as far from the reality, as in philosophy we see it every day. And thus, all wandering and groping in the dark, the blind leading the blind, we screech like owls at a spark of light from the real fountain beyond Aldebaran.

And the owls were more busy than pleasant that night in the deep woods of Balgay Hill. It was a sign that the moon was not kindly to their heavy eyes. The scene, as Aminadab issued from the postern, might have been felt as beautiful, from the very awe which it inspired. But Aminadab was no lover of Nature, especially if he saw in her recesses any hiding-places for such beings as Brahma, more mysterious to him from knowing nothing at all about him, except that he was some Ashtoreth, or Chemosh, or Milcom, in a new form, let loose from hell, to disturb the pure souls of Seceders destined for heaven. The full moon fell on the hollow in the hills, surmounted by the dark woods of Balgay right aface of him, the house of Logie behind, and the declinations on either side, in one of which lay the little Golgotha. There, in the midst of the hollow, stood, grim and desolate, the dark brick-built Cradle, casting its shadow to the south; the four-corner prominences shooting out like horns, and so unlike the habitation of a human being, yea, unlike any composition of brick and lime ever reared by the hand of a

genius for house-making. The shadow lay on the grass like those ghastly sun-pictures so called, yet more like moon-born things; and then the solemn silence, only relieved to be deepened by the occasional to-hoo! was oppressive to him, as if a medium for some footsteps to startle him into superstition. Yet he was drawn towards the horrid dungeon in spite of his very self. Janet's story would come at last, he thought, to a termination which would justify his own suspicions. And even there before him was evidence in the same direction; for having thrown himself, as if by an effort, into the shade of the dungeon, he could see beyond its verge, and by, as it were, looking round the corner, the body of the dark-faced Aditi. She had, no doubt, come stealthily from the house, and was postured in an attitude far deeper in humiliation and adjuration than we practise in our land. Her face was covered by her hands; for, in truth, she could see nothing through these mere light-permitting slips of a brick's width, wherewith this horrible hole was supplied, as if by a relaxation of severity in its last stage of perfect inhumanity. No, nothing could be seen, but something might be heard; yea, the most piteous moans that ever burst from an oppressed heart, and yet so soft, so uncomplaining, as if the sufferer found no fault with aught in the world but herself. Then Aditi's sounds were something like responses, rising as the internal sounds rose, and as they died away—a jabbering wail of an Eastern tongue.

Aminadab, blunt though he was, and fonder of pork than poetry, and of scriptural quotations—which he had always at his tongue's end for conclaves of weavers—than impassioned sentiments, rising at the inspiring touch of this strange world's endless and ever-occurring occasions, was impressed. He looked over the dark abode, up at the moon, then at the prostrate Ady, and

thought of the distance between that prisoner and the gay palace where she was brought up, with its paradise of flowers, and aromas, and singing birds of gold and azure—far away, far away. And then that blood-written oath — oh, so literally fulfilled and obeyed! But the thought was evanescent from very fear. Nor was his nervousness unjustified; for, even as he turned his head, he saw a figure wrapped up in a dark cloak, and surmounted by a white coil of pure linen, as he thought, emerging from the clump of thick trees that stood on the north end of the burying-ground. The figure, having run as it were in fear so far forward, no sooner saw the projecting head of Aminadab, than it turned and retreated. At the same instant Ady rose, as if disturbed, and ran to the house. Yet the moaning did not cease. It seemed interminable; or, if to be terminated by the absence of Ady, the sufferer did not know she was gone. And oh, these wails!—Aminadab fled and took them along with him, nor did they ever leave him.

Even when he went to bed they were fresh upon his ear, claiming precedence to the vision of his eye; though that, too, asserted its authority as something miraculous—whether the Eastern mystery itself, or some tutelary genius brought from heaven by the shriek of man's cruelty. Nor could he rest for the thought that, humble as he was, he was surely taken there that he might go to the powers of earth to ask them to aid the powers of heaven. Why, that Cradle had been built within the limits of civilisation. Even the mason was known: the bricks were not Egyptian bricks, nor the mortar foreign, nor the wood a tree from the heart of Africa; and yet, why was it there—nay, why was the use of it not inquired into? If Jeshurun had waxed fat and kicked against the Lord

of heaven, was there no lord of earth that could tame this yellow-livered worshipper of Baal, who yet was received among the chiefs of Israel to drink the pure juice of the grape, and make a god of his belly, and to sing obscene songs? Even in that house there was riot and debauchery upon the spoils of that woman, encaged like a beast, and at the world's end from her natural protectors.

Yea, our good soul Aminadab became bold. He was privileged, if not called. But then that Brahma —that incarnation of a power confessed by millions on millions of people possessed of souls, and therefore something in God's reckonings! It was no illusion. Twice he had seen the mysterious being. How did he come hither to the Ultima Thule, as it were, of the known world? Why did he come just at a juncture when the daughter of a king of his own favoured people was immured in a dungeon, and calling for his help? Because he must have known that a spark of the spirit that belonged to him, and would go back to him, was threatened to be extinguished by power in a land owing no obedience to him. But didn't that same moon shine on the children of Brahma as well as on the children of Christ? and were there no powers in heaven but what we confessed? How philosophical all this in a Scouring Burn weaver in hysterics! Yet there are greater men than Aminadab who could not explain such things. Ah, well; to the honour of poor Aminadab, it was for once not pork he sought at Logie House. Next night at ten he was in the parlour; but how did he get there, and Brahma in these very woods? Aminadab very probably could not have told himself; yet there he was.

"Come again so soon, Aminadab?"

"Ay," replied he. "'Though a man may fall, he

may be raised up again.' I stumbled in front of my friend, but she will not kick me; yea, she will lift me up."

"Be silent," she said. "You were seen last night near the Cradle, where no one dare approach. None of the servants go there save me; and even Ady, if she goes, it is by stealth. Ah, you know something now; but there's one thing you don't know, and that is, that rich men can pay watchers to discover those who search into their iniquities."

"Whatever I know," said Aminadab, "I am ignorant of this: why that dungeon, containing a human being, can keep its place at the distance of a mile from a town with 30,000 inhabitants."

"But they don't know it, lad. Be you quiet, and pick that leg of a chicken; that is better than the knowledge that kills. There is not one of the magistrates would dare to touch a hair on Mr. Fletcher's head, no, for all that lies in the power of Brahma."

"But why do you keep the secret? 'The steps of a good woman are ordered by the Lord;' but does He order you to step to the Cradle?"

"I do it for good," said she, "because I can soften griefs that are unbearable; and cooks have something in their power. But if I were to say a word to Fletcher, I would be turned away, and another might treat the prisoner worse."

"But why would not the powers interfere?"

"Because bailies love a dinner and fine wines; and it is easier to wink than think, and easier to think than get themselves out of trouble by acting on their thoughts. Will that satisfy you? It is a strange business; but the world's a strange place, and strange men and women live therein. Meat and drink and honour are better than wisdom. Look to your plate,

Aminadab. Oh! I wish I knew less; but I saw what was coming when I saw George Cameron begin to build what he said was to be like a cradle. Did I not recollect what Kalee told me about the blood-bond? Did we not all witness the growing gloom gathering day by day over his face? Then separate beds. Then no more companionship, out or in. The gloom for ever, and the tears of Kalee for ever and ever, and the terror and anguish of poor soul Aditi! Ah! yes; but he never struck her, never upbraided her; and at length she shrunk from him as if from a serpent. And this he could not bear: it made his dun-yellow black, Aminadab! Then, when the Cradle was finished, and a truckle and a table and a chair were put in, he called me to him, and said, with a horrid smile on his face, 'M'Pherson, you are a Highlander, and staunch to your master. I am true to my word. Yes, I signed a bond, when I married Kalee, that I would treat her as a father would a child whom he rocked in a cradle. I have obeyed. Kalee goes into the Cradle to-night. You are to give her child's food; but you cannot rock the Cradle. Let the winds which drive in past Balgay woods do that if they can. My honour is pure. Swear to obey me.'

"I could not say no, and look on that face. Kalee has been in that dungeon, fed by me, and has never seen her children for a whole year."

"The vengeance of the Lord hangeth over the wicked by a burnt thread," said Aminadab.

"Yes, who was to know that her own protector, even the great spirit of her land, was to come here to help her? He was seen last night again! He wanders about and about—flits hither and thither. He needs no rest—no food. He is independent of rain, and wind, and thunder, and storms."

"But he does not help her," said Aminadab.

"His time is coming. Kalee is dying."

"Dying!"

"Ay, dying. Then Brahma will claim that which is a part of himself, and then will be the time of his return to his chosen people."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Aminadab. The chicken stood untasted. "Does Mr. Fletcher know this?"

"Why, to be sure, haven't I told him? But may not a child die in its own cradle, and the father continue feasting with the lords and the lairds, drinking and swearing, and debauching, when he knows that his honour is discharged,—ay, and the blood-bond paid?"

"And the body, when she dies—"

"Will be in Logie burying-ground; ay, and strange people from the East, a long way beyond where our sun rises, with black faces and bleeding hearts, will come and bend over the little grave, and weep for the daughter of their prince. Ah! Aminadab, grief makes a learned woman of me, a poor servant; but I cannot save Kalee, none can save her now. Consumption has set in; and bad air, and a rejected love, and a mother's yearning will do the work. I was with her now with my cruse—all alone with her; for no one dare approach. She knows she's dying. She asked for the children—

"'Will you not let me see my boys?'

"I shook my head.

"'And will Fletcher not see me before I die, to receive my last kiss?'

"I shook my head.

"'And Aditi, who will return to my father's palace, is she to be kept from me to the end?'

"I shook my head."

"And will no one watch?" said Aminadab.

"Yes, I will watch all night; but it will be unknown to Fletcher. No one can speak to him now. He goes hither and thither. He has no rest yet; the gloom is deeper than ever."

"Horrible mystery!" again ejaculated Aminadab. "But 'the wicked shall perish; they shall consume into smoke, they shall consume away.'"

Occasions make heroes of very ordinary men; and Aminadab felt that he could be one of these worthies that night. He soon left after these words of Janet; but he was now more upon his guard against watchers. Perhaps Janet had mentioned them to induce him to avoid too minute an examination where there was danger of another kind; and this rather encouraged him. The only fault of his heroism was the strange feelings which arose in his mind when he thought of the Indian spirit. Somehow this vision could not be got rid of, or analyzed by the small philosophy he had. As for Fletcher, he viewed him merely as a human monster,—no uncommon phenomenon at a time when, although there might not be any greater evil than now, men were more reckless of consequences, more dead to shame, less under the control of public opinion, probably not less under the fear of God. He cleared the wicket. It was again a bright moonlight night. He passed again the Cradle, and was bold enough to listen again. Alas! the wail was weaker, the bright lamp of these eyes was fast losing its oil. So he thought; for he could hear only now and then a very inaudible sob, and occasionally a very weak wail, shrill and yet low. He could not stay, for Janet would be coming stealthily with her cruse,—yes, her cruse; for, so far as he could see by the narrow slips, all was darkness around the dying stranger, in a proud land of liberty and

humanity—the proudest seen on the face of the earth, or perhaps ever will be seen; yet by-and-by to have more reason to be proud—by-and-by, when Kalee would be asleep in the bosom of Brahma, her body only the monument of the shams of that proud land of liberty and humanity, and the true religion of God's covenant from the beginning.

Retreating quickly, he proceeded over the green hollow, and got into the skirt of Balgay wood. There he stood patiently, still fearful, but with the new-born zeal of curiosity and sympathy. By-and-by he saw Janet come out with her cruse, and walk as lightly as her huge body would permit. She looked round and round, as if in great fear of Fletcher, probably of the Indian spirit; for it was clear she had a conviction of the truth of the real presence of Brahma. All is still; no Fletcher seen, nor watch. But in about half an hour the dark Aditi came trotting out, clothed in pure white, looking also fearfully about her; but it was more clear that she expected some one. Stranger still, she made for the very spot where Aminadab was watching. He studied her direction to the breadth of a line, and stepped aside. There was plenty of foliage and and some thick bushes. He threw himself down on the ground, and heard the sighing of Ady as if almost close to him. By-and-by she was joined by the mystery—yes, that being who had so long been the terror of Logie House to all but the master, who knew nothing of him. He was there; but Aminadab could not see more of him than his head, which was, as usual, enveloped in the same white cloth. He heard their conversation, of which not a word could he understand. But oh, that natural language of the heart, which is the same in all lands, and will be the same in heaven—those quick utterances, deep sighs, shakings of the frame as if the

beings were convulsed! It seemed to be the last meeting; it was so eloquent of heart loves, so mysterious in religious aspirations. But here occurred a strange incident. Even at the distance where they were, a loud, shrill scream was heard, as if the last of expiring human nature. How it shook these two, till the very leaves rustled, and the night-hawks and owls screamed their terrible discord! All was still again. The male ran, as if moved by the frenzy of a dervish, forward towards the Cradle; then, as he saw the door half open, retreated. Aminadab could make nothing of the figure, beyond the conviction that it was the same he had seen by fitful glimpses before. It was altogether indescribable, unlike anything he had ever seen or read of. On his return, Ady met him and caught him in her arms, as if to lead him back to the wood. Yet he was fitful, anxious, and flighty, as if he knew not where to go, or what to do. Again the rapid whisperings, so sharp and intense as sometimes to appear like hissing of strange foreign creatures. It seemed as if his soul was on fire, and urged him he knew not whither. At that instant the door of the Cradle opened altogether, and Janet came out with the light. Ady darted forward like a moonbeam in the midst of another moonbeam, and seen by its superior whiteness. An instant served for some communication between her and Janet. Then a shrill scream from Ady, a running hither and thither on the part of the male figure, and at length, darting into the wood, he disappeared. Aminadab now saw Janet go into the house. Was all over? Aminadab could not tell. Ady still hung round the Cradle. She even circled it like a hovering ghost. At length she neared the door. The key had been left, and she entered.

Now was Aminadab's time. He rushed forward, opened the door, and entered the dungeon. A terrible

sight met his eyes—sight! yes; even in the comparative darkness, there was enough in the small glimmer of moonlight entering by one of the holes to carry objects to eyes that would have pierced the deepest gloom. There is said to be no darkness in the world sufficient to conceal objects entirely; but here there was, in addition to the attenuated beam, the white dress of Ady, and the bed where Kalee lay. Janet had described it, and the table and the chair: what more than the bare walls was there to describe? Nothing. On that bed, covered by a thin white cloth, lay this Indian princess dead, with Ady hanging over her, and pulling at her, and offering to her blank eyes, once like diamonds, a small figure of an Indian god. Then the groans and suppressed shrieks of the faithful soul, as she still pulled and shook the corpse, as if she could get from it one last look directed to the wooden figure. Too late! Kalee had died, not only away from her people, but away from the gods of her people. All of a sudden the ayah ceased her endeavours, and directed her eagle eye, suffused with tears, up to the roof. Quick words followed the look. Aminadab could not understand them, but the motions and aspirations convinced him that she cried, "There, there, Brahma; there she goes, to be of thy eternal and infinite soul, from which she came, and to which she flies."

Then, suddenly, she rushed out of the dungeon. Aminadab looked after her. She did not go to Logie House, but in the direction of the wood, whither the indescribable figure had gone. Aminadab heard no more, scarcely saw more, if it was not the corpse lying before him. He was afraid of Janet, more of Fletcher, who might now at length come to pass his eyes over the body in the Cradle, where he was to cherish her as a father cherisheth his child; yet he would look, and

look again. How shrivelled that face of darkness, yet how calm and loving-like; as if, even in the midst of the agony of the last hour, it smiled love to her destroyer!

By-and-by a light again approached. It was Janet with a white sheet.

"You here! Good heavens! Away, away! Fletcher is to look at her; yes, he is to look at her in the cradle he promised her. Away! no more."

"I saw Brahma," said Aminadab; "yes, true Brahma, Brahma!"

"Fool, fool! Man, I only told you it was Brahma to keep you from the Cradle for your own safety."

"Then who was the strange being?"

"I dare not tell you that; but I fear Ady's away with him, without hat, or cloak, or box, or supper."

"To where?"

"Nor that, lad. But I fear you will hear more of this Scotch tragedy some day. Get you gone; there is Fletcher."

Aminadab obeyed.

And Fletcher did see her. Some time after the departure of Aminadab he crossed the green. It seemed that night he had refrained from company, not through penitence, or any motive that man could divine in the nature of the man. Strangely-formed beings do things which do not seem to belong to their natures or to human nature, and it is this that makes them strange. Before he entered this, not, alas! Domdaniel, he called Janet to the door. He wanted to be alone. She gave him the cruse; and with the old gloom upon his face, perhaps he wanted to test his courage. It could not be that he wanted to look once more on the face of the mother of his children; nor that he felt now that there had been one in the world who really did love him, as

few women have ever loved. Then man measures woman's love by his own; but when was man's heart stirred by nature's strongest passion like that of devoted woman? while now the world did not contain one heart that was moved to him by anything stronger than dithyrambic delirium. Who knows? But there was Fletcher looking on the corpse of his wife, and waving over her face the light of the small cruse he held in his hand! Was he moved, as he saw the still, death-bound features, that once could not contain the expression which the leaping heart, with that burning fire in it of that land of the sun, tried in vain to force into it; the eye, too, that flashed and leapt as never is seen in our country of humid fogs, stifling the inborn heat and blearing the vision; and those arms that entwined him so as the vine holds the olive in its grasp, as if it would give the juice which fires and inebriates, for the oil that calms, and fattens, and sustains? All over that lithe body which enabled her, when he saw her first in the land of her fathers, to bound and flee as if she had wings, and these beautiful as the monaul's, ay, and enabled her, too, to play round him in that Eastern gaiety which had charmed him, if he ever loved her, and even for a time made his home like Fairydom! Who shall say there was no movement in his stern features, no moisture in his eye, no trembling of the lip, no tremor of the body, as he might have read the last effort of nature in the expression of calm forgiveness or continued affection? Who could read *him?*

At midnight, two days after, Kalee slept in Logie kirkyard. There is no stone to point out the grave of the Indian princess, who lies—as becomes, too, in our boasted land of liberty, entitled to her boast in an equality at length, which even pride cannot deny—

among the humble artisans and cottars of Lochee. Did Fletcher Read, on that after day, when Panmure blew the white iron trump, not expect to see Kalee rise up and seek judgment on the house of Logie? The blood was hereditary, and the heart that is fed by the blood, and which impels it.

If it had not been that Aminadab married the portly Janet, we might have heard no more of the fortunes of this man. But how true Aminadab's quotation, that God's vengeance never sleeps! Where, in all the scathed corpses of heaven's lightning, was there ever one that told its tale like that of Fletcher of Balinsloe, Lindertes, and Logie? He was recalled to India again.

"Ay, Aminadab, he was forced to go by the Government; but maybe the Government was only like a thing that is moved by the storm, and cuts in twain, where its own silly power could do nothing. Before he went, he married a beautiful little woman,* perhaps the most spirited in the shire, white as Kalee was black, and come, too, of gentle blood. Why did she marry this man? Had she not heard of the fate of Kalee? Had she not seen the Cradle (still standing in the hollow of the hill)? No doubt; but woman will go through worse storms than man's passion to get to the goal of wealth and honour. Then there is a frenzy in woman, Aminadab. She is like the boys, who seek danger for its own sake, and will skim on skates the rim of the black pool that descends from the film of ice down to the bubbling well of death below. Women have an ambition to tame wild men; ay, even wild men have a charm for them, which the tame sons of prudence and industry cannot inspire. So it was: they were married, and he took her to India."

* Afterwards, as I have heard, the wife of Milne of Milneford. She lived till nearly a hundred.

"'So the Lord did lead him; and there was no strange god with them.'"

"Ay, but there was a God *before* him, lad."

"What mean you, Janet?"

"Do you not recollect of Brahma?"

"Do not mention that strange figure, Janet. My blood runs cold."

Janet laughed.

"Runs cold, lad, at what? Brahma was just one of the Nawab's great men, whom he sent over here to watch the fate of his daughter. Why, man, he lodged next door to you, with Mrs. Lyon at the Scouring Burn."

"The black man the boys used to run after?"

"The very same. He returned with Ady, and was at the court of the Nawab and told all, ay, and more than we knew—that Fletcher would be obliged to visit Bombay again ere long after. He had got this from some of the authorities in England. For many a day did the prince weep for his Kalee; for many a day did he watch for the murderer's arrival, ay, as a tiger of his jungles watches in the night with fiery eyes for a beast even more cruel than himself. He had even all the coast of Coromandel, I think they call it, to give intelligence of the vessel. The very name of the vessel was known; the very paint of its sides, and the flag it bore—so well had he kept up his knowledge of what was going on in England."

"Wonderful!" cried Aminadab. "'And the fowler that did slay, falleth into his own net.'"

"And a terrible net, with meshes of sharp steel to hold and cut."

"Ah!" cried Aminadab, as he rubbed his hands, and chuckled like a big boy who sees the porridge boiling.

"You may well be anxious, lad; but you'll have more than you want."

"No, unless he is put into a fiery pit and burnt to a cinder, or into a den of tigers, or a nest of hooded snakes, or—"

"Peace, lad; better than all. But surely we are forgetting that we are Christians, that we have seen the new light of grace, Aminadab."

"Ay, true. Mercy pertaineth to the Lord. We belong to the furnace which trieth gold; not to the refining-pot of the Old Church, which is for silver."

"Ah, well! God's judgment was soon executed. The ship was recognised and hailed long before she arrived at Bombay. A crowd of black devils boarded her, seized Fletcher, and dragged him on shore. Not an instant was lost. Trial was a laughter. They danced round in joy, making the very Brahma hear their orgies. Four horses, ropes, victim between two and two, whip, yell, and Fletcher is in four quarters.

"Nor did they end here. They had forgotten the white wife. She too—justice demanded it. They did not ask why; but the sailors had suspected what was going on; and when they saw the devils coming back, they put Mrs. Fletcher into a big basket, and hoisted her to the top-mast. The poor woman could see from that height the mangled remains of her husband; but she was an extraordinary woman. She kept her place composedly as she heard the yells of the demons. They could not find her, and went away like wild animals deprived of their bloody prey. The ship went on. Mrs. Fletcher returned safe to Scotland, where she was known as the heroine who had gone through so much for the love of a villain."

The story of Fletcher has died away in Angus; but at one time it was in every mouth, and many a head

was shaken as the Sunday loiterers from Dundee and Lochee passed by the Cradle in their walks on Balgay Hill. I have heard that it was demolished as a disgrace to Scotland somewhere about 1810 or 1812. The hollow where the ruins stood is quite visible yet, and the old circumambulating ghost, which, by-the-bye, has unfortunately a white face, is not yet laid.

THE DEATH OF THE CHEVALIER DE LA BEAUTÉ.

It was near midnight, on the 12th of October 1516, when a horseman, spurring his jaded steed, rode furiously down the path leading to the strong tower of Wedderburn. He alighted at the gate, and knocked loudly for admission.

"What would ye?" inquired the warder from the turret.

"Conduct me to your chief," was the laconic reply of the breathless messenger.

"Is your message so urgent that ye must deliver it to-night?" continued the warder, who feared to kindle the fiery temper of his master, by disturbing him with a trifling errand.

"Urgent, babbler!" replied the other, impatiently; "to-day the best blood of the Homes has been lapped by dogs upon the street; and I have seen it."

The warder aroused the domestics in the tower, and the stranger entered. He was conducted into a long, gloomy apartment, dimly lighted by a solitary lamp. Around him hung rude portraits of the chiefs of Wedderburn, and on the walls were suspended their arms and the spoils of their victories. The solitary apartment seemed like the tomb of war. Every weapon around him had been rusted with the blood of Scotland's enemies. It was a fitting theatre for the recital of a tale of death. He had gazed around for a few minutes, when heavy footsteps were heard treading along the dreary passages, and the next

moment Sir David Home entered, armed as for the field.

"Your errand, stranger?" said the young chief of Wedderburn, fixing a searching glance upon him as he spoke.

The stranger bowed, and replied, "The Regent"——

"Ay!" interrupted Home, "the enemy of our house, the creature of our hands, whom we lifted from exile to sovereignty, and who now with his minions tracks our path like a bloodhound! What of this gracious Regent? Are ye, too, one of his myrmidons, and seek ye to strike the lion in his den?"

"Nay," answered the other; "but from childhood the faithful retainer of your murdered kinsman."

"My murdered kinsman!" exclaimed Wedderburn, grasping the arm of the other. "What! more blood! more! What mean ye, stranger?"

"That, to gratify the revenge of the Regent Albany," replied the other, "my lord Home and your kinsman William have been betrayed and murdered. Calumny has blasted their honour. Twelve hours ago I beheld their heads tossed like footballs by the foot of the common executioner, and afterwards fixed over the porch of the Nether Bow, for the execration and indignities of the slaves of Albany. All day the blood of the Homes has dropped upon the pavement, where the mechanic and the clown pass over and tread on it."

"Hold!" cried Home, and the dreary hall echoed with his voice. "No more!" he continued; and he paced hurriedly for a few minutes across the apartment, casting a rapid glance upon the portraits of his ancestors. "By heavens! they chide me," he exclaimed, "that my sword sleeps in the scabbard, while the enemies of the house of Home triumph." He drew his sword, and approaching the picture of his

father, he pressed the weapon to his lips, and continued, "By the soul of my ancestors, I swear upon this blade, that the proud Albany and his creatures shall feel that one Home still lives!" He dashed the weapon back into its sheath, and approaching the stranger, drew him towards the lamp, and said, "Ye are Trotter, who was my cousin's henchman, are ye not?"

"The same," replied the messenger.

"And ye come to rouse me to revenge?" added Sir David. "Ye shall have it, man—revenge that shall make the Regent weep—revenge that the four corners of the earth shall hear of, and history record. Ye come to remind me that my father and my brother fell on the field of Flodden, in defence of a foolish king, and that I, too, bled there—that there also lie the bones of my kinsman, Cuthbert of Fastcastle, of my brother Cockburn and his son, and the father and brother of my Alison. Ye come to remind me of this; and that, as a reward for the shedding of our blood, the head of the chief of our house has been fixed upon the gate of Edinburgh as food for the carrion crow and the night owl! Go, get thee refreshment, Trotter; then go to rest, and dream of other heads exalted, as your late master's is, and I will be the interpreter of your visions."

Trotter bowed and withdrew, and Lady Alison entered the apartment.

"Ye are agitated, husband," said the gentle lady, laying her hand upon his; "hath the man brought evil tidings?"

"Can good tidings come to a Home," answered Sir David, "while the tyrant Albany rides rough-shod over the nobility of Scotland, and, like a viper, stings the bosom that nursed him? Away to thy chamber, Alison; leave me, it is no tale for woman's ears."

"Nay, if you love me, tell me," she replied, laying her hand upon his brow, "for since your return from the field of Flodden, I have not seen you look thus."

"This is no time to talk of love, Aley," added he. "But come, leave me, silly one, it concerns not thee; no evil hath overtaken the house of Blackadder, but the Homes have become a mark for the arrows of desolation, and their necks a footstool for tyrants. Away, Alison; to-night I can think of but one word, and that is—vengeance!"

Lady Alison wept, and withdrew in silence; and Wedderburn paced the floor of the gloomy hall, meditating in what manner he should most effectually resent the death of his kinsman.

It was only a few weeks after the execution of the Earl of Home and his brother, that the Regent Albany offered an additional insult to his family by appointing Sir Anthony D'Arcy warden of the east marches, an office which the Homes had held for ages. D'Arcy was a Frenchman, and the favourite of the Regent; and, on account of the comeliness of his person, obtained the appellation of the *Sieur de la Beauté.* The indignation of Wedderburn had not slumbered, and the conferring the honours and the power that had hitherto been held by his family upon a foreigner, incensed him to almost madness. For a time, however, no opportunity offered of causing his resentment to be felt; for D'Arcy was as much admired for the discretion and justice of his government as for the beauty of his person. To his care the Regent had committed young Cockburn, the heir of Langton, who was the nephew of Wedderburn. This the Homes felt as a new indignity, and, together with the Cockburns, they forcibly ejected from Langton Castle the tutors whom D'Arcy had placed over their kinsman. The tidings

of this event were brought to the Chevalier while he was holding a court at Kelso; and immediately summoning together his French retainers and a body of yeomen, he proceeded with a gay and a gallant company by way of Fogo to Langton. His troop drew up in front of the castle, and their gay plumes and burnished trappings glittered in the sun. The proud steed of the Frenchman was covered with a panoply of gold and silver, and he himself was decorated as for a bridal. He rode haughtily to the gate, and demanded the inmates of the castle to surrender.

"Surrender! boasting Gaul!" replied William Cockburn, the uncle of the young laird; "that is a word the men of Merse have yet to learn. But yonder comes my brother Wedderburn; speak it to him."

D'Arcy turned round, and beheld Sir David Home and a party of horsemen bearing down upon them at full speed. The Chevalier drew back, and waiting their approach, placed himself at the head of his company.

"By the mass! Sir Warden," said Sir David, riding up to D'Arcy, "and ye have brought a goodly company to visit my nephew. Come ye in peace, or what may be your errand?"

"I wish peace," replied the Chevalier, "and come to enforce the establishment of my rights; why do you interfere between me and my ward?"

"Does a Frenchman talk of his rights upon the lands of Home?" returned Sir David; "or by whose authority is my nephew your ward?"

"By the authority of the Regent, rebel Scot!" retorted D'Arcy.

"By the authority of the Regent!" interrupted Wedderburn; "dare ye, foreign minion, speak of the authority of the murderer of the Earl of Home, while within the reach of the sword of his kinsman?"

"Ay! and in his teeth dare tell him," replied the Chevalier, "that the Home now before me is not less a traitor than he who proved false to his sovereign on the field of Flodden, who conspired against the Regent, and whose head now adorns the port of Edinburgh."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the henchman Trotter, dashing forward, and raising his sword, "said ye that my master proved false at Flodden?"

"Hold!" exclaimed Wedderburn, grasping his arm. "Gramercy, ye uncivilised dog! for the sake of your master's head would ye lift your hand against that face which ladies die to look upon? Pardon me, most beautiful Chevalier! the salutation of my servant may be too rough for your French palate, but you and your master treated my kinsman somewhat more roughly. What say ye, Sir Warden? do ye depart in peace, or wish ye that we should try the temper of our Border steel upon your French bucklers?"

"Depart ye in peace, vain boaster," replied D'Arcy, "lest a worse thing befall you."

"Then on, my merry men!" cried Wedderburn, "and to-day the head of the Regent's favourite, the Chevalier of Beauty, for the head of the Earl of Home!"

"The house of Home and revenge!" shouted his followers, and rushed upon the armed band of D'Arcy. At first the numbers were nearly equal, and the contest was terrible. Each man fought hand to hand, and the ground was contested inch by inch. The gilded ornaments of the French horses were covered with blood, and their movements were encumbered by their weight. The sword of Wedderburn had already smitten three of the Chevalier's followers to the ground, and the two chiefs now contended in single combat.

D'Arcy fought with the fury of despair, but Home continued to bear upon him as a tiger that has been robbed of its cubs. Every moment the force of the Chevalier was thinned, and every instant the number of his enemies increased, as the neighbouring peasantry rallied round the standard of their chief. Finding the most faithful of his followers stretched upon the earth, D'Arcy sought safety in flight. Dashing his silver spurs into the sides of his noble steed, he turned his back upon his desperate enemy, and rushed along in the direction of Pouterleiny, and through Dunse, with the hope of gaining the road to Dunbar, of which town he was governor. Fiercely Wedderburn followed at his heels, with his naked sword uplifted, and ready to strike; immediately behind him rode Trotter, the henchman of the late earl, and another of Home's followers named Dickson. It was a fearful sight as they rushed through Dunse, their horses striking fire from their heels in the light of the very sunbeams, and the sword of the pursuer within a few feet of the fugitive. Still the Chevalier rode furiously, urging on the gallant animal that bore him, which seemed conscious that the life of its rider depended upon its speed. His flaxen locks waived behind him in the wind, and the voice of his pursuers ever and anon fell upon his ear, like a dagger of death thrust into his bosom. The horse upon which Wedderburn rode had been wounded in the conflict, and, as they drew near Broomhouse, its speed slackened, and his followers, Trotter and Dickson, took the lead in the pursuit. The Chevalier had reached a spot on the right bank of the Whitadder, which is now in a field of the farm of Swallowdean, when his noble steed, becoming entangled with its cumbrous trappings, stumbled, and hurled its rider to the earth. The next moment the swords of

Trotter and Dickson were through the body of the unfortunate Chevalier.

"Off with his head!" exclaimed Wedderburn, who at the same instant reached the spot. The bloody mandate was readily obeyed; and Home, taking the bleeding head in his hand, cut off the flaxen tresses, and tied them as a trophy to his saddle-bow. The body of the *Chevalier de la Beauté* was rudely buried on the spot where he fell. A humble stone marks out the scene of the tragedy, and the people in the neighbourhood yet call it "*Bawty's Grave*." The head of the Chevalier was carried to Dunse, where it was fixed upon a spear at the cross, and Wedderburn exclaimed, "Thus be exalted the enemies of the house of Home!"

The bloody relic was then borne in triumph to Home Castle, and placed upon the battlements. "There," said Sir David, "let the Regent climb when he returns from France for the head of his favourite; it is thus that Home of Wedderburn revenges the murder of his kindred."

THE STORY OF THE PELICAN.

Though not so much a tradition as a memory still fresh probably in the minds of some of the good old Edinburgh folks, we here offer, chiefly for the benefit of our young female readers who are fond of a story wherein little heroines figure, as in Béranger's *Sylphide*, an account of a very famous adventure of a certain little Jeannie Deans in our city—the more like the elder Jeannie, inasmuch as they both were concerned in a loving effort to save the life of a sister. Whereunto, as a very necessary introduction, it behoves us to set forth that there was, some sixty years ago, more or less, a certain Mr. William Maconie, who was a merchant on the South Bridge of Edinburgh, but who, for the sake of exercise and fresh air—a commodity this last he need not have gone so far from the Calton Hill to seek—resided at Juniper Green, a little village three or four miles from St. Giles's. Nor did this distance incommode him much, seeing that he had the attraction to quicken his steps homewards of a pretty young wife and two little twin daughters, Mary and Annie, as like each other as two rosebuds partially opened, and as like their mother, too, as the objects of our simile are to themselves when full blown.

Peculiar in this respect of having twins at the outset, and sisters too—a good beginning of a contract to perpetuate the species—Mr. Maconie was destined to be even more so, inasmuch as there came no more of these pleasant *deliciæ domi*, at least up to the time of our

curious story—a circumstance the more to be regretted by the father, in consequence of a strange fancy (never told to his wife) that possessed him of wishing to insure the lives of his children as they came into the world, or at least after they had got through the rather uninsurable period of mere infant life. And in execution of this fancy—a very fair and reasonable one, and not uncommon at that time, whatever it may be now, when people are not so provident—he had got an insurance to the extent of five hundred pounds effected in the Pelican Office—perhaps the most famous at that time—on the lives of the said twins, Mary and Annie, who were, no doubt, altogether unconscious of the importance they were thus made to hold in the world.

Yet, unfortunately for the far-seeing and provident father, this scheme threatened to fructify sooner than he wished, if indeed it could ever have fructified to his satisfaction; for the grisly spectre of typhus laid his relentless hand upon Mary when she—and of a consequence Annie—was somewhere about eight years old. And surely, being as we are very hopeful optimists in the cause of human nature, we need not say that the father, as he and his wife watched the suffering invalid on through the weary days and nights of the progress towards the crisis of that dangerous ailment, never once thought of the Pelican, except as a bird that feeds its young with the warm blood of its breast. But, sorrowful as they were, their grief was nothing in comparison with the distress of little Annie, who slipped about listening and making all manner of anxious inquiries about her sick sister, whom she was prohibited from seeing for fear of her being touched by the said spectre; nor was her heart the less troubled with fears for her life, that all things seemed so quiet and mysterious about the house—the doctor coming and going, and

the father and mother whispering to each other, but never to her, and their faces so sad-like and mournful, in place of being, as was their wont, so cheerful and happy.

And surely all this solicitude on the part of Annie Maconie need not excite our wonder, when we consider that, from the time of their birth, the twin sisters had never been separated, but that, from the moment they had made their entrance on this world's stage, they had been always each where the other was, and had run each where the other ran, wished each what the other wished, and wept and laughed each when the other wept or laughed. Nature indeed, before it came into her fickle head to make two of them, had in all probability intended these little sisters—"little cherries on one stalk"—to be but one; and they could only be said not to be *one*, because of their bodies being two—a circumstance of no great importance, for, in spite of the duality of body, the spirit that animated them was a unity, and as we know from an old philosopher called Plato, the spirit is really the human creature, the flesh and bones constituting the body being nothing more than a mere husk intended at the end to feed worms. And then the mother helped this sameness by dressing them so like each other, as if she wanted to make a *Comedy of Errors* out of the two little female Dromios.

But in the middle of this mystery and solicitude, it happened that Annie was to get some light; for, at breakfast one morning—not yet that of the expected crisis—when her father and mother were talking earnestly in an undertone to each other, all unaware that the child, as she was moving about, was watching their words and looks, much as an older victim of credulity may be supposed to hang on the cabbalistic movements

and incantations of a sibyl, the attentive little listener eagerly drank in every word of the following conversation :—

"The doctor is so doubtful," said the anxious mother, with a tear in her eye, "that I have scarcely any hope; and if she is taken away, the very look of Annie, left alone 'bleating for her sister lamb,' will break my heart altogether."

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Maconie, "it would be hard to bear; but"—and it was the first time since Mary's illness he had ever remembered the insurance—"it was wise that I insured poor Mary's life in the Pelican."

"Insured her life in the Pelican!" echoed the wife in a higher tone. "That was at least lucky; but, oh! I hope we will not need to have our grief solaced by that comfort in affliction for many a day."

And this colloquy had scarcely been finished when the doctor entered, having gone previously into the invalid's room, with a very mournful expression upon his face; nor did his words make that expression any more bearable, as he said—

"I am sorry to say I do not like Mary's appearance so well to-day. I fear it is to be one of those cases where we cannot discover anything like a crisis at all; indeed I have doubts about this old theory being applicable to this kind of fever, where the virus goes on gradually working to the end."

"The end!" echoed Mrs. Maconie; "then, doctor, I fear you see what that will be."

"I would not like to say," added he; "but I fear you must make up your mind for the worst."

Now, all this was overheard by Annie, who, we may here seize the opportunity of saying, was, in addition to being a sensitive creature, one of those precocious little philosophers thinly spread in the female world, and

made what they are often by delicate health, which reduces them to a habit of thinking much before their time. Not that she wanted the vivacity of her age, but that it was tempered by periods of serious musing, when all kinds of what the Scotch call "auld farrant" (far yont) thoughts come to be where they should not be, the consequence being a weird-like kind of wisdom, very like that of the aged; so the effect on a creature so constituted was just equal to the cause. Annie ran out of the room with her face concealed in her hands, and got into a small bedroom darkened by the window-blind, and there, in an obscurity and solitude suited to her mind and feelings, she resigned herself to the grief of the young heart. It was now clear to her that her dear Mary was to be taken from her; had not the doctor said as much? And then she had never seen death, of which she had read and heard and thought so much, that she looked upon it as a thing altogether mysterious and terrible. But had she not overheard her father say that he had insured poor dear Mary's life with the Pelican? and had she not heard of the pelican —yea, the pelican of the wilderness—as a creature of a most mythical kind, though she knew not aught of its nature, whether bird or beast, or man or woman, or angel? But whatever it might be, certain it was that her father would never have got this wonderful creature to insure Mary's life if it was not possessed of the power to bring about so great a result. So she cogitated and mused and philosophized in her small way, till she came to the conclusion that the pelican not only had the destiny of Mary in its hands, but was under an obligation to save her from that death which was so terrible to her. Nor had she done yet with the all-important subject; for all at once it came into her head as a faint memory, that one day, when her father was

taking her along with her mother through the city, he pointed to a gilded sign, with a large bird represented thereon, tearing its breast with its long beak, and letting out the blood to its young, who were holding their mouths open to drink it in. "There," said he, "is the Pelican;" words she remembered even to that hour, for they were imprinted upon her mind by the formidable appearance of the wonderful-looking creature feeding its young with the very blood of its bosom. But withal she had sense enough to know—being, as we have said, a small philosopher—that a mere bird, however endowed with the power of sustaining the lives of its offspring, could not save that of her sister, and therefore it behoved to be only the symbol of some power within the office over the door of which the said sign was suspended. Nor in all this was Annie Maconie more extravagant than are nineteen-twentieths of the thousand millions in the world who still cling to occult causes.

And with those there came other equally strange thoughts; but beyond all she could not for the very life of her comprehend that most inexcusable apathy of her father, who, though he had heard with his own ears, from good authority, that her beloved Mary was lying in the next bedroom dying, never seemed to think of hurrying away to town—even to that very Pelican who had so generously undertaken to insure Mary's life. It was an apathy unbecoming a father; and the blood of her little heart warmed with indignation at the very time that the said heart was down in sorrow as far as its loose strings would enable it to go. But was there no remedy? To be sure there was, and Annie knew, moreover, what it was; but then it was to be got only by a sacrifice, and that sacrifice she also knew, though it must of necessity be kept in the mean-

time as secret as the wonderful doings in the death-chamber of the palace of a certain Bluebeard.

Great thoughts these for so little a woman as Annie Maconie; and no doubt the greatness and the weight of them were the cause why, for all that day—every hour of which her father was allowing to pass—she was more melancholy and thoughtful than she had ever been since Mary began to be ill. But, somehow, there was a peculiar change which even her mother could observe in her; for while she had been in the habit of weeping for her sister, yea, and sobbing very piteously, she was all this day apparently in a reverie. Nor even up to the time of her going to bed was she less thoughtful and abstracted, even as if she had been engaged in solving some problem great to her, however small it might seem to grown-up infants. As for sleeping under the weight of so much responsibility, it might seem to be out of the question; and so, verily, it was; for her little body, acted on by the big thoughts, was moved from one side to another all night, so that she never slept a wink, still thinking and thinking, in her unutterable grief, of poor Mary, her father's criminal passiveness, and that most occult remedy which so completely engrossed her mind.

But certainly it was the light of morning for which sister Annie sighed; and when it came glinting in at the small window, she was up and beginning to dress, all the while listening lest the servant or any other one in the house should know she was up at that hour. Having completed her toilet, she slipped down stairs, and having got to the lobby, she was provident enough to lay hold of an umbrella, for she suspected the elements as being in league against her. Thus equipped, she crept out by the back door, and having got thus free, she hurried along, never looking behind her till

she came to the main road to Edinburgh, when she mounted the umbrella—one used by her father, and so large that it was more like a main-sheet than a covering suitable to so small a personage; so it behoved, that if she met any other "travellers on purpose bent," the moving body must have appeared to be some small tent on its way to a fair, carried by the proprietor thereof, of whom no more could be seen but the two short toddling legs, and the hem of the black riding-hood. But what cared Annie? She toiled along; the miles were long in comparison of the short legs, but then there was a large purpose in that little body, in the view of which miles were of small account, however long a time it might take those steps to go over them. Nor was it any drawback to all this energy, concentrated in so small a bulk, that she had had no breakfast. Was the dying sister Mary able to take any breakfast? and why should Annie eat when Mary, who did all she did—and she always did everything that sister Mary did—could not? The argument was enough for our little logician.

By the time she reached, by those short steps of hers, the great city, it was half-past eleven, and she had before her still a great deal to accomplish. She made out, after considerable wanderings, the street signalized above all streets by that wonderful bird; but after she got into it, the greater difficulty remained of finding the figure itself, whereto there was this untoward obstacle, that it was still drizzling in the thick Scotch way of concrete drops of mist, and the umbrella which she held over her head was so large that no turning it aside would enable her to see under the rim at such an angle as would permit her scanning so elevated a position, and so there was nothing for it but to draw it down. But even this was a task—heavy as the main-

sheet was with rain, and rattling in a considerable wind—almost beyond her strength; and if it hadn't been that a kindly personage who saw the little maid's difficulty gave her assistance, she might not have been able to accomplish it. And now, with the heavy article in her hand, she peered about for another half-hour, till at length her gladdened eye fell upon the mystic symbol.

And no sooner had she made sure of the object than she found her way into the office, asking the porter as well as a clerk where the pelican was to be found,—questions that produced a smile; but smile here or smile there, Annie was not to be beat; nor did she stop in her progress until at last she was shown into a room where she saw, perched on a high stool, with three (of course) long legs, a strange-looking personage with a curled wig and a pair of green spectacles, who no doubt must be the pelican himself. As she appeared in the room with the umbrella, not much shorter or less in circumference than herself, the gentleman looked curiously at her, wondering no doubt what the errand of so strange a little customer could be.

"Well, my little lady," said he, "what may be your pleasure?"

"I want the pelican," said Annie.

The gentleman was still more astonished, even to the extent that he laid down his pen and looked at her again.

"The pelican, dear?"

"Ay, just the pelican," answered she deliberately, and even a little indignantly. "Are you the pelican?"

"Why, yes, dear; all that is for it below the figure," said he, smiling, and wondering what the next question would be.

"I am so glad I have found you," said she; "because sister Mary is dying."

"And who is sister Mary?"

"My sister, Mary Maconie, at Juniper Green."

Whereupon the gentleman began to remember that the name of William Maconie was in his books as holder of a policy.

"And what more?"

"My father says the pelican insured Mary's life; and I want you to come direct and do it, because I couldn't live if Mary were to die; and there's no time to be lost."

"Oh! I see, dear. And who sent you?"

"Nobody," answered Annie. "My father wouldn't come to you; and I have come from Juniper Green myself without telling my father or mother."

"Oh yes, dear! I understand you."

"But you must do it quick," continued she, "because the doctor says she's in great danger; so you must come with me and save her immediately."

"I am sorry, my dear little lady," rejoined he, "that I cannot go with you; but I will set about it immediately, and I have no doubt, being able to go faster than you, that I will get there before you, so that all will be right before you arrive."

"See that you do it, then," said she; "because I can't live if Mary dies. Are you quite sure you will do it?"

"Perfectly sure, my little dear," added he. "Go away home, and all will be right; the pelican will do his duty."

And Annie being thus satisfied, went away, dragging the main-sheet after her, and having upon her face a look of contentment, if not absolute happiness, in place of the sorrow which had occupied it during all the time of her toilsome journey. The same road is to be retraced; and if she had an object before which nerved

her little limbs, she had now the delightful consciousness of that object having been effected—a feeling of inspiration which enabled her, hungry as she was, to overcome all the toil of the return. Another two hours, with that heavy umbrella over head as well as body, brought her at length home, where she found that people had been sent out in various directions to find the missing Annie. The mother was in tears, and the father in great anxiety; and no sooner had she entered and laid down her burden, than she was clasped to the bosom, first of one parent, and then of the other.

"But where is the pelican?" said the anxious little maid.

"The pelican, my darling!" cried the mother; "what do you mean?"

"Oh! I have been to him at his own office at Edinburgh to get him to come and save Mary's life, and he said he would be here before me."

"And what in the world put it in your head to go there?" again asked the mother.

"Because I heard my father say yesterday that the pelican had insured dear sister Mary's life, and I went to tell him to come and do it immediately; because if Mary were to die, I couldn't live, you know. That's the reason, dear mother."

"Yes, yes," said the father, scarcely able to repress a smile which rose in spite of his grief. "I see it all. You did a very right thing, my love. The pelican has been here, and Mary is better."

"Oh! I am so glad," rejoined Annie; "for I wasn't sure whether he had come or not; because, though I looked for him on the road, I couldn't see him."

At the same moment the doctor came in, with a blithe face.

"Mary is safe now," said he. "There has been a

crisis, after all. The sweat has broken out upon her dry skin, and she will be well in a very short time."

"And there's no thanks to you," said Annie, "because it was I who went for the pelican."

Whereupon the doctor looked to the father, who, taking him aside, narrated to him the story, at which the doctor was so pleased that he laughed right out.

"You're the noblest little heroine I ever heard of," said he.

"But have you had anything to eat, dear, in this long journey?" said the mother.

"No, I didn't want," was the answer; "all I wanted was to save Mary's life, and I am glad I have done it."

And glad would we be if, by the laws of historical truth, our stranger story could have ended here; but, alas! we are obliged to pain the good reader's heart by saying that the demon who had left the troubled little breast of Mary Maconie took possession of Annie's. The very next day she lay extended on the bed, panting under the fell embrace of the relentless foe. As Mary got better, Annie grew worse; and her case was so far unlike Mary's, that there was more a tendency to a fevered state of the brain. The little sufferer watched with curious eyes the anxious faces of her parents, and seemed conscious that she was in a dangerous condition. Nor did it fail to occur to her as a great mystery as well as wonder, why they did not send for the wonderful being who had so promptly saved the life of her sister. The thought haunted her, yet she was afraid to mention it to her mother, because it implied a sense of danger—a fear which one evening she overcame. Fixing her eyes, now every moment waxing less clear, on the face of her mother—

"Oh mother, dear," she whispered, "why do you not send for the pelican?"

In other circumstances the mother would have smiled; but, alas, no smile could be seen on that pale face. Whether the pelican was sent for we know not, but certain it is, that he had no power to save poor Annie, and she died within the week. But she did not die in vain, for the large sum insured upon her life eventually came to Mary, whom she loved so dearly.

THE WIDOW'S AE SON.

We will not name the village where the actors in the following incidents resided; and it is sufficient for our purpose to say that it lay in the county of Berwick, and within the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Dunse. Eternity has gathered forty winters into its bosom since the principal events took place. Janet Jeffrey was left a widow before her only child had completed his tenth year. While her husband lay upon his deathbed, he called her to his bedside, and, taking her hand within his, he groaned, gazed on her face, and said, "Now, Janet, I'm gaun a lang and a dark journey; but ye winna forget, Janet—ye winna forget—for ye ken it has aye been uppermost in my thoughts and first in my desires, to mak Thamas a minister; promise me that ae thing, Janet, that, if it be HIS will, ye will see it performed, an' I will die in peace." In sorrow the pledge was given, and in joy performed. Her life became wrapt up in her son's life; and it was her morning and her evening prayer that she might live to see her "dear Thamas a shining light in the kirk." Often she declared that he was an "auld farrant bairn, and could ask a blessing like ony minister." Our wishes and affections, however, often blind our judgment. Nobody but the mother thought the son fitted for the kirk, nor the kirk fitted for him. There was always something original, almost poetical about him; but still Thomas was "no orator as Brutus was." His mother had few means beyond the labour of her hands for their

support. She had kept him at the parish school until he was fifteen, and he had learned all that his master knew; and in three years more, by rising early and sitting late at her daily toils, and the savings of his field labour and occasional teaching, she was enabled to make preparation for sending him to Edinburgh. Never did her wheel spin so blithely since her husband was taken from her side, as when she put the first lint upon the rock for his college sarks. Proudly did she show to her neighbours her double spinel yarn—observing, "It's nae finer than he deserves, poor fallow, for he'll pay me back some day." The web was bleached and the shirts made by her own hands; and the day of his departure arrived. It was a day of joy mingled with anguish. He attended the classes regularly and faithfully; and truly as St. Giles's marked the hour, the long, lean figure of Thomas Jeffrey, in a suit of shabby black, and half a dozen volumes under his arm, was seen issuing from his garret in the West Bow, darting down the frail stair with the velocity of a shadow, measuring the Lawnmarket and High Street with gigantic strides, gliding like a ghost up the South Bridge, and sailing through the Gothic archway of the College, till the punctual student was lost in its inner chambers. Years rolled by, and at length the great, the awful day arrived—

"Big with the fate of Thomas and his mother."

He was to preach his trial sermon; and where? In his own parish—in his native village! It was summer, but his mother rose by daybreak. Her son, however, was at his studies before her; and when she entered his bedroom with a swimming heart and swimming eyes, Thomas was stalking across the floor, swinging his arms, stamping his feet, and shouting his sermon to

the trembling curtains of a four-post bed, which she had purchased in honour of him alone. "Oh, my bairn! my matchless bairn!" cried she, "what a day o' joy is this for your poor mother! But oh, hinny, hae ye it weel aff? I hope there's nae fears o' ye stickin' or using notes!" "Dinna fret, mother—dinna fret," replied the young divine; "stickin' and notes are out o' the question. I hae every word o' it as clink as the A B C." The appointed hour arrived. She was first at the kirk. Her heart felt too big for her bosom. She could not sit—she walked again to the air—she trembled back—she gazed restless on the pulpit. The parish minister gave out the psalm—the book shook while she held it. The minister prayed, again gave out a psalm, and left the pulpit. The book fell from Mrs. Jeffrey's hand. A tall figure paced along the passage. He reached the pulpit stairs—took two steps at once. It was a bad omen; but arose from the length of his limbs — not levity. He opened the door—his knees smote upon one another. He sat down—he was paler than death. He rose—his bones were paralytic. The Bible was opened—his mouth opened at the same time, and remained open, but said nothing. His large eyes stared wildly around. At length his teeth chattered, and the text was announced, though half the congregation disputed it. "My brethren!" said he once, and the whiteness of his countenance increased; but he said no more. "My bre—thren!" responded he a second time; his teeth chattered louder; his cheeks became clammy and death-like. "My brethren!" stammered he a third time emphatically, and his knees fell together. A deep groan echoed from his mother's pew. His wildness increased. "My mother!" exclaimed the preacher. They were the last words he ever uttered in a pulpit. The shaking and the agony began in his heart, and his body

caught the contagion. He covered his face with his hands, fell back, and wept. His mother screamed aloud, and fell back also; and thus perished her toils, her husband's prayer, her fond anticipations, and the pulpit oratory of her son. A few neighbours crowded round her to console her and render her assistance. They led her to the door. She gazed upon them with a look of vacancy—thrice sorrowfully waved her hand, in token that they should leave her; for their words fell upon her heart like dew upon a furnace. Silently she arose and left them, and reaching her cottage, threw herself upon her bed in bitterness. She shed no tears; neither did she groan, but her bosom heaved with burning agony. Sickness smote Thomas to his very heart; yea, even unto blindness he was sick. His tongue was like heated iron in his mouth, and his throat like a parched land. He was led from the pulpit. But he escaped not the persecution of the unfeeling titter, and the expressions of shallow pity. He would have rejoiced to have dwelt in darkness for ever, but there was no escape from the eyes of his tormentors. The congregation stood in groups in the kirkyard, "just," as they said, "to hae anither look at the orator;" and he must pass through the midst of them. With his very soul steeped in shame, and his cheeks covered with confusion, he stepped from the kirk door. A humming noise issued through the crowd, and every one turned their faces towards him. His misery was greater than he could bear. "Yon was oratory for ye!" said one. "Poor deevil!" added another, "I'm sorry for him; but it was as guid as a play." "Was it tragedy or comedy?" inquired a third, laughing as he spoke. The remarks fell upon his ear —he grated his teeth in madness, but he could endure no more; and, covering his face with his hands, he bounded off like a wounded deer to his mother's

cottage. In despair he entered the house, scarce knowing what he did. He beheld her where she had fallen upon the bed, dead to all but misery. "Oh mother, mother!" he cried, "dinna ye be angry—dinna ye add to the afflictions of your son! Will ye no, mother?—will ye no?" A low groan was the only answer. He hurried to and fro across the room, wringing his hands. "Mother," he again exclaimed, "will ye no speak ae word? Oh, woman! ye wadna be angry if ye kenned what an awfu' thing it is to see a thousan' een below ye, and aboon ye, and round about ye, a' staring upon ye like condemning judges, an' looking into your very soul—ye hae nae idea o' it, mother; I tell ye, ye hae nae idea o't, or ye wadna be angry. The very pulpit floor gaed down wi' me, the kirk wa's gaed round about, and I thought the very crown o' my head wad pitch on the top o' the precentor. The very een o' the multitude soomed round me like fishes!—an' oh, woman! are ye dumb? will ye torment me mair? can ye no speak, mother?" But he spoke to one who never spoke again. Her reason departed, and her speech failed, but grief remained. She had lived upon one hope, and that hope was destroyed. Her round ruddy cheeks and portly form wasted away, and within a few weeks the neighbours, who performed the last office of humanity, declared that a thinner corpse was never wrapt in a winding sheet than Mrs. Jeffrey. Time soothed, but did not heal the sorrows, the shame, and the disappointment of the son. He sank into a village teacher, and often, in the midst of his little school, he would quote his first, his only text — imagine the children to be his congregation—attempt to proceed—gaze wildly round for a moment, and sit down and weep. Through these aberrations his school dwindled into nothingness, and poverty increased his delirium. Once,

in the midst of the remaining few, he gave forth the fatal text. "My brethren!" he exclaimed, and smiting his hand upon his forehead, cried, "Speak, mother! —speak now!" and fell with his face upon the floor. The children rushed screaming from the school, and when the villagers entered, the troubled spirit had fled for ever.

THE STORY OF MYSIE CRAIG.

In detailing the curious circumstances of the following story, I am again only reporting a real law case to be found in the Court of Session Records, the turning-point of which was as invisible to the judges as to the parties themselves—that is, until the end came; a circumstance again which made the case a kind of developed romance. But as an end implies a beginning, and the one is certainly as necessary as the other, we request you to accompany us—taking care of your feet—up the narrow spiral staircase of a tenement called Corbet's Land, in the same old town where so many wonderful things in the complicated drama—or dream, if you are a Marphurius—of human life have occurred. Up which spiral stair having got by the help of our hands, almost as indispensable as that of the feet, we find ourselves in a little human dovecot of two small rooms, occupied by two persons not unlike, in many respects, two doves—Widow Craig and her daughter, called May, euphuized by the Scotch into Mysie. The chief respects in which they might be likened, without much stress, to the harmless creatures we have mentioned, were their love for each other, together with their total inoffensiveness as regarded the outside world; and we are delighted to say this, for we see so many of the multitudinous sides of human nature dark and depraved, that we are apt to think there is no bright side at all. Nor shall we let slip the opportunity of saying, at the risk of being considered very

simple, that of all the gifts of felicity bestowed, as the Pagan Homer tells, upon mankind by the gods, no one is so perfect and beautiful as the love that exists between a good mother and a good daughter.

For so much we may be safe by having recourse to instinct, which is deeper than any secondary causes we poor mortals can see. But beyond this, there were special reasons tending to this same result of mutual affection, which come more within the scope of our observation. In explanation of which, we may say that the mother, having something in her power during her husband's life, had foreseen the advantages of using it in the instruction of her quick and intelligent daughter in an art of far more importance then than now—that of artistic needlework. Nay, of so much importance was this beautiful art, and to such perfection was it brought at a time when a lady's petticoat, embroidered by the hand, with its profuse imitations of natural objects, flowers, and birds, and strange devices, would often cost twenty pounds Scots, that a sight of one of those operose achievements of genius would make us blush for our time and the labours of our women. Nor was the perfection in this ornamental industry a new thing, for the daughters of the Pictish kings confined in the castle were adepts in it; neither was it left altogether to paid sempstresses, for great ladies spent their time in it, and emulation quickened both the genius and the diligence. So we need hardly say it became to the mother a thing to be proud of, that her daughter Mysie proved herself so apt a scholar that she became an adept, and was soon known as one of the finest embroideresses in the great city. So, too, as a consequence, it came to pass that great ladies employed her; and often the narrow spiral staircase of Corbet's Land was brushed on either side by the huge

masses of quilted and emblazoned silk that, enveloping the belles of the day, were with difficulty forced up to and down from the small room of the industrious Mysie.

But we are now speaking of art, while we should have more to say (for it concerns us more) of the character of the young woman who was destined to figure in a stranger way than in making beautiful figures on silk. Mysie was one of a class: few in number they are indeed, but on that account more to be prized. Her taste and fine manipulations were but counterparts of qualities of the heart—an organ to which the pale face, with its delicate lines and the clear liquid eyes, was a suitable index. The refinement which enabled her to make her imitation of beautiful objects on the delicate material of her work was only another form of a sensibility which pervaded her whole nature—that gift which is only conceded to peculiar organizations, and is such a doubtful one, too, if we go, as we cannot help doing, with the poet, when he sings that "chords that vibrate sweetest pleasures," often also "thrill the deepest notes of woe." Nay, we might say that the creatures themselves seem to fear the gift, for they shrink from the touch of the rough world, and retire within themselves as if to avoid it, while they are only courting its effects in the play of an imagination much too ardent for the duties of life; and, as a consequence, how they seek secretly the support of stronger natures, clinging to them as do those strange plants called parasites, which, with their tender arms and something so like fingers, cling to the nearest stem of a stouter neighbour, and embracing it, even though hollow and rotten, cover it, and choke it with a flood of flowers. So true is it that woman, like the generous vine, lives by being supported and held up; yet equally

true that the strength she gains is from the embrace she gives; and so it is also that goodness, as our Scottish poet Home says, often wounds itself, and affection proves the spring of sorrow.

All which might truly be applied to Mysie Craig; but as yet the stronger stem to which she clung was her mother, and it was not likely, nor was it in reality, that that affection would prove to her anything but the spring of happiness, for it was ripened by love; and the earnings of the nimble fingers, moving often into the still hours of the night, not only kept the wolf from the door, but let in the lambs of domestic harmony and peace. Would that these things had so continued! But there are other wolves than those of poverty, and the "ae lamb o' the fauld" cannot be always under the protection of the ewe; and it so happened on a certain night, not particularized in the calendar, that our Mysie, having finished one of these floral petticoats on which she had been engaged for many weeks, went forth with her precious burden to deliver the same to its impatient owner, no other than the then famous Anabella Gilroy, who resided in Advocate's Close—of which fine lady, by the way, we may say, that of all the gay creatures who paraded between "the twa Bows," no one displayed such ample folds of brocaded silk, nodded her pon-pons more jauntily, or napped with a sharper crack her high-heeled shoes, all to approve herself to "the bucks" of the time, with their square coats brocaded with lace, their three-cornered hats on the top of their bob-wigs, their knee-buckles and shoe-buckles. And certainly not the least important of those, both in his own estimation and that of the sprightly Anabella, was George Balgarnie, a young man who had only a year before succeeded to the property of Balgruddery, somewhere in the north,

and of whom we might say that, in forming him, Nature had taken so much pains with the building up of the body, that she had forgotten the mind, so that he had no more spiritual matter in him than sufficed to keep his blood hot, and enable his sensual organs to work out their own selfish gratifications; or, to perpetrate a metaphor, he was all the polished mahogany of a piano, without any more musical springs than might respond to one keynote of selfishness. And surely Anabella had approved herself to the fop to some purpose; for when our sempstress with her bundle had got into the parlour of the fine lady, she encountered no other than Balgarnie—a circumstance apparently of very small importance; but we know that a moment of time is sometimes like a small seed, which contains the nucleus of a great tree—perhaps a poisonous one. And so it turned out that, while Anabella was gloating over the beautiful work of the timid embroideress, Balgarnie was busy admiring the artist, but not merely—perhaps not at all—as an artist, only as an object over whom he wished to exercise power.

This circumstance was not unobserved by the little embroideress, but it was only observed to be shrunk from in her own timid way; and probably it would soon have passed from her mind, if it had not been followed up by something more direct and dangerous. And it was; for no sooner had Mysie got to the foot of the stairs than she encountered Balgarnie, who had gone out before her; and now began one of those romances in daily life of which the world is full, and of which the world is sick. Balgarnie, in short, commenced that kind of suit which is nearly as old as the serpent, and therefore not to be wondered at; neither are we to wonder that Mysie listened to it, because we have heard so much about "lovely woman stooping to

folly," that we are content to put it to the large account of natural miracles. And not very miraculous either, when we remember that if the low-breathed accents of tenderness awaken the germ of love, they awaken at the same time faith and trust. And such was the beginning of the romance which was to go through the normal stages,—the appointment to meet again, the meeting itself, the others that followed, the extension of the moonlight walks, sometimes to the Hunter's Bog between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, and sometimes to the song-famed "Wells o' Weary,"—all which were just as sun and shower to the germ of the plant. The love grew and grew, and the faith grew and grew also which saw in him that which it felt in itself. Nay, if any of those moonlight-loving elves that have left their foot-marks in the fairy rings to be seen near St. Anthony's Well had whispered in Mysie's ear, "Balgarnie will never make you his wife," she would have believed the words as readily as if they had impugned the sincerity of her own heart. In short, we have again the analogue of the parasitic plant. The very fragility and timidity of Mysie were at once the cause and consequence of her confidence. She would cling to him and cover him with the blossoms of her affection; nay, if there were unsoundness in the stem, these very blossoms would cover the rottenness.

This change in the life of the little sempstress could not fail to produce some corresponding change at home. We read smoothly the play we have acted ourselves; and so the mother read love in the daughter's eyes, and heard it, too, in her long sighs; nor did she fail to read the sign that the song which used to lighten her beautiful work was no longer heard; for love to creatures so formed as Mysie Craig is too serious an affair for poetical warbling. But she said nothing; for while she

had faith in the good sense and virtue of her daughter, she knew also that there was forbearance due to one who was her support. Nor, as yet, had she reason to fear, for Mysie still plied her needle, and the roses and the lilies sprang up in all their varied colours out of the ground of the silk or satin as quickly and as beautifully as they were wont, though the lilies of her cheeks waxed paler as the days flitted. And why the latter should have been, we must leave to the reader; for ourselves only hazarding the supposition that, perhaps, she already thought that Balgarnie should be setting about to make her his wife—an issue which behoved to be the result of their intimacy sooner or later; for that in her simple mind there should be any other issue, was just about as impossible as that, in the event of the world lasting as long, the next moon would not, at her proper time, again shine in that green hollow, between the Lion's Head and Samson's Ribs, which had so often been the scene of their happiness. Nay, we might say that though a doubt on the subject had by any means got into her mind, it would not have remained there longer than it took a shudder to scare the wild thing away.

Of course, all this was only a question of time; but certain it is, that by-and-by the mother could see some connection between Mysie's being more seldom out on those moonlight nights than formerly, and a greater paleness in her thin face, as if the one had been the cause of the other. But still she said nothing, for she daily expected that Mysie would herself break the subject to her; and so she was left only to increasing fears that her daughter's heart and affections had been tampered with, and perhaps she had fears that went farther. Still, so far as yet had gone, there was no remission in the labours of Mysie's fingers, as if in the midst of all

—whatever that all might be—she recognised the paramount necessity of bringing in by those fingers the required and usual amount of the means of their livelihood. Nay, somehow or other, there was at that very time, when her cheek was at the palest, and her sighs were at their longest, and her disinclination to speak was at the strongest, an increase of work upon her; for was not there a grand tunic to embroider for Miss Anabella, which was wanted on a given day; and were there not other things for Miss Anabella's friend, Miss Allardice, which were not to be delayed beyond that same day? And so she stitched and stitched on and on, till sometimes the little lamp seemed to go out for want of oil, while the true cause of her diminished light was really the intrusion of the morning sun, against which it had no chance. It might be, too, that her very anxiety to get these grand dresses finished helped to keep out of her mind ideas which could have done her small good, even if they had got in.

But at length the eventful hour came when the gentle sempstress withdrew the shining needle, made clear by long use, from the last touch of the last rose; and doubtless, if Mysie had not been under the cloud of sorrow we have mentioned, she would have been happier at the termination of so long a labour than she had ever been, for the finishing evening had always been celebrated by a glass of strong Edinburgh ale—a drink which, as both a liquor and a liqueur, was as famous then as it is at this day. But of what avail was this work-termination to her now? Was it not certain that she had not seen Balgarnie for two moons? and though the impossibility of his not marrying her was just as impossible as ever, why were these two moons left to shine in the green hollow and on the rising hill without the privilege of throwing the sha-

dows of Mysie Craig and George Balgarnie on the grass, where the fairies had left the traces of their dances? Questions these which she was unable to answer, if it were not even that she was afraid to put them to herself. Then, when was it that she felt herself unable to tie up her work in order to take it home, and that her mother, seeing the reacting effect of the prior sleepless nights in her languid frame, did this little duty for her, even as while she was doing it she looked through her tears at her changed daughter? But Mysie would do so much. While the mother should go to Miss Allardice, Mysie would proceed to Miss Anabella; and so it was arranged. They went forth together, parting at the Nether Bow; and Mysie, in spite of a weakness which threatened to bring her with her burden to the ground, struggled on to her destination. At the top of Advocate's Close she saw a man hurry out and increase his step even as her eye rested on him; and if it had not appeared to her to be among the ultimate impossibilities of things, natural as well as unnatural, she would have sworn that that man was George Balgarnie; but then, it just so happened that Mysie came to the conclusion that such a circumstance was among these ultimate impossibilities.

This resolution was an effort which cost her more than the conviction would have done, though doubtless she did not feel this at the time, and so with a kind of forced step she mounted the stair; but when she got into the presence of Miss Gilroy, she could scarcely pronounce the words—

"I have brought you the dress, ma'am."

"And I am so delighted, Miss Craig, that I could almost take you into my arms," said the lady; "but what ails ye, dear? You are as white as any snow I ever saw, whereas you ought to have been as blithe as

a bridesmaid, for don't you know that you have brought me home one of my marriage dresses? Come now, smile when I tell you that to-morrow is my wedding-day."

"Wedding-day," muttered Mysie, as she thought of the aforesaid utter impossibility of herself not being soon married to George Balgarnie; an impossibility not rendered less impossible by the resolution she had formed not to believe that within five minutes he had flown away from her.

"Yes, Miss Craig, and surely you must have heard who the gentleman is; for does not the town ring of it from the castle to the palace, from Kirk-o'-Field to the Calton?"

"I have not been out," said Mysie.

"That accounts for it," continued the lady; "and I am delighted at the reason, for wouldn't it have been terrible to think that my marriage with George Balgarnie of Balgruddery was a thing of so small a note as not to be known everywhere?"

If Mysie Craig had appeared shortly before to Miss Gilroy paler than any snow her ladyship had ever seen, she must now have been as pale as some other kind of snow that nobody ever saw. The dreadful words had indeed produced the adequate effect, but not in the most common way, for we are to keep in view that it is not the most shrinking and sensitive natures that are always the readiest to faint; and there was, besides, the aforesaid conviction of impossibility which, grasping the mind by a certain force, deadened the ear to words implying the contrary. Mysie stood fixed to the spot, as if she were trying to realize some certainty she dared not think was possible, her lips apart, her eyes riveted on the face of the lady—mute as that kind of picture which a certain ancient calls a silent poem, and motionless as a figure of marble.

An attitude and appearance still more inexplicable to Anabella, perhaps irritating as an unlucky omen, and therefore not possessing any claim for sympathy —at least it got none.

"Are you the Mysie Craig," she cried, as she looked at the girl, "who used to chat to me about the dresses you brought, and the flowers on them? Ah, jealous and envious, is that it? But you forget, George Balgarnie never could have made *you* his wife—a working needlewoman; he only fancied you as the plaything of an hour. He told me so himself when I charged him with having been seen in your company. So, Mysie, you may as well look cheerful. Your turn will come next with some one in your own station."

There are words which stimulate and confirm; there are others that seem to kill the nerve and take away the sense, nor can we ever tell the effect till we see it produced; and so we could not have told beforehand —nay, we would have looked for something quite opposite—that Mysie, shrinking and irritable as she was by nature, was saved from a faint (which had for some moments been threatening her) by the cruel insult which thus had been added to her misfortune. She had even power to have recourse to that strange device of some natures, that of "affecting to be not affected;" and casting a glance at the fine lady, she turned and went away without uttering a single word. But who knows the pain of the conventional concealment of pain except those who have experienced the agony of the trial? Even at the moment when she heard that George Balgarnie was to be married, and that she came to know that she had been for weeks sewing the marriage dress of his bride, she was carrying under her heart the living burden which was the fruit of her love for that man. Yet not the burden of shame and dishonour, as our

story will show, for she was justified by the law of her country—yea, by certain words once written by an apostle to the Corinthians, all which may as yet appear a great mystery; but as regards Mysie Craig's agony, as she staggered down Miss Gilroy's stairs on her way home, there could be no doubt or mystery whatever.

Nor, when she got home, was there any comfort there for the daughter who had been so undutiful as to depart from her mother's precepts, and conceal from her not only her unfortunate connection with a villain, but the condition into which that connection had brought her. But she was at least saved from the pain of a part of the confession, for her mother had learned enough from Miss Allardice to satisfy her as to the cause of her daughter's change from the happy creature she once was, singing in the long nights, as she wrought unremittingly at her beautiful work, and the poor, sighing, pale, heart-broken thing she had been for months. Nor did she fail to see, with the quick eye of a mother, that as Mysie immediately on entering the house laid herself quietly on the bed, and sobbed in her great agony, she had learned the terrible truth from Miss Gilroy that the robe she had embroidered was to deck the bride of her destroyer. Moreover, her discretion enabled her to perceive that this was not the time for explanation, for the hours of grief are sacred, and the heart must be left to do its work by opening the issues of Nature's assuagement, or ceasing to beat. So the night passed, without question or answer; and the following day, that of the marriage, was one of silence, even as if death had touched the tongue that used to be the medium of cheerful words and tender sympathies—a strange contrast to the joy, if not revelry, in Advocate's Close.

It was not till after several days had passed that

Mysie was able, as she still lay in bed, to whisper, amidst the recurring sobs, in the ear of her mother, as the latter bent over her, the real circumstances of her condition; and still, amidst the trembling words, came the vindication that she considered herself to be as much the wife of George Balgarnie as if they had been joined by "Holy Kirk;" a statement which the mother could not understand, if it was not to her a mystery, rendered even more mysterious by a reference which Mysie made to the law of the country, as she had heard the same from her cousin, George Davidson, a writer's clerk in the Lawnmarket. Much of which, as it came in broken syllables from the lips of the disconsolate daughter, the mother put to the account of the fond dreams of a mind put out of joint by the worst form of misery incident to young women. But what availed explanations, mysteries or no mysteries, where the fact was patent that Mysie Craig lay there, the poor heart-broken victim of man's perfidy—her powers of industry broken and useless—the fine weaving genius of her fancy, whereby she wrought her embroidered devices to deck and adorn beauty, only engaged now on portraying all the evils of her future life; and above all, was she not soon to become a mother?

Meanwhile, and in the midst of all this misery, the laid-up earnings of Mysie's industry wore away, where there was no work by those cunning fingers, now thin and emaciated; and before the days passed, and the critical day came whereon another burden would be imposed on the household, there was need for the sympathy of neighbours in that form which soon wears out—pecuniary help. That critical day at length came. Mysie Craig gave birth to a boy, and their necessities from that hour grew in quicker and greater proportion than the generosity of friends. There behoved some-

thing to be done, and that without delay. So when Mysie lay asleep, with the innocent evidence of her misfortune by her side, Mrs. Craig put on her red plaid and went forth on a mother's duty, and was soon in the presence of George Balgarnie and his young wife. She was under an impulse which made light of delicate conventionalities, and did not think it necessary to give the lady an opportunity of being absent: nay, she rather would have her to be present; for was she, who had been so far privy to the intercourse between her husband and Mysie, to be exempt from the consequences which she, in a sense, might have been said to have brought about?

"Ye have ruined Mysie Craig, sir!" cried at once the roused mother. "Ye have ta'en awa her honour. Ye have ta'en awa her health. Ye have ta'en awa her bread. Ay, and ye have reduced three human creatures to want, it may be starvation; and I have come here in sair sorrow and necessity to ask when and whaur is to be the remeid?"

"When and where you may find it, woman!" said the lady, as she cast a side-glance to her husband, probably by way of appeal for the truth of what she thought it right to say. "Mr. Balgarnie never injured your daughter. Let him who did the deed yield the remeid!"

"And do you stand by this?" said Mrs. Craig.

But the husband had been already claimed as free from blame by his wife, who kept her eye fixed upon him; and the obligation to conscience, said by sceptics to be an offspring of society, is sometimes weaker than what is due to a wife, in the estimation of whom a man may wish to stand in a certain degree of elevation.

"You must seek another father to the child of your daughter," said he lightly. And not content with the

denial, he supplemented it by a laugh as he added, "When birds go to the greenwood, they must take the chance of meeting the goshawk."

"And that is your answer?" said she.

"It is; and you need never trouble either my wife or me more on this subject," was the reply.

"Then may the vengeance o' the God of justice light on the heads o' baith o' ye!" added Mrs. Craig, as she went hurriedly away.

Nor was her threat intended as an empty one, for she held on her way direct to the Lawnmarket, where she found George Davidson, to whom she related as much as she had been able to get out of Mysie, and also what had passed at the interview with Balgarnie and his lady. After hearing which, the young writer shook his head.

"You will get a trifle of aliment," said he; "perhaps half-a-crown a week, but no more; and Mysie could have made that in a day by her beautiful work."

"And she will never work mair," said the mother, with a sigh.

"For a hundred years," rejoined he, more to himself than to her, and probably in congratulation of himself for his perspicacity, "and since ever there was a College of Justice, there never was a case where a man pulled up on oath for a promise of marriage admitted the fact. It is a good Scotch law, only we want a people to obey it. But what," he added again, "if we were to try it, though it were only as a grim joke and a revenge in so sad and terrible a case as that of poor Mysie Craig!"

Words which the mother understood no more than she did law Latin; and so she was sent away as sorrowful as she had come, for Davidson did not want to raise hopes which there was no chance of being fulfilled; but he knew as a Scotchman that a man who trusts

himself to a "strae rape" in the hope of its breaking, may possibly hang himself; and so it happened that the very next day a summons was served upon George Balgarnie, to have it found and declared by the Lords of Session that he had promised to marry Mysie Craig, whereupon a child had been born by her; or, in fault of that, he was bound to sustain the said child. Thereupon, without the ordinary law's delay, certain proceedings went on, in the course of which Mysie herself was examined as the mother to afford what the lawyers call a *semiplena probatio*, or half proof, to be supplemented otherwise, and thereafter George Balgarnie stood before the august fifteen. He denied stoutly all intercourse with Mysie, except an occasional walk in the Hunter's Bog; and this he would have denied also, but he knew that he had been seen, and that it would be sworn to by others. And then came the last question, which Mr. Greerson, Mysie's advocate, put in utter hopelessness. Nay, so futile did it seem to try to catch a Scotchman by advising him to put his head in a noose on the pretence of seeing how it fitted his neck, that he smiled even as the words came out of his mouth—

"Did you ever promise to marry Mysie Craig?"

Was prudence, the chief of the four cardinal virtues, ever yet consistent with vice? Balgarnie waxed clever—a dangerous trick in a witness. He stroked his beard with a smile on his face, and answered—

"*Yes, once—when I was drunk!*"

Words which were immediately followed by the crack of a single word in the dry mouth of one of the advocates—the word "NICKED."

And nicked he was; for the presiding judge, addressing the witness, said—

"The drunkenness may be good enough in its own way, sir; but it does not take away the effect of your

promise; nay, it is even an aggravation, insomuch as having enjoyed the drink, you wanted to enjoy with impunity what you could make of the promise also."

If Balgarnie had been a reader, he might have remembered Waller's verse—

> "That eagle's fate and mine are one,
> Which on the shaft that made him die
> Espied a feather of his own,
> Wherewith he wont to soar so high."

So Mysie gained her plea, and the marriage with Anabella, for whom she had embroidered the marriage gown, was dissolved. How matters progressed afterwards for a time, we know not; but the Scotch know that there is wisdom in making the best of a bad bargain, and in this case it was a good one; for, as the Lady of Balgruddery, Mysie Craig did no dishonour to George Balgarnie, who, moreover, found her a faithful wife, and a good mother to the children that came of this strange marriage.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

William Sim was the son of a feuar in the southern part of Dumfriesshire, who, by dint of frugality, had hoarded together from three to four hundred pounds. This sum he was resolved to employ in setting up his son in business; and, in pursuance of this resolution, at the age of fourteen William was bound as an apprentice to a wealthy old grocer in Carlisle; and it was his fortune in a few months to ingratiate himself into the favour and confidence of his master. The grocer had a daughter, who, though not remarkable for the beauty of her face or the elegance of her person, had nevertheless an agreeable countenance, and ten thousand independent charms to render it more agreeable. She was some eighteen months older than William; and when he first came to be an apprentice with her father, and a boarder in his house, she looked upon him as quite a boy, while she considered herself to be a full-grown woman. He was, indeed, a mere boy—and a clownish-looking boy too. He wore a black leathern cap, edged and corded with red, which his mother called a *bendy;* a coarse grey jacket; a waistcoat of the same; and his trousers were of a brownish-green cord, termed *thickset.* His shoes were of the double-soled description, which ought more properly to be called brogues; and into them, on the evening previous to his departure, his father had driven tackets and sparables innumerable, until they became like a plate of iron, or a piece of warlike work-

manship, resembling the scaled cuirass of a mailed knight in the olden time; "for," said he, "the callant will hae runnin' about on the causeway and plainstanes o' Carlisle sufficient to drive a' the shoon in the world aff his feet." When, therefore, William Sim made his debut behind the counter of Mr. Carnaby, the rich grocer of Carlisle, and as he ran on a message through the streets, with his bendy cap, grey jacket, thickset trousers, and ironed shoes, striking fire behind him as he ran, and making a noise like a troop of cavalry, the sprucer youngsters of the city said he was "new caught." But William Sim had not been two years in Carlisle when he began to show his shirt collar; his clattering brogues gave place to silent pumps, his leathern bendy to a fashionable hat, and his coarse grey jacket to a coat with tails. Moreover, he began to bow and smile to the ladies when they entered the shop; he also became quite a connoisseur in teas and confections; he recommended them to them, and he bowed and smiled again as they left. Such was the work of less than two years; and before three went round, there was not a smarter or a better dressed youth in all Carlisle than William Sim. He became a favourite subject of conversation amongst the young belles; and there was not one of them who, if disengaged, would have said to him, "Get thee behind me." Miss Carnaby heard the conversation of her young companions, and she gradually became conscious that William was not a boy; in fact, she began to wonder how she had ever thought so, for he, as she said unto herself, was "certainly a very interesting *young man*." Within other four years, and before the period of his apprenticeship had expired, William began to repeat poetry—some said to write it, but that was not the fact; he only twisted or altered a few words now and then, to suit the occasion; and

almost every line ended with words of such soft sounds as bliss, kiss—love, dove—joy, cloy, and others equally sweet, the delightful meanings of which are only to be met with in the sentimental glossary. He now gave Miss Carnaby his arm to church; and, on leaving it in the afternoons, they often walked into the fields together. On such occasions,

"Talk of various kinds deceived the road;"

and even when they were silent, their silence had an eloquence of its own. One day they had wandered farther than their wont, and they stood on the little bridge where the two kingdoms meet, about half a mile below Gretna. I know not what soft persuasion he employed, but she accompanied him up the hill which leadeth through the village of Springfield, and they went towards the far-famed Green together. In less than an hour, Miss Carnaby that was, returned towards Carlisle as Mrs. Sim, leaning affectionately on her husband's arm.

When the old grocer heard of what had taken place, he was exceedingly wroth; and although, as has been said, William stood high in his favour, he thus addressed him—

"Ay, ay, sir!—fine doings! This comes of your Sunday walking! And I suppose you say that my daughter is yours—that she is your wife; and *she* may be *yours*—but I'll let you know, sir, my *money* is *mine;* and I'll cut you both off. You shan't have a sixpence. I'll rather build a church, sir; I'll give it towards paying off the national debt, you rascal. You would steal my daughter—eh!"

Thus spoke Mr. Carnaby in his wrath; but when the effervescence of his indignation had subsided, he extended to both the hand of forgiveness, and resigned his business in favour of his son-in-law.

Mr. William Sim, therefore, began the world under the most favourable circumstances. He found a fortune prepared to his hands; he had only to improve it. In a few years the old grocer died; and he bequeathed to them the gains of half a century. For twenty years Mr. Sim continued in business, and he had nearly doubled the fortune which he obtained with his wife. Mrs. Sim was a kind-hearted woman; but by nature, or through education, she had also a considerable portion of vanity, and she began to think that it was the duty of her opulent husband to retire from business, and assume the character of an independent gentleman; or rather, I ought to say, of a country gentleman—a squire. She professed to be the more anxious that he should do this on account of the health of her daughter—the sole survivor of five children—and who was then entering upon womanhood. Maria Sim (for such was their daughter's name) was a delicate and accomplished girl of seventeen. The lovely hue that dwelt upon her cheeks, like the blush of a rainbow, was an emblem of beauty, not of health. At the solicitations of her mother, her father gave up his business, and purchased a neat villa, and a few acres that surrounded it, in the neighbourhood of Windermere. The house lay in the bosom of poetry; and the winds that shouted like a triumphant army through the mountain glens, or in gentle zephyrs sighed upon the lake, and gambolled with the ripples, made music around it.

The change, the beauty, I had almost said the deliciousness of their place of abode, had effected a wondrous improvement in the health of Maria; yet her mother was not happy. She was not treated by her neighbours with the obsequious reverence which she believed to be due to persons possessed of twenty thousand pounds. The fashionable ladies in the neighbour-

hood, also, called her "a mean person"—"a nobody"—"an upstart of yesterday." In truth, there were not a few who so spoke, because they envied the wealth of the Sims, and were resolved to humble them.

An opportunity for them to do so soon occurred. A subscription ball or assembly, patronized by all the fashionables in the district, was to take place at Keswick. Mrs. Sim, in some measure from a desire of display, and also, as she said, to bring out Maria, put down her husband's name, her own, and their daughter's, on the list. Many of the personages above referred to, on seeing the names of the Sim family on the subscription paper, turned upon their heel, and exclaimed—"Shocking!"

But the important evening arrived. Mrs. Sim had ordered a superb dress from London expressly for the occasion. A duchess might have worn it at a drawing-room. The dress of Maria was simplicity typified, and consisted of a frock of the finest and the whitest muslin; while her slender waist was girdled with a lavender ribbon, her raven hair descended down her snowy neck in ringlets, and around her head she wore a wreath of roses.

When Mr. Sim, with his wife and daughter, entered the room, there was a stare of wonderment amongst the company. No one spoke to them, no one bowed to them. The spirit of dumbness seemed to have smitten the assembly. But a general whispering, like the hissing of a congregation of adders, succeeded the silence. Then, at the head of the room, the voices of women rose sharp, angry, and loud. Six or eight, who appeared as the representatives of the company, were in earnest and excited conversation with the stewards; and the words—"low people!"—"vulgar!"—"not to be borne!"—"cheese! faugh!"—"impertinence!"—

"must be humbled!"—became audible throughout the room. One of the stewards, a Mr. Morris of Morris House, approached Mr. Sim, and said—

"You, sir, are Mr. Sim, I believe, late grocer and cheesemonger in Carlisle?"

"I suppose, sir," replied the other, "you know that without me telling you; if you do not, you have some right to know me."

"Well, sir," continued the steward of the assembly, "I come to inform you that you have made a mistake. This is not a *social dance* amongst *tradesmen*, but an *assembly* of *ladies* and *gentlemen;* therefore, sir, your presence cannot be allowed here."

Poor Maria became blind, the hundred different head-dresses seemed to float around her. She clung to her father's arm for support. Her mother was in an agony of indignation.

"Sir," said Mr. Sim, "I don't know what you call *gentlemen;* but if it be not *genteel* to have sold teas and groceries, it is at least more *honourable* than to use them and never pay for them. You will remember, sir, there is a considerable sum standing against you in my books; and if the money be not paid to me to-night, you shall have less space to dance in before morning."

"Insolent barbarian!" exclaimed Squire Morris, stamping his foot upon the floor.

Mrs. Sim screamed; Maria's head fell upon her father's shoulder. A dozen gentlemen approached to the support of the steward; and one of them, waving his hand and addressing Mr. Sim, said, "Away, sir!"

The retired merchant bowed and withdrew, not in confusion, but with a smile of malignant triumph. He strove to soothe his wife—for his daughter, when relieved from the presence of the disdainful eyes that

gazed on her, bore the insult that had been offered them meekly—and, after remaining an hour in Keswick, they returned to their villa in the same chaise in which they had arrived.

In the assembly room the dance began, and fairy forms glided through the floor, lightly, silently, as a falling blossom embraceth the earth. Mr. Morris was leading down a dance, when a noise was heard at the door. Some person insisted on being admitted, and the door-keepers resisted him. But the intruder carried with him a small staff, on the one end of which was a brass crown, and on its side the letters G. R. It was a talisman potent as the wand of a magician; the door-keepers became powerless before it. The intruder entered the room—he passed through the mazes of the whirling dance—he approached Mr. Morris—he touched him on the shoulder—he put a piece of paper in his hand—he whispered in his ear—

"You are my prisoner!—come with me!"

His lady and his daughters were present, and they felt most bitterly the indignity which a low tradesman had offered them. Confusion paralyzed them; they stood still in the middle of the dance, and one of the young ladies swooned away and fell upon the ground. The time, the place, the manner of arrest, all bespoke malignant and premeditated insult.

Mr. Morris gnashed his teeth together, but, without speaking, accompanied the officer that had arrested him in the room. He remained in custody in an adjoining inn throughout the night; on the following day, was released on bail; and, within a week, his solicitor paid the debt, by augmenting the mortgage on Morris House estate.

It is hardly necessary to say—for such is human nature—that, after this incident, the hatred between

Mr. Sim and Squire Morris became inveterate; and the wives of both, and the daughters of the latter, partook in the relentless animosity. Two years passed, and every day the mutual hatred and contempt in which they held each other increased. At that period, a younger son of Squire Morris, who was a lieutenant in the service of the East India Company, obtained leave to visit England and his friends. It was early in June; the swallows chased each other in sport, twittering as they flew over the blue bosom of Windermere; every bush, every tree—yea, it seemed as if every branch sent forth the music of singing birds, and the very air was redolent with melody, from the bold songs of the thrush and the lark to the love-note of the wood-pigeon; and even the earth rejoiced in the chirp of the grasshopper, its tiny but pleasant musician. The fields and the leaves were in the loveliness and freshness of youth, luxuriating in the sunbeams, in the depth of their summer green; and the butterfly sported, and the bee pursued its errand from flower to flower. The mighty mountains circled the scene, and threw their dun shadow on the lake, where, a hundred fathoms deep, they seemed a bronzed and inverted world. At this time, Maria Sim was sailing upon the lake in a small boat that her father had purchased for her, and which was guided by a boy.

A sudden, but not what could be called a strong, breeze came away. The boy had little strength and less skill, and, from his awkwardness in shifting the sail, he caused the boat to upset. Maria was immersed in the lake. The boy clung to the boat, but terror deprived him of ability to render her assistance. She struggled with the waters, and her garments bore her partially up for a time. A boat, in which was a young gentleman, had been sailing to and fro, and, at the time

the accident occurred, was within three hundred yards of her. On hearing her sudden cry, and the continued screams of the boy, he drew in his sail, and, taking the oars, at his utmost strength pulled to her assistance. Almost at every third stroke he turned round his head to see the progress he had made, or if he had yet reached her. Twice he beheld her disappear beneath the water—a third time she rose to the surface—he was within a few yards of her. He sprang from his boat. She was again sinking. He dived after her, he raised her beneath his arm, and succeeded in placing her in his boat. He also rescued the boy, and conveyed them both to land.

Maria, though for a time speechless, was speedily, through the exertions of her deliverer, restored to consciousness. Even before she was capable of thanking him or of speaking to him—yea, before her eyes had opened to meet his—he had gazed with admiration on her beautiful features, which were lovely, though the shadow of death was then over them, almost its hand upon them. In truth, he had never gazed upon a fairer face, and when she spoke, he had never listened to a sweeter or a gentler voice. He had been beneath an Indian sun, where the impulses of the heart are fervid as the clime, and where, when the sun is gazed upon, its influence is acknowledged. But, had she been less beautiful than she was, and her features less lovely to look upon, there was a strong something in the very manner and accident of their being brought into each other's society, which appealed more powerfully to the heart than beauty could. It at least begot an interest in the fate of each other; and an interest so called is never very widely separated from affection. The individual who had saved Maria's life was Lieutenant Morris.

He conveyed her first to a peasant's cottage, and afterwards to her father's villa. He knew nothing of the feeling of hatred that existed between their families; and when Mr. Sim heard his name, though for a moment it caused a glow to pass over his face, every other emotion was speedily swallowed up in gratitude towards the deliverer of his child; and when Maria was sufficiently recovered to thank him, though she knew him to be the son of her father's enemy, it was with tears too deep for words—tears that told what eloquence would have failed to express. Even Mrs. Sim, for the time, forgot her hatred of the parents in her obligations to the son.

When, however, the young lieutenant returned to Morris House, and made mention of the adventure in which he had been engaged, and spoke at the same time, in the ardour of youthful admiration, of the beauty and gentleness of the fair being he had rescued from untimely death, the cheeks of his sisters became pale, their eyeballs distended as if with horror. The word "wretch!" escaped from his mother's lips, and she seemed struggling with smothered rage. He turned towards his father for an explanation of the change that had so suddenly come over the behaviour of his mother and sisters.

"Son," said the squire, "I had rather thou hadst perished than that a son of mine should have put forth his hand to assist a dog of the man whose daughter thou hast saved!"

On being made acquainted with the cause of the detestation that existed between the two families, Lieutenant Morris, in some degree, yielded to the whisperings of wounded pride, and began to regret that he had entered the house of a man who had offered an indignity to his father that was not to be forgiven.

But he thought also of the beauty of Maria, of the sweetness of her smile, and of the tears of voiceless gratitude which he had seen bedimming the lustre of her bright eyes.

He had promised to call again at her father's on the day after the accident; and with an ardent kindliness, Mr. Sim had welcomed him to do so. But he went forth, he wandered by the side of the lake, he approached within sight of the house, there was a contention of strange feelings in his breast, and he returned without paying his promised visit. Nevertheless, thoughts of Maria haunted him, and her image mingled with all his fancies. She became as a spirit in his memory that he could not expel, and that he would not if he could.

Three weeks passed on—it was evening—the sun was sinking behind the mountains, and Lieutenant Morris was wandering through a wooded vale, towards Mr. Sim's mansion; for though he entered it not, he nightly drew towards it, as if instinctively, wandering around it, and gazing on its windows as he did so, marvelling as he gazed. He was absorbed in one of those dreamy reveries in which men saunter, speak, and muse unconsciously, when, in following the windings of a footpath which led through a thicket, he suddenly found himself in the presence of a young lady, who was walking slowly across the wood with a book in her hand. Their eyes met—they startled—the book dropped by her side—it was Maria.

I must not, however, dwell longer on this part of the subject; for the story of the twin brothers is yet to begin. Let it be sufficient to say that William, or, as I have hitherto called him, Lieutenant Morris, and Maria whom he saved, became attached to each other. Their dispositions were similar; they seemed formed for each other. Affection took deep root in their

hearts; and to root up that affection in the breast of either, was to destroy the heart itself. He made known his attachment towards Maria to his father; and galled pride and hatred to those who had injured him being stronger in the breast of the old squire than the small still voice of affection, he spurned his son from him, and ordered him to leave his house for ever.

The parents of Maria, notwithstanding their first feelings of gratitude towards the saviour of their daughter, were equally averse to a union between them; but with Maria the impulse of the heart and the lover's passionate prayer prevailed over her parents' frowns. They were wed, they became all to each other, and were disowned by those who gave them birth.

When Lieutenant Morris left India, he obtained permission to remain in England for three years; and it was about twelve months after his arrival that the marriage between him and Maria took place. He had still two years to spend in his native land, and he hired a secluded and neat cottage on the banks of the Annan for that period, for the residence of himself and his young and beautiful wife.

Twelve months after their marriage, Maria became the mother of twins—the twin brothers of our tale. But three months had not passed, nor had her infants raised their first smile towards their mother's face, when the sterile hand of death touched the bosom that supplied them with life. The young husband wept by the bed of death, with the hand of her he loved in his.

"William!" said the gentle Maria—and they were her dying words, for she spoke not again—"my eyes will not behold another sun! I must leave you, love! Oh my husband! I must leave our poor, our helpless infants! It is hard to die thus! But when I am gone, dearest—when my babes have no mother—oh, go to

my mother, and tell her—tell her, William—that it was the dying request of her Maria, that she would be as a mother to them. Farewell, love!—farewell! If"——

Emotion and the strugglings of death overpowered her—her speech failed—her eyes became fixed—her soul passed away, and the husband sat in stupefaction and in agony, holding the hand of his dead wife to his breast. He became conscious that she stirred not—that she breathed not—oh! that she was not! and the wail of the distracted widower rang suddenly and wildly through the cottage, startling his infants from their slumber, and, as some who stood round the bed said, causing even the features of the dead to move, as though the departed spirit had lingered, casting a farewell glance upon the body, and passed over it again, as the voice it had loved to hear rose loud in agony.

The father of Maria came and attended her body to its last, long resting-place. But he did no more; and he left the churchyard without acknowledging that he perceived his grief-stricken son-in-law.

In a few months it was necessary for Lieutenant Morris to return to India, and he could not take his motherless and tender infants thither. He wrote to the parents of his departed Maria; he told them of her last request, breathed by her last words; he implored them, as they had once loved her, during his absence to protect his children.

But the hatred between Mr. Sim and Squire Morris had in no degree abated. The former would have listened to his daughter's prayer, and taken her twins and the nurse into his house; but his wife was less susceptible to the influence of natural feeling, and even, while at intervals she wept for poor Maria, she said—

"Take both of them, indeed! No, no! I loved our poor, thoughtless, disobedient Maria, Mr. Sim, as

well as you did, but I will not submit to the Morrises. They have nothing to give the children; we have. But they have the same, they have a greater right to provide for them than we have. They shall take one of them, or none of them come into this house." And again she broke into lamentations over the memory of Maria, and, in the midst of her mourning, exclaimed—"But the child that we take shall never be called Morris."

Mr. Sim wrote an answer to his son-in-law, as cold and formal as if it had been a note added to an invoice; colder indeed, for it had no equivalent to the poor, hackneyed phrase in all such, of "*esteemed favours*." In it he stated that he would "bring up" one of the children, provided that Squire Morris would undertake the charge of the other. The unhappy father clasped his hands together on perusing the letter, and exclaimed—

"Must my poor babes be parted?—shall they be brought up to hate each other? Oh Maria! would that I had died with you, and our children also!"

To take them to India with him, where a war was threatened, was impossible, and his heart revolted from the thought of leaving them in this country with strangers. At times he was seen, with an infant son on each arm, sitting over the stone upon the grave of their mother which he had reared to her memory, kissing their cheeks and weeping over them, while they smiled in his face unconsciously, and offered to him, in those smiles, affection's first innocent tribute. On such occasions their nurse stood gazing on the scene, wondering at her master's grief.

Morris, of Morris House, reluctantly consented to take one of his grandchildren under his care; but at the same time he refused to see his son previous to his departure.

The widowed father wept over his twin sons, and invoking a blessing on them, saw their little arms sundered, and each conveyed to the houses of those who had undertaken to be their protectors, while he again proceeded towards India. The names of the twin sons were George and Charles: the former was committed to the care of Mr. Morris, the other to Mr. Sim. Yet it seemed as if these innocent pledges of a family union, instead of destroying, strengthened the deep-rooted animosity that existed between them. Not a month passed that they did not, in some way, manifest their hatred of and their persecution towards each other.

The squire exhibited a proof of his vindictiveness, in not permitting the child of his son to remain beneath his roof. He had a small property in Devonshire, which was rented by an individual who, with his wife, had been servants under his father. To them George Morris, one of the infant sons of poor Maria, before he was yet twelve months old, was sent, with an injunction that he should be brought up as their own son, that he should be taught to consider himself as such, and bear their name.

The boy Charles, whose lot it was to be placed under the protection of his mother's parents, was more fortunate. The love they had borne towards their Maria they now lavished upon him. They called him by their own name—they spoke of him as their heir, as their *sole* heir, and they inquired not after his brother. That brother became included in the hatred which Mrs. Sim, at least, bore to his father's family. As he grew up, his father's name was not mentioned in his presence. He was taught to call his grandfather—father, and his grandmother—mother; and withal, his mother so called instilled into his earliest thoughts an abhorrence of the inmates of Morris House. At times his grand-

father whispered to her on such occasions, "Do not do the like of that, dear; we know not how it may end." But she regarded not his admonitions, and she strove that her grandchild should hold the very name of Morris in hatred.

The peasants to whose keeping George was confided, occupied, as has been stated, a small farm under his grandfather, which lay on the banks of the Dart, a few miles from Totnes. Their name was Prescot: they were cold-hearted and ignorant people; they had no children of their own, nor affection for those of others; neither had they received instructions to show any to him whom they were to adopt as a son; and if they had been arraigned for not doing so, they were of a character to have said with Shylock—"It is not in the bond." When he grew up, there was then no school in that part of Devonshire to which they could have sent him, had they been inclined; but they were not inclined; though, if they had had the power to educate him, they could have referred again to their bond, and said that no injunction to educate him was mentioned there. His first ideas were a consciousness of cruelty and oppression. At seven years of age he was sent to herd a few sheep upon Dartmoor; before he was nine, he was placed as a parish apprentice to the owner of a tin mine, and buried from the light of heaven.

Often and anxiously Lieutenant Morris wrote from India, inquiring after his sons. He sent presents—love-gifts to each; but his letters were unheeded, his presents disregarded. His children grew up in ignorance of his existence, or of the existence of each other.

It was about eighteen years after the death of Maria, and what is called an annual *Revel* was held at Ashburton. Prizes were to be awarded to the best wrestlers, and hundreds were assembled from all parts of

Devonshire to witness the sports of the day. Two companies of soldiers were stationed in the town at the time, and the officers, at the suggestion of a young ensign called Charles Sim, agreed to subscribe a purse of ten guineas towards the encouragement of the games. The young ensign was from Cumberland, where the science of wrestling is still a passion; and he, as the reader will have anticipated from the name he bore, was none other than one of the twin brothers. The games were skilfully and keenly contested; and a stripling from the neighbourhood of Totnes, amidst the shouts of the multitude, was declared the victor. The last he had overcome was a gigantic soldier, a native of Cumberland. When the young ensign beheld his champion overcome, his blood rose for the honour of his native county, and he regretted that he had not sustained it in his own person.

The purse subscribed by the officers was still to be wrestled for, and the stripling victor re-entered the ring to compete for it. On his design being perceived, others who wished to have contended for it drew back, and he stood in the ring alone, no one daring to come forward to compete with him. The umpire of the games was proclaiming that, if no one stood against him, the purse would be awarded to him who had already been pronounced the victor of the day, when Ensign Sim, who, with his brother officers, had witnessed the sports from the windows of an adjacent inn, said—

"Well, the lad shall have the purse, though I don't expect he will win it; for, if no one else will, I shall give him a throw to redeem the credit of old Cumberland."

"Bravo, Sim!" cried his brother officers, and they accompanied him towards the ring.

The people again shouted when they perceived that there was to be another game, and the more so when they discovered that the stranger competitor was a gentleman. The ensign, having cast off his regimentals, and equipped himself in the strait canvas jacket worn by wrestlers, entered the ring. But now arose a new subject of wonderment, which in a moment was perceived by the whole multitude; and the loud huzzas that had welcomed his approach were hushed in a confused murmur of astonishment.

"Zwinge!" exclaimed a hundred voices, as they approached each other; "they be loik one anoother as two beans!"

"Whoy, which be which?" inquired others.

The likeness between the two wrestlers was indeed remarkable; their age, their stature, the colour of their hair, their features, were alike. Spectators could not trace a difference between the one and the other. The ensign had a small and peculiar mark below his chin; he perceived that his antagonist had the same. They approached each other, extending their arms for the contest. They stood still, they gazed upon each other; as they gazed they started; their arms dropped by their sides; they stood anxiously scrutinizing the countenance of each other, in which each saw himself as in a glass. Astonishment deprived them of strength; they forgot the purpose for which they met; they stretched forth their hands, they grasped them together, and stood eagerly looking into each other's eyes.

"Friend," said the ensign, "this is indeed singular; our extraordinary resemblance to each other fills me with amazement. What is your name? from whence do you come?"

"Whoy, master," rejoined the other, "thou art so woundy like myself, that had I met thee anywhere but

in the middle o' these folk, I should have been afeared that I was agoing to die, and had zeen mysel'. My name is George Prescot, at your sarvice. I coom from three miles down the river there; and what may they call thee?"

"My name," replied the soldier, "is Charles Sim. I am an orphan; my parents I never saw. And tell me —for this strange resemblance between us almost overpowers me—do yours live?"

"Whoy," was the reply, "old Tom Prescot and his woif be alive; and they zay as how they be my vather and moother, and I zuppose they be; but zoom cast up to them that they bean't."

No wrestling match took place between them; but hand in hand they walked round the ring together, while the spectators gazed upon them in silent wonder.

The ensign presented the youth, who might have been styled his fac-simile, with the purse subscribed by his brother officers and himself; and in so doing he offered to double its contents. But the youth, with a spirit above his condition, peremptorily refused the offer, and said—

"No, master—thank you the zame—I will take nothing but what I have won."

Charles was anxious to visit "old Tom Prescot and his wife," of whom the stranger had spoken; but the company to which he belonged was to march forward to Plymouth on the following day, and there to embark. His brother officers also dissuaded him from the thought.

"Why, Sim," said they, "the likeness between you and the conqueror of the ring was certainly a very pretty coincidence, and your meeting each other quite a drama. But, my good fellow," added they, laughing, "take the advice of older heads than your own—don't examine too closely into your father's faults."

Three years passed, and Charles, now promoted to the rank of a lieutenant, accompanied the Duke of York in his more memorable than brilliant campaign in Holland. A soldier was accused of having been found sleeping on guard; he was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be shot. A corporal's guard was accompanying the doomed soldier from the place where sentence had been pronounced against him to the prison-house, from whence he was to be brought forth for execution on the following day. Lieutenant Sim passed near them. A voice exclaimed—

"Master! master!—save me! save me!"

It was the voice of the condemned soldier. The lieutenant turned round, and in the captive who called to him for assistance he recognised the Devonshire wrestler—the strange portrait of himself. And even now, if it were possible, the resemblance between them was more striking than before; for, in the stranger, the awkwardness of the peasant had given place to the smartness of the soldier. Charles had felt an interest in him from the first moment he beheld him; he had wished to meet him again, and had resolved to seek for him should he return to England; and now the interest that he had before felt for him was increased tenfold. The offence and the fate of the doomed one were soon told. The lieutenant pledged himself that he would leave no effort untried to save him; and he redeemed his pledge. He discovered, he obtained proof that the condemned prisoner, George Prescot, had been employed on severe and dangerous duties, against which it was impossible for nature longer to stand up, but in all of which he had conducted himself as a good, a brave, and a faithful soldier; and, more, that it could not be proved that he was actually found asleep at his post, but that he was stupified through excess of fatigue.

He hastened to lay the evidence he had obtained respecting the conduct and innocence of the prisoner before his Royal Highness, who, whatever were his faults, was at least the soldier's friend. The Duke glanced over the documents which the lieutenant laid before him; he listened to the evidence of the comrades of the prisoner. He took a pen; he wrote a few lines; he placed them in the hands of Lieutenant Sim. They contained the free pardon of Private Prescot. Charles rushed with the pardon in his hand to the prisoner; he exclaimed—

"Take this—you are pardoned—you are free!"

The soldier would have embraced his knees to thank him; but the lieutenant said—

"No! kneel not to me—consider me as a brother. I have merely saved the life of an innocent and deserving man. But the strange resemblance between us seems to me more than a strange coincidence. You have doubts regarding your parentage; I know but little of mine. Nature has written a mystery on our faces which we need to have explained. When this campaign is over, we shall inquire concerning it. Farewell for the present; but we must meet again."

The feelings of the reprieved and unlettered soldier were too strong for his words to utter; he shook the hand of his deliverer and wept.

A few days after this some sharp fighting took place. The loss of the British was considerable, and they were compelled to continue their retreat, leaving their dead, and many of their wounded, exposed, as they fell behind them. When they again arrived at a halting-place, Lieutenant Sim sought the regiment to which the soldier who might be termed his second self belonged. But he was not to be found; and all that he could learn respecting him was, that, three days before, George Pres-

cot had been seen fighting bravely, but that he fell covered with wounds, and in their retreat was left upon the field.

Tears gushed into the eyes of the lieutenant when he heard the tidings. His singular meeting with the stranger in Devonshire; their mysterious resemblance to each other; his meeting him again in Holland under circumstances yet more singular; his saving his life; and the dubious knowledge which each had respecting their birth and parentage,—all had sunk deep into his heart, and thoughts of these things chased sleep from his pillow.

It was but a short time after this that the regiment of Lieutenant Sim was ordered to India, and he accompanied it; and it was only a few months after his arrival, when the Governor-General gave an entertainment at his palace, at which all the military officers around were present. At table, opposite to Lieutenant Sim, sat a man of middle age; and, throughout the evening, his eyes remained fixed upon him, and occasionally seemed filled with tears. He was a colonel in the Company's service, and a man who, by the force of merit, had acquired wealth and reputation.

"I crave your pardon, sir," said he, addressing the lieutenant; "but if I be not too bold, a few words with you in private would confer a favour upon me, and if my conjectures be right, will give us both cause to rejoice."

"You may command me, sir," said the youth.

The colonel rose from the table and left the room, and the lieutenant rose also and accompanied him. They entered an adjoining apartment. The elder soldier gazed anxiously on the face of the younger, and again addressing him, said—

"Sir, do not attribute this strange behaviour upon

my part to rudeness. It has been prompted by feelings painfully, deeply, I may add tenderly, interesting to me. It may be accident, but your features bring memories before my eyes that have become a part of my soul's existence. Nor is it your features only, but I have observed that there is the mark of a rose-bud beneath your chin. I remember twins on whom that mark was manifest, and the likeness of a countenance is graven upon my heart, the lineaments of which were as yours are. Forgive me then, sir, in thus abruptly requesting your name."

The lieutenant looked surprised at the anxiety and looks of the stranger, and he answered—

"My name is Charles Sim."

"Yes! yes!" replied the colonel, gasping as he spoke; "I saw it; I felt it! Your name is Charles, but not Sim; that was your mother's name—your sainted mother's. You bear it from your grandfather. You come from Cumberland?"

"I do!" was the reply, in accents of astonishment.

"My son! my son!—child of my Maria!" were the accents that broke from the colonel, as he fell upon the neck of the other.

"My father!" exclaimed Charles, "have I then found a father?" And the tears streamed down his cheeks.

Many questions were asked, many answered; and amongst others, the father inquired—

"Where is your brother—my little George? Does he live? You were the miniatures of your mother; and so strikingly did you resemble each other, that while you were infants, it was necessary to tie a blue ribbon round his arm, and a green one round yours, to distinguish you from each other."

Charles became pale; his knees shook; his hands trembled.

"Then I *had* a brother?" he cried.

"You had," replied his father; "but wherefore do you say you *had* a brother? Is it possible that you do not know him? He has been brought up with my father—Mr. Morris of Morris House."

"No, he has not," replied Charles; "the man you speak of, and whom you say is my grandfather, has brought up no one—none of my age. I have hated him from childhood, for he has hated me; and but that you have told me he is my grandfather, I would hate him still. But he has brought up no one that could be a brother of mine."

"Then my child has died in infancy," rejoined the colonel.

"No, no," added Charles; "I knew not that I had a brother—not even that I had a father; but you say my brother resembled me; that I from my birth had the mark beneath my chin which I have now, and that he had the same: then I know him; I have seen my brother!"

"Where, where? when, when?" breathlessly inquired the anxious parent. "Speak, my son!—oh speak!"

"Shortly after I had joined my regiment," continued Charles, "I was present in Devonshire, at what is called a revel. Our mess gave a purse towards the games. We put forward a Cumberland man belonging to the regiment, in the full confidence that he would be the victor of the day; but a youth, a mere youth, threw not only our champion, but all who dared to oppose him. I was stung for the honour of Cumberland; I was loath to see the hero carry his laurels so easily from the field. I accoutred myself in the wrestler's garb; I entered the ring. The shouting of the multitude ceased instantaneously. I gazed upon

my antagonist, he gazed upon me. Our hands fell; we both shook; we were the image of each other. Three years afterwards I was in Holland. A soldier was unjustly condemned to die; I saved him; I obtained his pardon. He was my strange counterpart whom I met in Devonshire. He had the mark of the rose-bud beneath his chin that I have, and which you say my brother has."

"And where is he now?" eagerly inquired the colonel.

"Alas! I know not," answered Charles; "nor do I think he lives. Three days after I had rescued him from unmerited death, I learned that he had fallen bravely on the field; and whether he be now a prisoner or with the dead, I cannot tell."

"Surely it was thy brother," said the colonel; "yet how he should be in Devonshire, or a soldier in the ranks, puzzles me to think. No, no, Charles, it cannot be; it is a coincidence, heightened by imagination. Your grandfather has not been kind to me, but he is not capable of the cruelty which the tale you have told would imply he had exercised towards the child I entrusted to his care. He hates me, but surely he could not be cruel to my offspring. You know Morris House?" he added.

"I know it well," replied Charles; "but I never knew in it one who could be my brother, nor one of my age; neither did I know Mr. Morris to be my grandfather; nor yet have I heard of him but as one who had injured my mother while she lived, and who had been the enemy of her parents."

"Enough, enough, my son," said the colonel; "my soul is filled with words which I cannot utter. I weep for your angel-mother; I weep for my son, your brother; and I mourn for the unceasing hatred that exists be-

tween your grandsires. But, Charles, we must return to England; we must do so instantly. I have now fortune enough for you and for your brother also, if he yet live, and if we can find him. But we must inquire after and go in quest of him."

Within three months Charles Morris, or Lieutenant Sim as he has hitherto been called, and his father returned to England together. But instead of following them, I shall return to George Prescot, the prize-wrestler and the condemned and pardoned soldier. It has been mentioned that he was wounded and left upon the field by a retreating army. I have to add that he was made prisoner, and when his wounds were healed, he was, though not perceptibly, disabled for active service. Amongst his brethren in captivity was a Captain Paling, who, when an exchange of prisoners took place, hastened to join his regiment, and gave George, who was deemed unfit for service, a letter to his mother and sisters who resided in Dartmouth. The letter was all that the captain could give him, for he was penniless as George was himself.

George Prescot feeling himself once more at liberty, took his passage from Rotterdam in a sloop bound for Dartmouth, and with only the letter of Captain Paling in his pocket to pay for his conveyance. He perceived that the skipper frequently cast suspicious glances towards him, as though he were about to ask, "Where is your money, sir?" But George saw this, and he bore it down with a high hand. He knew that the certain way of being treated with the contempt and neglect which poverty always introduces in its train, was to plead being poor. He was by no means learned, but he understood something of human nature, and he knew a good deal of the ways of men—of the shallowness of society, and the depths of civility. He there-

fore carried his head high. He called for the best that the ship could afford, and he fared as the skipper did, though he partook but sparingly.

But the vessel arrived in Dartmouth harbour; it entered the mouth of the romantic river, on the one side of which was the fort, still bearing the name of Cromwell, and on the other Kingsbridge, which Peter Pindar hath celebrated; while on both sides, as precipitous banks, rose towering hills, their summits covered by a stunted furze, and the blooming orchard meeting it midway.

Some rather unpleasant sensations visited the disabled soldier as the vessel sailed up the river towards the town. The beauty of its situation made no impression upon him, for he had seen it a thousand times; and it was perhaps as well that it did not; for to look on it from the river, or from a distant height—like a long line of houses hung on the breast of romance—and afterwards to enter it and find yourself in the midst of a narrow, dingy street, where scarce two wheelbarrows could pass, produceth only disappointment, and that, too, of the bitterest kind. It seems, indeed, that the Devonians have conceded so much of their beautiful county to the barrenness of Dartmoor, that they grudge every inch that is occupied as a street or highway. Ere this time, George Prescot had in a great measure dropped his Devonshire dialect; and now, taking the letter of Captain Paling from his pocket, he placed it in the hands of the commander of the packet, saying, "Send your boy ashore with this to a widow lady's of the name of Paling; you will know her family, I suppose. You may tell the boy to say that the letter is from her son, Captain Paling, and that I shall wait here until I receive her answer before proceeding up the river."

The skipper stated that he knew Mrs. Paling well, who was a most respectable lady, and that he remembered also her son, who was an officer in the army, and who for some time had been a prisoner of war.

The boy went on shore with the letter, and within a quarter of an hour returned, having with him a young gentleman, accompanied by a couple of pointer dogs. The stranger was the brother of Captain Paling. He inquired for George Prescot, and on seeing him, invited him to his mother's house. The skipper, on seeing his passenger in such respectable company, let fall no hint that the passage-money was not paid; and the soldier and the brother of Captain Paling went on shore together.

In his letter the captain dwelt on many kindnesses which he had received from its bearer, and of the bravery which he had seen him evince on the field; informing them also that his pockets would be but ill provided with cash, and regretting his own inability to replenish them.

The kindness of Mrs. Paling and her family towards him knew no limits. She asked him a hundred questions respecting her son, her daughters concerning their brother; and they imagined wants for him, that they might show him a kindness. Now, however, twelve miles was all that lay between him and his home. They entreated him to remain until next day; but he refused, for

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

It is true, he could hardly give the name of home to the house of those whom he called his parents, for it had ever been to him the habitation of oppressors; yet it was his home, as the mountain covered with eternal snow is the home of the Greenlander, and he knew no

other. The usual road to it was by crossing the Dart at a ferry about a hundred yards above the house of Mrs. Paling. Any other road caused a circuit of many miles.

"If you will not remain with us to-night," said the brother of Captain Paling, who had conducted him from the vessel to his mother's house, "I shall accompany you to the ferry."

"No, I thank you—I thank you," said George, confusedly; "there is no occasion for it—none whatever. I shall not forget your kindness."

He did not intend to go by the ferry; for though the charge of the boatman was but a halfpenny, that halfpenny he had not in his possession; and he wished to conceal his poverty.

But women have sharp eyes in these matters. They see where men are blind; and a sister of Captain Paling named Caroline read the meaning of their guest's confusion, and of his refusing to permit her brother to accompany him to the shore; and, with a delicacy which spoke to the heart of him to whom the words were addressed, she said—

"Mr. Prescot, you have only now arrived from the Continent, and it is most likely that you have no small change in your pocket. The ferrymen are unreasonable people to deal with. If you give them a crown, they will row away and thank you, forgetting to return the change. The regular charge is but a halfpenny; therefore you had better take coppers with you;" and as she spoke, she held a halfpenny in her fingers towards him.

"Well, well," stammered out George, with his hand in his pocket, "I believe I have no coppers;" and he accepted the halfpenny from the hand of Caroline Paling; and while he did so, he could not conceal the tears that rose to his eyes.

But, trifling as the amount of her offer was, it must be understood that the person to whom it was tendered was one who would not have accepted more—who was ashamed of his poverty, and strove to conceal it; and there was a soul, there was a delicacy, in her manner of tendering it which I can speak of, but not describe. It saved him also from having to wander weary and solitary miles at midnight.

No sooner had the disabled soldier crossed the river, and entered the narrow lanes overshadowed by dark hedges of hazel, than he burst into tears, and his first words were, "Caroline, I will remember thee!"

It was near midnight when he approached the house which he called his home. The inmates were asleep. He tapped at the window, the panes of which were framed in lead after the form of diamonds.

"Who be there?" cried an angry voice.

"Your son! your son!" he replied. "George!"

"Zon!" repeated the voice; "we have no zon. If it be thee, go to Coomberland, lad. We have noughts to do with thee. Thy old grandfather, Zquire Morris, be now dead, and he ha'n't paid us so well for what we have done as to have oughts to zay to thee again; zo good night, lad."

"Father! mother!" cried George, striking more passionately on the window, "what do you mean?"

"Whoy, ha'n't I told thee?" answered the voice that had spoken to him before. "Thou art no zon of ours. Thou moost go to Coomberland, man, to Zquire Morris—to his zeketors,* I mean, for he is dead. They may tell thee who thou art; I can't. We ha'n't been paid for what we have done for thee already. However, thou may'st coom in for t'night;" and as the old

* Executors.

man who had professed to be his father spoke, he arose and opened the door.

George entered the house, trembling with agitation.

"Father," he said—"for thou hast taught me to call thee father; and if thou art not, tell me who I am."

"Ha'n't I told thee, lad?" answered the old man. "Go to Coomberland; I know noughts about thee."

"To Cumberland!" exclaimed George; and he thought of the young officer whom he had twice met, who belonged to that county, and whose features were the picture of his own. "Why should I go to Cumberland?"

"Whoy, I can't tell thee whoy thou shouldst go," said the old man; "but thou was zent me from there, and there thou moost go back again, vor a bad bargain thou hast been to me. Zquire Morris zent thee here, and forgot to pay for thee; and if thou lodgest here to-night, thou won't forget to be a-moving, bag and baggage, in the morning."

George was wearied, and glad to sleep beneath the inhospitable roof of those whom he had considered as his parents; but on the following morning he took leave of them, after learning from them all that they knew of his history.

But I must again leave him, and return to Colonel Morris, and his son Charles.

They came to England together, and hastened towards Morris House; and there the long disowned son learned that his father was dead, and that his mother and his sisters knew not where his child was, or what had become of him. But his kindred had ascertained that he was now rich, and they repented of their unkindness towards him.

"Son," said his mother, "I know nothing of thy

child. Thy father was a strange man—he told little to me. If any one can tell thee aught concerning thy boy, it will be John Bell, the old coachman; but he has not been in the family for six years, and where he now is I cannot tell, though I believe he is still somewhere in the neighbourhood."

With sad and anxious hearts the colonel and his son next visited the house of Mr. Sim—the dwelling-place in which the infancy, the childhood, and what may be called the youth, of the latter had been passed.

Tears gathered in the eyes of Charles as he approached the door. He knew that his grandsire and his grandmother had acted wrongly towards him, in never speaking to him of his father, or making known to him that such a person lived; but when he again saw the house which had been the scene of a thousand happy days, round which he had chased the gaudy butterfly and the busy bee, or sought the nest of the chaffinch, the yellowhammer, and the hedge-sparrow, the feelings of boyhood rose too strong in his soul for resentment; and on meeting Mr. Sim (his grandfather) as they approached the door of the house, Charles ran towards him, and, stretching out his hand, cried, "Father!"

The old man recognised him, and exclaimed, "Charles! —Charles!—child of my Maria!" and wept.

At the mention of her name, the colonel wept also.

"What gentleman is this with thee, Charles?" inquired Mr. Sim.

"It is *my father!*" was the reply.

Mr. Sim, who was now a grey-haired man, reeled back a few paces—he raised his hands—he exclaimed, "Can I be forgiven?"

"Forgiven!—ay, doubly forgiven!" answered Colonel Morris, "as the father of lost, loved Maria, and as

having been more than a father to my boy, who is now by my side. But know you nothing of my other son? My Maria bore twins."

"Nothing! nothing!" replied Mr. Sim; "that question has cost me many an anxious thought. It has troubled also the conscience of my wife; for it was her fault that he also was not committed to my charge; and I would have inquired after your child long ago, but that there was no good-will between your father and me; and I was a plain, retired citizen—he a magistrate, and a justice of the peace for the county, who could do no wrong."

The colonel groaned.

They proceeded towards the villa together. Mrs. Sim met her grandson with a flood of tears, and, in her joy at meeting him, she forgot her dislike to his father and her hatred to that father's family.

The colonel endeavoured to obtain information from his father-in-law respecting his other son; and he told him all that his mother had said, of what she had spoken regarding the coachman, and also of what Charles had told him, in twice meeting one who so strongly resembled himself.

"Colonel," said Mr. Sim, "I know the John Bell your mother speaks of; he now keeps an inn near Langholm. To-morrow we shall go to his house, and make inquiry concerning all that he knows."

"Be it so, father," said the colonel. And on the following day they took a chaise and set out together—the grandfather, the father, and the son.

They had to cross the Annan, and to pass the churchyard where Maria slept. As they drew near to it, the colonel desired the driver to stop.

"Follow me, Charles," he said; and Mr. Sim accompanied them.

They entered the churchyard; the colonel led them to the humble grave-stone that he had raised to the memory of his Maria. He sat down upon it, he pressed his lips to it and wept.

"Charles," said he, "look on your mother's grave. Here, on this stone, day after day, I was wont to sit with you and your brother upon my knee, fondling you, breathing your mother's name in your ears; and though neither of you knew what I said, you smiled as I wept and spoke. Oh Charles! though you then filled my whole heart (and you do now), I could only distinguish you from each other by the ribbons on your arms. Would to Heaven that I may discover my child! and, whatever be his condition, I shall forgive my father for the injustice he has done me and mine—I shall be happy. And, oh! should we indeed find your brother—should he prove to be the youth whom you have twice met—I shall say that Heaven has remembered me when I forgot myself! But come hither, Charles—come, kneel upon your mother's grave—kiss the sod where she lies, and angels will write it in their books, and show it to your mother, where she is happy. Come, my boy."

Charles knelt on his mother's grave. He had arisen, and they were about to depart; for his grandfather had accompanied them, and was a silent but tearful spectator of the scene.

They were leaving the churchyard, joined in the arms of each other, when two strangers entered it. The one was John Bell, the other George Prescot.

"Colonel! Colonel! there is John Bell that you spoke of," exclaimed Mr. Sim.

"Father! father!" at the same instant cried his son, "he is here—it is him!—my brother—or——he whom I have told you of, who so strangely resembles me!"

Charles rushed forward—it was George Prescot—and he took the proffered hand of the other, and said, "Sir, I rejoice to meet thee again—it seems I belong to Cumberland as well as thou dost; and this gentleman (pointing to John Bell), who seems to know more of me than I do myself, has promised to show me here my mother's grave!"

"And where is that grave?" cried the colonel earnestly, who had been an interested spectator of all that passed.

"Even where the wife of your youth is buried, your honour," answered John Bell; "you have with you one son—behold his twin brother!"

The colonel pressed his new-found son to his breast. With his children he sat down on the stone over Maria's grave, and they wept together.

Our tale is told. Colonel Morris and his sons had met. His elder brothers died, and he became the heir of his father's property. Mr. Sim also stated that, in his will, he should divide his substance equally between the brothers; and he did so. I have but another word to add. George forgot not Caroline Paling, who had assisted him when his heart was full and his pocket empty, and within twelve months he again visited Dartmouth; but when he returned from it, Caroline accompanied him as his wife; and when he introduced her to his father and his brother—"Behold," said he, "what a halfpenny, delicately tendered, may produce."

THE STORY OF THE GIRL FORGER.

It is a common thing for writers of a certain class, when they want to produce the feeling of wonder in their readers, to introduce some frantic action, and then to account for it by letting out the secret that the actor was mad. The trick is not so necessary as it seems, for the strength of human passions is a potentiality only limited by experience; and so it is that a sane person may under certain stimulants do the maddest thing in the world. The passion itself is always true—it is only the motive that may be false; and therefore it is that in narrating for your amusement, perhaps I may add instruction, the following singular story—traces of the main parts of which I got in the old books of a former procurator-fiscal—I assume that there was no more insanity in the principal actor, Euphemia, or, as she was called, Effie Carr, when she brought herself within the arms of the law, than there is in you, when now you are reading the story of her strange life. She was the only daughter of John Carr, a grain merchant, who lived in Bristo Street. It would be easy to ascribe to her all the ordinary and extraordinary charms that are thought so necessary to embellish heroines; but as we are not told what these were in her case, we must be contented with the assurance that nature had been kind enough to her to give her power over the hearts of men. We shall be nearer our purpose when we state, what is necessary to explain a peculiar part of our story, that her father, in conse-

quence of his own insufficient education, had got her trained to help him in keeping his accounts with the farmers, and in writing up his books; nay, she enjoyed the privilege of writing his drafts upon the Bank of Scotland, which the father contrived to sign, though in his own illiterate way, and with a peculiarity which it would not have been easy to imitate.

But our gentle clerk did not consider these duties imposed upon her by her father as excluding her either from gratifying her love of domestic habits, by assisting her mother in what at that time was denominated hussyskep or housekeeping, or from a certain other gratification, which might without a hint from us be anticipated—no other than the luxury of falling head and ears, and heart too we fancy, in love with a certain dashing young student of the name of Robert Stormonth, then attending the University, more for the sake of polish than of mere study, for he was the son of the proprietor of Kelton, and required to follow no profession. How Effie got entangled with this youth we have no means of knowing, so we must be contented with the Scotch proverb—

> "Tell me where the flea may bite,
> And I will tell where love may light."

The probability is, that from the difference of their stations and the retiring nature of our gentle clerk, we shall be safe in assuming that he had, as the saying goes, been smitten by her charms in some of those street encounters, where there is more of love's work done than in "black-footed" tea coteries expressly held for the accommodation of Cupid. And that the smiting was a genuine feeling we are not left to doubt; for in addition to the reasons we shall afterwards have too good occasion to know, he treated Effie, not as those

wild students who are great men's sons do "the light o' loves" they meet in their escapades, for he entrusted his secrets to her, he took such small counsel from her poor head as a "learned clerk" might be supposed able to give; nay, he told her of his mother, and how one day he hoped to be able to introduce her at Kelton as his wife. All which Effie repaid with the devotedness of that most wonderful affection called the first or virgin love—the purest, the deepest, the most thorough-going of all the emotions of the human heart. But as yet he had not conceded to her wish that he should consent to their love being made known to Effie's father and mother. Love is only a leveller to itself and its object: the high-born youth, inured to refined manners, shrank from a family intercourse, which put him too much in mind of the revolt he had made against the presumed wishes and intentions of his proud parents. Wherein, after all, he was only true to the instincts of that institution, apparently so inhumane as well as unchristian in its exclusiveness, called aristocracy, and yet with the excuse that its roots are pretty deeply set in human nature.

But, proud as he was, Bob Stormonth, the younger of Kelton, was amenable to the obligations of a necessity, forged by his own imprudent hands. He had, by a fast mode of living, got into debt—a condition from which his father, a stern man, had relieved him twice before, but with a threat on the last occasion, that if he persevered in his prodigality, he would withdraw from him his yearly allowance, and throw him upon his own resources. The threat proved ineffectual, and this young heir of entail, with all his pride, was once in the grasp of low-born creditors; nay, things in this evil direction had gone so far that writs were out against him, and one in the form of a caption was al-

ready in the hands of a messenger-at-arms. That the debts were comparatively small in amount, was no amelioration where the purse was all but empty; and he had exhausted the limited exchequers of his chums, which with college youths was, and is, not difficult to do. So the gay Bob was driven to his last shift, and that, as is generally the case, was a mean one; for necessity, as the mother of inventions, does not think it proper to limit her births to genteel or noble devices to please her proud consort. He even had recourse to poor Effie to help him; and, however ridiculous this may seem, there were reasons that made the application appear not so desperate as some of his other schemes. It was only the caption that as yet quickened his fears; and as the sum for which the writ was issued was only twenty pounds, it was not, after all, so much beyond the power of a clerk.

It was during one of their ordinary walks in the Meadows that the pressing necessity was opened by Stormonth to the vexed and terrified girl. He told her that, but for the small help he required in the meantime, he would be ruined. The wrath of his father would be excited once more, and probably to the exclusion of all reconciliation; and he himself compelled to flee, but whither he knew not. He had his plan prepared, and proposed to Effie, who had no means of her own, *to take a loan* of the sum out of her father's cash-box—words very properly chosen according to the euphemistic policy of the devil; but Effie's genuine spirit was roused and alarmed.

"Dreadful!" she whispered, as if afraid that the night wind would carry her words to honest ears. "Besides," she continued, "my father, who is a hard man, keeps his desk lockit."

Words which took Stormonth aback, for even he

saw there was here a necessity as strong as his own; yet the power of invention went to work again.

"Listen, Effie," said he. "If you cannot help me, it is not likely we shall meet again. I am desperate, and will go into the army."

The ear of Effie was chained to a force which was direct upon the heart. She trembled and looked wistfully into his face, even as if by that look she could extract from him some other device less fearful, by which she might have the power of retaining him for so short a period as a day.

"You draw out your father's drafts on the bank, Effie," he continued. "Write one out for me, and I will put your father's name to it. You can draw the money. I will be saved from ruin; and your father will never know."

A proposal which again brought a shudder over the girl.

"Is it Robert Stormonth who asks me to do this thing?" she whispered again.

"No," said he; "for I am not myself. Yesterday, and before the messenger was after me, I would have shrunk from the suggestion. I am not myself, I say, Effie. Ay or no; keep me or lose me—that is the alternative."

"Oh, I cannot," was the language of her innocence, and for which he was prepared; for the stimulant was again applied in the most powerful of all forms—the word farewell was sounded in her ear.

"Stop, Robert! let me think." But there was no thought, only the heart beating wildly. "I will do it; and may the penalty be mine, and mine only."

So it was: "even virtue's self turns vice when misapplied." What her mind shrank from was embraced by the heart as a kind of sacred duty of a love making

a sacrifice for the object of its first worship. It was arranged; and as the firmness of a purpose is often in proportion to the prior disinclination, so Effie's determination to save her lover from ruin was forthwith put in execution; nay, there was even a touch of the heroine in her, so wonderfully does the heart, acting under its primary instincts, sanctify the device which favours its affection. That same evening Effie Carr wrote out the draft for twenty pounds on the Bank of Scotland, gave it to Stormonth, who, from a signature of the father's, also furnished by her, perpetrated the forgery—a crime at that time punishable by death. The draft so signed was returned to Effie. Next forenoon she went to the bank, as she had often done for her father before; and the document being in her handwriting, as prior ones of the same kind had also been, no scrutinizing eye was turned to the signature. The money was handed over, but *not counted* by the recipient, as before had been her careful habit—a circumstance with its effect to follow in due time. Meanwhile Stormonth was at a place of appointment out of the reach of the executor of the law, and was soon found out by Effie, who gave him the money with trembling hands. For this surely a kiss was due. We do not know; but she returned with the satisfaction, overcoming all the impulses of fear and remorse, that she had saved the object of her first and only love from ruin and flight.

But even then the reaction was on the spring; the rebound was to be fearful and fatal. The teller at the bank had been struck with Effie's manner; and the non-counting of the notes had roused a suspicion, which fought its way even against the improbability of a mere girl perpetrating a crime from which females are generally free. He examined the draft, and soon saw that

the signature was a bad imitation. Thereupon a messenger was despatched to Bristo Street for inquiry. John Carr, taken by surprise, declared that the draft, though written by his daughter, was forged—the forgery being in his own mind attributed to George Lindsay, his young salesman. Enough this for the bank, who had in the first place only to do with the utterer, against whom their evidence as yet only lay. Within a few hours afterwards Effie Carr was in the Tolbooth, charged with the crime of forging a cheque on her father's account-current.

The news soon spread over Edinburgh—at that time only an overgrown village, in so far as regarded local facilities for the spread of wonders. It had begun there, where the mother was in recurring faints, the father in distraction and not less mystery, George Lindsay in terror and pity. And here comes in the next strange turn of our story. Lindsay all of a sudden declared he was the person who imitated the name—a device of the yearning heart to save the girl of his affection from the gallows, and clutched at by the mother and father as a means of their daughter's redemption. One of those thinly-sown beings who are cold-blooded by nature, who take on love slowly but surely, and seem fitted to be martyrs, Lindsay defied all consequences, so that it might be that Effie Carr should escape an ignominious death. Nor did he take time for further deliberation: in less than half an hour he was in the procurator-fiscal's office—the willing self-criminator; the man who did the deed; the man who was ready to die for his young mistress and his love. His story, too, was as ready as it was truth-seeming. He declared that he had got Effie to write out the draft as if commissioned by John Carr; that he took it away, and with his own hands added the name; that

he had returned the check to Effie to go with it to the bank, and had received the money from her on her return. The consequence was his wish, and it was inevitable. That same day George Lindsay was lodged also in the Tolbooth, satisfied that he had made a sacrifice of his life for one whom he had loved for years, and who yet had never shown him even a symptom of hope that his love would be returned.

All which proceedings soon came on the wings of rumour to the ears of Robert Stormonth, who was not formed to be a martyr even for a love which was to him as true as his nature would permit. He saw his danger, because he did not see the character of a faithful girl who would die rather than compromise her lover. He fled—aided probably by that very money he had wrung out of the hands of the devoted girl; nor was his disappearance connected with the tragic transaction; for, as we have said, the connection between him and Effie had been kept a secret, and his flight could be sufficiently accounted for by his debt.

Meanwhile the precognitions or examination of the parties went on, and with a result as strange as it was puzzling to the officials. Effie was firm to her declaration, that she not only wrote the body of the cheque, but attached to it the name of her father, and had appropriated the money in a way which she declined to state. On the other hand, Lindsay was equally staunch to his statement made to the procurator-fiscal, that he had got Effie to write the draft, had forged the name to it, and got the money from her. The authorities very soon saw that they had got more than the law bargained for or wanted; nor was the difficulty likely soon to be solved. The two parties could not both be guilty, according to the evidence, nor could one of them be guilty to the exclusion of the other;

neither, when the balance was cast, was there much difference in the weight of the scales, because, while it was in one view more likely that Lindsay signed the false name, it was beyond doubt that Effie wrote the body of the document, and she had, moreover, presented it. But was it for the honour of the law that people should be hanged on a likelihood? It was a new case without new heads to decide it, and it made no difference that the body of the people, who soon became inflamed on the subject, took the part of the girl and declared against the man. It was easy to be seen that the tracing of the money would go far to solve the mystery; and accordingly there was a strict search made in Lindsay's lodgings, as well as in Effie's private repositories at home. We need not say with what effect, where the money was over the Border and away. It was thus in all views more a case for Astræa than common heads; but then she had gone to heaven. The Lord Advocate soon saw that the law was likely to be caught in its own meshes. The first glimpse was got of the danger of hanging so versatile, so inconsistent, so unsearchable a creature as a human being on a mere confession of guilt. That that had been the law of Scotland in all time, nay, that it had been the law of the world from the beginning, there was no doubt. Who could know the murderer or the forger better than the murderer or the forger himself? and would any one throw away his life on a false plea? The reasoning does not exhaust the deep subject; there remains the presumption that the criminal will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, deny, and deny boldly. But our case threw a new light on the old law, and the Lord Advocate was slow to indict where he saw not only reasons for failure, but also rising difficulties which might strike at the respect upon which the law was founded.

The affair hung loose for a time, and Lindsay's friends, anxious to save him, got him induced to run his letters—the effect of which is to give the prosecutor a period wherein to try the culprit, on failure of which the person charged is free. The same was done by Effie's father; but quickened as the Lord Advocate was, the difficulty still met him like a ghost that would not be laid, that if he put Effie at the bar, Lindsay would appear in the witness-box; and if he put Lindsay on his trial, Effie would swear he was innocent; and as for two people forging *the same name*, the thing had never been heard of. And so it came to pass that the authorities at last, feeling they were in a cleft stick, where if they relieved one hand the other would be caught, were inclined to liberate both panels. But the bank was at that time preyed upon by forgeries, and were determined to make an example now when they had a culprit, or perhaps two. The consequence was, that the authorities were forced to give way, vindicating their right of choice as to the party they should arraign. That party was Effie Carr, and the choice justified itself by two considerations: that she, by writing and uttering the cheque, was so far committed by evidence exterior to her self-inculpation; and secondly, that Lindsay might break down in the witness-box under a searching examination. Effie was therefore indicted and placed at the bar. She pleaded guilty, but the prosecutor, notwithstanding, led evidence, and at length Lindsay appeared as a witness for the defence. The people who crowded the court had been aware from report of the condition in which Lindsay stood; but the deep silence which reigned throughout the hall when he was called to answer, evinced the doubt whether he would stand true to his self-impeachment. The doubt was soon solved. With

a face on which no trace of fear could be perceived, with a voice in which there was no quaver, he swore that it was he who signed the draft and sent Effie for the money. The oscillation of sympathy, which had for a time been suspended, came round again to the thin pale girl, who sat there looking wistfully and wonderingly into the face of the witness, and the murmuring approbation that broke out, in spite of the shrill "silence" of the crier, expressed at once admiration of the man—criminal as he swore himself to be—and pity for the accused. What could the issue be? Effie was acquitted, and Lindsay sent back to gaol. Was he not to be tried? The officials felt that the game was dangerous. If Lindsay had stood firm in the box, had not Effie sat firm at the bar, with the very gallows in her eye, and would not she, in her turn, be as firm in the box? All which was too evident, and the consequence in the end came to be, that Lindsay was in the course of a few days set at liberty.

And now there occurred proceedings not less strange in the house of John Carr. Lindsay was turned off, because, though he had made a sacrifice of himself to save the life of Effie, the sacrifice was only that due to the justice he had offended. The dismissal was against the protestations of Effie, who alone knew he was innocent; and she had to bear the further grief of learning that Stormonth had left the city on the very day whereon she was apprehended—a discovery this too much for a frame always weak, and latterly so wasted by her confinement in prison, and the anguish of mind consequent upon her strange position. And so it came to pass in a few more days that she took to her bed, a wan, wasted, heart-broken creature; but stung as she had been by the conduct of the man she had offered

to die to save, she felt even more the sting of ingratitude in herself for not divulging to her mother as much of her secret as would have saved Lindsay from dismissal, for she was now more and more satisfied that it was the strength of his love for her that had driven him to his great and perilous sacrifice. Nor could her mother, as she bent over her daughter, understand why her liberation should have been followed by so much sorrow; nay, loving her as she did, she even reproached her as being ungrateful to God.

"Mother," said the girl, "I have a secret that lies like a stane upon my heart. George Lindsay had nae mair to do with that forgery than you."

"And who had to do with it then, Effie, dear?"

"Myself," continued the daughter; "I filled up the cheque at the bidding o' Robert Stormonth, whom I had lang loved. It was he wha put my faither's name to it. It was to him I gave the money, to relieve him from debt, and he has fled."

"Effie, Effie," cried the mother; "and we have done this thing to George Lindsay—ta'en from him his basket and his store, yea, the bread o' his mouth, in recompense for trying to save your life by offering his ain!"

"Yes, mother," added Effie; "but we must make that wrang richt."

"And mair, lass," rejoined the mother, as she rose abruptly and nervously, and hurried to her husband, to whom she told the strange intelligence. Then John Carr was a just man as well as a loving parent; and while he forgave his unfortunate daughter, he went and brought back George Lindsay to his old place that very night; nor did he or Mrs. Carr know the joy they had poured into the heart of the young man, for the reason that they did not know the love he bore to their daughter. But if this was a satisfaction to Effie,

in so far as it relieved her heart of a burden, it brought to her a burden of another kind. The mother soon saw how matters stood with the heart of Lindsay, and she, moreover, saw that her or her daughter's gratitude could not be complete so long as he was denied the boon of being allowed to marry the girl he had saved from the gallows, and she waited her opportunity of breaking the delicate subject to Effie. It was not time yet, when Effie was an invalid, and even so far wasted and worn as to cause apprehensions of her ultimate fate, even death; nor perhaps would that time ever come when she could bear to hear the appeal without pain; for though Stormonth had ruined her character and her peace of mind—nay, had left her in circumstances almost unprecedented for treachery, baseness, and cruelty—he retained still the niche where the offerings of a first love had been made: his image had been indeed burned into the virgin heart, and no other form of man's face, though representing the possessor of beauty, wealth, and worldly honours, would ever take away that treasured symbol. It haunted her even as a shadow of herself, which, disappearing at sundown, comes again at the rising of the noon; nay, she would have been contented to make other sacrifices equally great as that which she had made; nor wild moors, nor streams, nor rugged hills, would have stopped her in an effort to look upon him once more, and replace that inevitable image by the real vision, which had first taken captive her young heart.

But time passed, bringing the usual ameliorations to the miserable. Effie got so far better in health that she became able to resume, in a languid way, her former duties, with the exception of those of "the gentle clerk"—for of these she had had enough; even the very look of a bank-draft brought a shudder over

her; nor would she have entered the Bank of Scotland again, even with a good cheque for a thousand pounds, to have been all her own. Meanwhile the patient George had plied a suit which he could only express by his eyes or the attentions of one who worships, but he never alluded, even in their conversations, to the old sacrifice. The mother too, and not less the father, saw the advantages that might result as well to the health of her mind as that of her body. They had waited—a vain waiting—for the wearing out of the traces of the obdurate image; and when they thought they might take placidity as the sign of what they waited for, they first hinted, and then expressed in plain terms, the wishes of their hearts. For a time all their efforts were fruitless; but John Carr getting old and weak, wished to be succeeded in his business by George; and the wife, when she became a widow, would require to be maintained—reasons which had more weight with Effie than any others, excepting always the act of George's self-immolation at the shrine in which his fancy had placed her. The importunities at length wore out her resistings, without effacing the lines of the old and still endeared image, and she gave a cold, we may say reluctant, consent. The bride's "ay" was a sigh, the rapture a tear of sadness. But George was pleased even with this: Effie, the long-cherished Effie, was at length his.

In her new situation, Effie Carr—now Mrs. Lindsay—performed all the duties of a good and faithful wife; by an effort of the will no doubt, though in another sense only a sad obedience to necessity, of which we are all, as the creatures of motives, the very slaves. But the old image resisted the appeals of her reason, as well as the blandishments of a husband's love. She was only true, faithful, and kind, till the birth of a

child lent its reconciling power to the efforts of duty. Some time afterwards John Carr died—an event which carried in its train the subsequent death of his wife. There was left to the son-in-law a dwindling business, and a very small sum of money, for the father had met with misfortunes in his declining years, which impaired health prevented him from resisting. Time wore on, and showed that the power of the martyr-spirit is not always that of the champion of worldly success, for it was now but a struggle between George Lindsay, with a stained name, and the stern demon of misfortune. He was at length overtaken by poverty, which, as affecting Effie, preyed so relentlessly upon his spirits, that within two years he followed John Carr to the grave. Effie was now left with two children to the work of her fingers, a poor weapon wherewith to beat off the wolf of want, and even this was curtailed by the effects of the old crime, which the public still kept in green remembrance.

Throughout, our story has been the sensationalism of angry fate, and even less likely to be believed than the work of fiction. Nor was the vulture face of the Nemesis yet smoothed down. The grief of her bereavement had only partially diverted Effie's mind from the recollections of him who had ruined her, and yet could not be hated by her, nay, could not be but loved by her. The sensitized nerve, which had received the old image, gave it out fresh again to the reviving power of memory, and this was only a continuation of what had been a corroding custom of years and years. But, as the saying goes, it is a long road that does not offer by its side the spreading bough of shade to the way-worn traveller. One day, when Effie was engaged with her work, of which she was as weary as of the dreaming which accompanied it, there appeared before her, with-

out premonition or foreshadowing sign, Robert Stormonth of Kelton, dressed as a country gentleman, booted, and with a whip in his hand.

"Are you Effie Carr?"

The question was useless to one who was already lying back in her chair in a state of unconsciousness, from which she recovered only to open her eyes and avert them, and shut them and open them again, like the victim of epilepsy.

"And do you fear me?" said the excited man, as he took her in his strong arms and stared wildly into her face; "I have more reason to fear you, whom I ruined," he continued. "Ay, brought within the verge of the gallows. I know it all, Effie. Open your eyes, dear soul, and smile once more upon me. Nay, I have known it for years, during which remorse has scourged me through the world. Look up, dear Effie, while I tell you I could bear the agony no longer; and now opportunity favours the wretched penitent, for my father is dead, and I am not only my own master, but master of Kelton, of which you once heard me speak. Will you not look up yet, dear Effie? I come to make amends to you, not by wealth merely, but to offer you again that love I once bore to you, and still bear. Another such look, dear—it is oil to my parched spirit. You are to consent to be my wife; the very smallest boon I dare offer."

During which strange rambling speech Effie was partly insensible; yet she heard enough to afford her clouded mind a glimpse of her condition, and of the meaning of what was said to her. For a time she kept staring into his face as if she had doubts of his real personality; nor could she find words to express even those more collected thoughts that began to gather into form.

"Robert Stormonth," at length she said, calmly, "and have you suffered too? Oh, this is more wonderful to me than a' the rest o' these wonderful things."

"As no man ever suffered, dear Effie," he answered. "I was on the eve of coming to you, when a friend I retained here wrote me to London of your marriage with the man who saved you from the fate into which I precipitated you. How I envied that man who offered to die for you! He seemed to take from me my only means of reparation; nay, my only chance of happiness. But he is dead. Heaven give peace to so noble a spirit! And now you are mine. It is mercy I come to seek in the first instance; the love—if that, after all that is past, is indeed possible—I will take my chance of that."

"Robert," cried the now weeping woman, "if that love had been aince less, what misery I would have been spared! Ay, and my father, and mother, and poor George Lindsay, a' helped awa to the grave by my crime, for it stuck to us to the end." And she buried her head in his bosom, sobbing piteously.

"*My* crime, dear Effie, not yours," said he. "It was you who saved my life; and if Heaven has a kindlier part than another for those who err by the fault of others, it will be reserved for one who made a sacrifice of love. But we have, I hope, something to enjoy before you go there, and as yet I have not got your forgiveness."

"It is yours—it is yours, Robert," was the sobbing answer. "Ay, and with it a' the love I ever had for you."

"Enough for this time, dear Effie," said he. "My horse waits for me. Expect me to-morrow at this hour with a better-arranged purpose." And folding her in his arms, and kissing her fervently, even as his

remorse were thereby assuaged as well as his love gratified, he departed, leaving Effie to thoughts we should be sorry to think ourselves capable of putting into words. Nor need we say more than that Stormonth kept his word. Effie Carr was in a few days Mrs. Stormonth, and in not many more the presiding female power in the fine residence of Kelton.

THE BURGHER'S TALES.

THE TWO RED SLIPPERS.

The taking down of the old house of four or five flats called Gowanlock's Land, in that part of the High Street which used to be called the Luckenbooths, has given rise to various stories connected with the building. Out of these I have selected a very strange legend —so strange indeed, that, if not true, it must have been the production, *quod est in arte summa*, of a capital inventor; nor need I say that it is of much importance to talk of the authenticity of these things, for the most authentic are embellished by invention—and it is certainly the best embellished that live the longest; for all which we have very good reasons in human nature.

Gowanlock's Land, it would seem, merely occupied the site of an older house, which belonged, at the time of Prince Charlie's occupation of the city, to an old town councillor of the name of Yellowlees. This older house was also one of many stories—an old form in Edinburgh, supposed to have been adopted from the French; but it had, which was not uncommon, an entry from the street running under an arch, and leading to the back of the premises to the lower part of the tenement, that part occupied by the councillor. There was a lower flat, and one above, which thus constituted an entire house; and which, moreover, rejoiced in the privilege of having an extensive garden, running down as far as the sheet of water called the North Loch, that secret "domestic witness," as the ancients used to say,

of many of the dark crimes of the old city. These gardens were the pride of the rich burghers of the time, decorated by Dutch-clipped hollies and trim box-wood walks; and in our special instance of Councillor Yellowlees' retreat, there was, in addition, a summer-house or rustic bower standing at the bottom, that is, towards the north, and close upon the loch. I may mention also that, in consequence of the damp, this little bower was strewed with rushes for the very special comfort of Miss Annie Yellowlees, the only and much petted child of the good councillor.

All which you must take as introductory to the important fact that the said Miss Annie, who, as a matter of course, was "very bonnie," as well as passing rich to be, had been, somewhat previous to the prince's entry to the town, pledged to be married to no less considerable a personage than Maister John Menelaws, a son of him of the very same name who dealt in pelts in a shop of the Canongate, and a student of medicine in the Edinburgh University; but as the councillor had in his secret soul hankerings after the prince, and the said student, John, was a red-hot royalist, the marriage was suspended, all to the inexpressible grief of our "bonnie Annie," who would not have given her John for all the Charlies and Geordies to be found from Berwick to Lerwick. On the other hand, while Annie was depressed, and forced to seek relief in solitary musings in her bower by the loch, it is just as true that "it is an ill wind that blaws naebody gude;" nay, the truth of the saying was verified in Richard Templeton, a fellow-student of Menelaws, and a rival, too, in the affections of Annie; who, being a Charlieite as well as an Annieite, rejoiced that his companion was in the meantime foiled and disappointed.

Meanwhile, and, I may say, while the domestic affairs

of the councillor's house were still in this unfortunate position, the prince's bubble burst in the way which history tells us of, and thereupon out came proscriptions of terrible import, and, as fate would have it, young Templeton's name was in the bloody register; the more by reason that he had been as noisy as Edinburgh students generally are in the proclamation of his partisanship. He must fly or secrete himself, or perhaps lose a head in which there was concealed a considerable amount of Scotch cunning. He at once thought of the councillor's house, with that secluded back garden and summer-house, all so convenient for secrecy, and the envied Annie there, too, whom he might by soft wooings detach from the hated Menelaws, and make his own through the medium of the pity that is akin to love. And so, to be sure, he straightway, under the shade of night, repaired to the house of the councillor, who, being a tender-hearted man, could not see a sympathiser with the glorious cause in danger of losing his head. Templeton was received—a report set abroad that he had gone to France—and all proper measures were taken within the house to prevent any domestic from letting out the secret.

In this scheme, Annie, we need hardly say, was a favouring party; not that she had any love for the young man, for her heart was still true to Menelaws (who, however, for safety's sake, was now excluded from the house), but that, with a filial obedience to a beloved father, she felt, with a woman's heart, sympathy for one who was in distress, and a martyr to the cause which her father loved. Need we wonder at an issue which may already be looming on the vision of those who know anything of human nature? The two young folks were thrown together. They were seldom out of each other's company. Suffering is

love's opportunity, and Templeton had to plead for him not only his misfortune, but a tongue rendered subtle and winning by love's action in the heart. As the days passed, Annie saw some new qualities in the martyr prisoner which she had not seen before; nay, the pretty little domestic attentions had the usual reflex effect upon the heart which administered them, and all that the recurring image of Menelaws could do to fight against these rising predilections was so far unavailing, that that very image waxed dimmer and dimmer, while the present object was always working through the magic of sensation. Yes, Annie Yellowlees grew day by day fonder of her *protégé*, until at length she got, as the saying goes, "over head and ears." Nay, was she not, in the long nights, busy working a pair of red slippers for the object of her new affections, and were not these so very suitable to one who, like Hercules, was reduced almost to the distaff, and who, unlike that woman-tamed hero, did not need them to be applied anywhere but to the feet?

In the midst of all this secluded domesticity, there was all that comfort which is said to come from stolen waters. Then was there not the prospect of the proscription being taken off, and the two would be made happy? Even in the meantime they made small escapades into free space. When the moon was just so far up as not to be a tell-tale, Templeton would, either with or without Annie, step out into the garden with these very red slippers on his feet. That bower by the loch, too, was favourable to the fondlings of a secret love; nor was it sometimes less to the prisoner a refuge from the eeriness which comes of *ennui*—if it is not the same thing—under the pressure of which strange feeling he would creep out at times when Annie could not be with him; nay, sometimes when the family had gone to bed.

And now we come to a very wonderful turn in our strange story. One morning Templeton did not make his appearance in the breakfast parlour, but of course he would when he got up and got his red slippers on. Yet he was so punctual; and Annie, who knew that her father had to go to the council chamber, would see what was the cause of the young man's delay. She went to his bedroom door. It was open; but where was Templeton? He was not there. He could not be out in the city; he could not be even in the garden with the full light of a bright morning sun shining on it. He was not in the house; he was not in the garden, as they could see from the windows. He was nowhere to be found; and, what added to the wonder, he had taken with him his red slippers, wherever he had gone. The inmates were in wonderment and consternation, and, conduplicated evil! they could make no inquiry for one who lay under the ban of a bloody proscription.

But wonders, as we all know, generally ensconce themselves in some snug theory, and die by a kind of pleasant euthanasia; and so it was with this wonder of ours. The councillor came, as the days passed, to the conclusion that Templeton, wearied out by his long confinement, had become desperate, and had gone abroad. As good a theory as could be got, seeing that he had not trusted himself in going near his friends; and Annie, whose grief was sharp and poignant, came also to settle down with a belief which still promised her her lover, though perhaps at a long date. But, somehow or another, Annie could not explain why, even with all the fondness he had to the work of her hands, he should have elected to expose himself to damp feet by making the love-token slippers do the duty of the pair of good shoes he had left in the bedroom.

Even this latter wonder wore away; and months and months passed on the revolving wheel which casts months, not less than moments, into that gulf we call eternity. The rigour of the Government prosecutions was relaxed, and timid sympathisers began to show their heads out of doors, but Richard Templeton never returned to claim either immunity or the woman of his affections. Nor within all this time did John Menelaws enter the house of the councillor; so that Annie's days were renounced to sadness, and her nights to reveries. But at last comes the eventful "one day" of the greatest of all story-tellers, Time, whereon happen his startling discoveries. Verily one day Annie had wandered disconsolately into the garden, and seated herself on the wooden form in the summer-house, where in the moonlight she had often nestled in the arms of her proscribed lover, who was now gone, it might be, for ever. Objective thought cast her into a reverie, and the reverie brought up again the images of these objects, till her heart beat with an affection renewed through a dream. At length she started up, and, wishing to hurry from a place which seemed filled with images at once lovable and terrible, she felt her foot caught by an impediment whereby she stumbled. On looking down she observed some object of a reddish-brown colour; and becoming alarmed lest it might be one of the toads with which the place was sometimes invaded, she started back. Yet curiosity forced her to a closer inspection. She applied her hand to the object, and brought away one of those very slippers which she had made for Templeton. All very strange; but what may be conceived to have been her feelings when she saw, sticking up from beneath the rushes, the white skeleton of a foot which had filled that very slipper! A terrible suspicion shot through her mind. She flew to her

father, and, hurrying him to the spot, pointed out to him the grim object, and showed him the slipper which had covered it. Mr. Yellowlees was a shrewd man, and soon saw that, the foot being there, the rest of the body was not far away. He saw, too, that his safety might be compromised either as having been concerned in a murder or the harbourage of a rebel; and so, making caution the better part of his policy, he repaired to a sympathiser, and having told him the story, claimed his assistance. Nor was this refused. That same night, by the light of a lamp, they exhumed the body of Templeton, much reduced, but enveloped with his clothes; only they observed that the other red slipper was wanting. On examining the body, they could trace the evidence of a sword-stab through the heart. All this they kept to themselves; and that same night they contrived to get the sexton of the Canongate to inter the body as that of a rebel who had been killed, and left where it was found.

This wonder also passed away, and, as time sped, old things began to get again into their natural order. Menelaws began to come again about the house; and as an old love, when the impediments are removed, is soon rekindled again, he and Annie became even all that which they had once been to each other. The old vows were repeated without the slightest reference being made by either party to the cause which had interfered to prevent them from having been fulfilled. It was not for Annie to proffer a reason, and it did not seem to be the wish of Menelaws to ask one. In a short time afterwards they were married.

The new-married couple, apparently happy in the enjoyment of an affection which had continued so long, and had survived the crossing of a new love, at least on one side, removed to a separate house farther up in

the Lawnmarket. Menelaws had previously graduated as a doctor, and he commenced to practise as such, not without an amount of success. Meanwhile the councillor died, leaving Annie a considerable fortune. In the course of somewhere about ten years they had five children. They at length resolved on occupying the old house with the garden, for Annie's reluctance became weakened by time. It was on the occasion of the flitting that Annie had to rummage an old trunk which Menelaws, long after the marriage, had brought from the house of his father, the dealer in pelts. There at the bottom, covered over by a piece of brown paper, she found—what? The very slipper which matched the one she still secretly retained in her possession. *Verbum sapienti.* You may now see where the strange land lies; nor was Annie blind. She concluded in an instant, and with a horror that thrilled through her whole body, that Menelaws had murdered his rival. She had lain for ten years in the arms of a murderer. She had borne to him five children. Nay, she loved him with all the force of an ardent temperament. The thought was terrible, and she recoiled from the very possibility of living with him a moment longer. She took the fatal memorial and secreted it along with its neighbour; and having a friend at a little distance from Edinburgh, she hurried thither, taking with her her children. Her father had left in her own power a sufficiency for her support, and she afterwards returned to town. All the requests of her husband for an explanation she resisted, and indeed they were not long persisted in, for Menelaws no doubt gauged the reason of her obduracy—a conclusion the more likely that he subsequently left Scotland. I have reason to believe that some of the existing Menelaws' are descended from this strange union.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

THERE is very prevalent, along the Borders, an opinion that the arms of the town of Selkirk represent an incident which occurred there at the time of the battle of Flodden. The device, it is well known, consists of a female bearing a child in her arms, seated on a tomb, on which is also placed the Scottish lion. Antiquaries tell us that this device was adopted in consequence of the melancholy circumstance of the wife of an inhabitant of the town having been found, by a party returning from the battle, lying dead at the place called Ladywood-edge, with a child sucking at her breast.

We have not the slightest wish to disturb this venerable legend. It commemorates, with striking force, the desolation of one of Scotland's greatest calamities; and though the device is rudely and coarsely imagined, there is a graphic strength in the conception, which, independently of the truth of the story, recommends it to the lover of the bold and fervid genius of our countrymen. We must, at same time, be allowed to say that there is another version, and this we intend, shortly, now to lay before the public, without vouching for its superiority of accuracy over its more favoured and cherished brother; and rather, indeed, cautioning the credulous lovers of old legends to be upon their guard, lest Dr. Johnson's reproof of Richardson be applicable to us, in saying that we have it upon authority.

When recruits were required by King James the Fourth for the invasion of the English territory, which

produced the most lamentable of all our defeats, it is well known that great exertions were used in the cause by the town-clerk of Selkirk, whose name was William Brydone, for which King James the Fifth afterwards conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Many of the inhabitants of Selkirk, fired with the ardour which the chivalric spirit of James infused into the hearts of his people, and with the spirit of emulation which Brydone had the art of exciting among his townsmen, as Borderers, joined the banners of their provost. Among these was one, Alexander Hume, a shoemaker, a strong stalwart man, bold and energetic in his character, and extremely enthusiastic in the cause of the king. He was deemed of considerable importance by Brydone, being held the second best man of the hundred citizens who are said to have joined his standard. When he came among his companions he was uniformly cheered. They had confidence in his sagacity and prudence, respected his valour, and admired his strength.

If Hume was thus courted by his companions, and urged by Brydone to the dangerous enterprise in which the king, by the wiles and flattery of the French queen, had engaged, he was treated in a very different manner by Margaret, his wife,—a fine young woman, who, fond to distraction of her husband, was desirous of preventing him from risking his life in a cause which she feared, with prophetic feeling, would bring desolation on her country. Every effort which love and female cajolery could suggest was used by this dutiful wife to keep her husband at home. She hung round his neck,—held up to his face a fine child five months old, whose mute eloquence softened the heart, but could not alter the purpose of the father,—wept, prayed, implored. She asked him the startling question—Who, when he was dead—and die he might—would shield her from

injury and misfortune, and cherish, with the tenderness and love which its beauty and innocence deserved, the interesting pledge of their affection? She painted in glowing colours—which the imagination, excited by love, can so well supply—the situation of her as a widow and her child as an orphan. Their natural protector gone, what would be left to her but grief, what would remain for her child but destitution? His spirit would hear her wails; but beggary would array her in its rags, and hunger would steal from her cheek the vestiges of health and the lineaments of beauty.

These appeals were borne by Hume by the panoply of resolution. He loved Margaret as dearly, as truly as man could love woman, as a husband could love the partner of his life and fortunes. He answered with tears and embraces; but he remained true to the cause of his king and his country.

"Would you hae me, Margaret," he said, "to disgrace mysel' in the face o' my townsmen? Doesna our guid king intend to leave his fair Margaret, and risk the royal bluid o' the Bruce for the interests o' auld Scotland? and doesna our honoured provost mean to desert, for a day o' glory, his braw wife, that he may deck her wimple wi' the roses o' England, and her name wi' a Scotch title? Wharfore, then, should I, a puir tradesman, fear to put in jeopardy for the country that bore me the life that is hers as weel as yours, and sacrifice, sae far as the guid that my arm can produce, the glory o' my king and the character o' my country?"

Margaret heard this speech with the most intense grief. She was incapable of argument. She was inconsolable. Her husband remained inexorable, and entreaty gave way to anger. She had adopted the

idea that Hume was buoyed up with the pride of leadership; and she told him, with some acrimony, that his ambition of being thought the bravest man of Selkirk would not, in the event of his death, supply the child he was bound to work for with a bite of bread. Her love and anger carried her beyond bounds. She used other language of a harsher character, which forced her good-natured husband to retaliate in terms unusual to him, unsuited to the serious subject which they had in hand, and far less to the dangerous separation which they were about to experience. The conversation got more acrimonious. Words of a high cast produced expressions stronger still, and Hume left his wife in anger, to go to the field from which he might never return.

Regret follows close upon the heels of incensed love. Alexander Hume had not been many paces from his own house, when his wife saw, in its proper light, the true character of her situation. Her husband had gone on a perilous enterprise. He might perish. She had perhaps got her last look of him who was dearest to her bosom. That look was in anger. The idea was terrible. Those who know the strength and delicacy of the feelings of true affection may conceive the situation of Margaret Hume. Unable to control herself, she threw her child into its crib, and rushed out of the house. One parting glance of reconciliation was all she wanted. She hurried through the town with an excited and terrified aspect, searching everywhere for her husband. He had departed with his companions; and Margaret was left in the agony of one whose sorrow is destined to be increased by the workings of an excited fancy, and the remorseful feelings of self-impeachment.

In the meantime, Hume having joined his com-

panions, proceeded to the main army of the king, which was encamped on the hill of Flodden, lying on the left of the river Till. The party with which he was associated put themselves under the command of Lord Home; who, with the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, led the left of the van of the Scottish army. This part of the king's troops, it is well known, was opposed to Sir Edmund Howard. They were early engaged, and fought so successfully that Howard soon stood in need of succour from Lord Dacre, to save him from being speared on the field.

In this struggle Alexander Hume displayed the greatest prowess. He was seen in every direction dealing out death wherever he went. He was not, however, alone. His companions kept well up to him; and, in particular, one individual, who had joined the party as they approached the field, fought with a bravery equal to that of Hume himself. That person kept continually by his side, and seemed to consider the brave Borderer as his chosen companion-in-arms, whom he was bound to defend through all the perils of the fight. A leather haubergeon and an iron helmet, in which there was placed a small white feather, plucked from a cock's wing, constituted the armour of this brave seconder of Hume's gallantry. When Hume was attacked by the English with more force than his individual arm could sustain, no one of his companions was more ready to bring him aid than this individual. On several occasions he may be said to have saved his life, for Hume's recklessness drew him often into the very midst of the fight, where he must have perished had it not been for the timely assistance of his friend. On one occasion, in particular, an Englishman came behind him, and was in the very act of inserting a spear between the clasps of his armour,

when his companion struck the dastardly fellow to the earth, and resumed the fight in front of the battle.

This noble conduct was not unappreciated by Hume; for where is bravery found segregated from gratitude and generosity? He called upon him, even in the midst of the battle, for his name, that he might, in the event of their being separated, recollect and commemorate his friendship. The request was not complied with, but the superintending and saving arm of the stranger continued to be exercised in favour of the Borderer. They fought together to the end of the battle. The result of the bloody contest is but too well known. The strains of poetry have carried the wail of bereavement to the ends of the earth, and sorrow has claimed the sounds as its own individual expression.

The Scottish troops took their flight in different directions. Hume and his companions were obliged to lie in secret for a considerable time in the surrounding forests. He made many inquiries among his friends for the individual who had fought with him so bravely and saved his life. He could find no trace of him, beyond the information that he had disappeared when Hume had given up the fight. The direction in which he went was unknown; nor could any one tell the place from which he came.

The people of Selkirk who had been in the fight, sought their town as soon as they could with safety get out of the reach of the English. Their numbers formed a sorry contrast to those who had, with light hearts and high hopes, sought the field of battle; and it has been reported that when the wretched wounded and bloodstained remnant entered the town, a cry of sorrow was raised by the inhabitants collected to meet them, the remembrance of which remained on the

hearts of their children long after those who uttered it had been consigned with their griefs to the grave.

Hume, who had also grievously repented of the harsh words he had applied to his beloved wife on the occasion of their separation, was all impatience to clasp her to his bosom, and seal their reconciliation with a kiss of repentance and love. Leaving his companions as they entered the town, he flew to the house. He approached the door. He reached it with a trembling heart. He had prepared the kind words of salutation. He had wounds to show, and to get dressed by the tender hand of sympathy. Lifting the latch, he entered. No one came to meet him. No sound, either of wife or child, met his ear. On looking round he saw, sitting in an arm-chair, the person who had accompanied him in battle, wearing the same haubergeon, the same helmet, the individual white feather that had attracted his attention. That person was Margaret Hume. She was dead. Her head reclined on the back of the chair, her arms hung by her side, the edge of her haubergeon was uplifted, and at her white bosom, from which flowed streams of blood, her child sucked the milk of a dead mother. *Omissis nugis rem experiamur.*

END OF VOL. XXIII.

MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

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WILSON'S

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE MINSTREL'S TALES.

I.

EDMUND AND HELEN.

CANTO FIRST.

Come, sit thee by me, love, and thou shalt hear
A tale may win a smile and claim a tear—
A plain and simple story told in rhyme,
As sang the minstrels of the olden time.
No idle Muse I'll needlessly invoke—
No patron's aid, to steer me from the rock
Of cold neglect round which oblivion lies;
But, loved one, I will look into thine eyes,
From which young poesy first touched my soul,
And bade the burning words in numbers roll;—
They were the light in which I learned to sing;
And still to thee will kindling fancy cling—
Glow at thy smile, as when, in younger years,
I've seen thee smiling through thy maiden tears,
Like a fair floweret bent with morning dew,
While sunbeams kissed its leaves of loveliest hue.

Thou wert the chord and spirit of my lyre—
Thy love the living voice that breathed—"aspire!"—
That smoothed ambition's steep and toilsome height,
And in its darkest paths was round me, light.
Then, sit thee by me, love, and list the strain,
Which, but for thee, had still neglected lain.

II.

Didst thou e'er mark, within a beauteous vale,
Where sweetest wild-flowers scent the summer gale,
And the blue Tweed, in silver windings, glides,
Kissing the bending branches on its sides,
A snow-white cottage, one that well might seem
A poet's picture of contentment's dream?
Two chestnuts broad and tall embower the spot,
And bend in beauty o'er the peaceful cot;
The creeping ivy clothes its roof with green,
While round the door the perfumed woodbine's seen
Shading a rustic arch; and smiling near,
Like rainbow fragments, blooms a rich parterre;
Grey, naked crags—a steep and pine-clad hill—
A mountain chain and tributary rill—
A distant hamlet and an ancient wood,
Begirt the valley where the cottage stood.
That cottage was a young Enthusiast's home,
Ere blind ambition lured his steps to roam;
He was a wayward, bold, and ardent boy,
At once his parents' grief—their hope and joy.
Men called him Edmund.—Oft his mother wept
Beside the couch where yet her schoolboy slept,

As, starting in his slumbers, he would seem
To speak of things of which none else might dream.

III.

Adown the vale a stately mansion rose,
With arboured lawns, like visions of repose
Serene in summer loveliness, and fair
As if no passion e'er was dweller there
Save innocence and love; for they alone
Within the smiling vale of peace were known.
But fairer and more lovely far than all,
Like Spring's first flowers, was Helen of the Hall—
The blue-eyed daughter of the mansion's lord,
And living image of a wife adored,
But now no more; for, ere a lustrum shed
Its smiles and sunshine o'er the infant's head,
Death, like a passing spirit, touched the brow
Of the young mother; and the father now
Lived as a dreamer on his daughter's face,
That seemed a mirror wherein he could trace
The long lost past—the eyes of love and light,
Which his fond soul had worshipped, ere the night
Of death and sorrow sealed those eyes in gloom—
Darkened his joys, and whelmed them in the tomb.

IV.

Young Edmund and fair Helen, from the years
Of childhood's golden joys and passing tears,
Were friends and playmates; and together they
Across the lawn, or through the woods, would stray.

While he was wont to pull the lilies fair,
And weave them, with the primrose, round her hair;—
Plait toys of rushes, or bedeck the thorn
With daisies sparkling with the dews of morn;
While she, these simple gifts would grateful take—
Love for their own and for the giver's sake.
Or, they would chase the butterfly and bee
From flower to flower, shouting in childish glee;
Or hunt the cuckoo's echo through the glade,
Chasing the wandering sound from shade to shade.
Or, if she conned the daily task in vain,
A word from Edmund made the lesson plain.

V.

Thus years rolled by in innocence and truth,
And playful childhood melted into youth,
As dies the dawn in rainbows, ray by ray
In blushing beauty stealing into day.
And thus too passed, unnoticed and unknown,
The sports of childhood, fleeting one by one.
Like broken dreams, of which we neither know
From whence they come, nor mark we when they go.
Yet would they stray where Tweed's fair waters glide,
As we have wandered—fondly side by side;
And when dun gloaming's shadows o'er it stole
As silence visible—until the soul
Grew tranquil as the scene—then would they trace
The deep'ning shadows on the river's face—
A voiceless world, where glimmered, downward far,
Inverted mountain, tree, and cloud, and star.

'Twas Edmund's choicest scene, and he would dwell
On it, till he grew eloquent, and tell
Its beauties o'er and o'er, until the maid
Knew every gorgeous tint and mellowed shade
Which evening from departed sunbeams threw,
And as a painter on the waters drew.

VI.

Or, when brown Autumn touched the leaves with age,
The heavens became the young Enthusiast's page
Wherein his fancy read; and they would then,
Hand locked in hand, forsake the haunts of men;
Communing with the silver queen of night,
Which, as a spirit, shone upon their sight,
Full orbed in maiden glory; and her beams
Fell on their hearts, like distant shadowed gleams
Of future joy and undefinèd bliss—
Half of another world and half of this.
Then, rapt in dreams, oft would he gazing stand,
Grasping in his her fair and trembling hand,
And thus exclaim, "Helen, when I am gone,
When that bright moon shall shine on you alone,
And but *one* shadow on the river fall—
Say, wilt thou then these heavenly hours recall?
Or read, upon the fair moon's smiling brow
The words we've uttered—those we utter now?
Or think, though seas divide us, I may be
Gazing upon that glorious orb with thee
At the same moment—hearing, in its rays,
The hallowed whisperings of early days!

For, oh, there is a language in its calm
And holy light, that hath a power to balm
The troubled spirit, and like memory's glass,
Make bygone happiness before us pass."

VII.

Or, they would gaze upon the evening star,
Blazing in beauteous glory from afar,
Dazzling its kindred spheres, and bright o'er all,
Like LOVE on the Eternal's coronal;
Until their eyes its rays reflected, threw
In glances eloquent—though words were few;
For well I ween, it is enough to feel
The power of such an hour upon us steal,
As if a holy spirit filled the air,
And nought but love and silence might be there—
Or whispers, which, like Philomel's soft strains,
Are only heard to tell that silence reigns.
Yet, he at times would break the hallowed spell,
And thus in eager rhapsodies would dwell
Upon the scene: "O'er us rolls world on world,
Like the Almighty's regal robes unfurled;—
O'erwhelming, dread, unbounded, and sublime—
Eternity's huge arms that girdle time
And roll around it, marking out the years
Of this dark spot of sin amidst the spheres!
For, oh, while gazing upon worlds so fair,
'Tis hard to think that sin has entered there;
That those bright orbs which now in glory swim,
Should e'er for man's ingratitude be dim!

Bewildered, lost, I cast mine eyes abroad,
And read on every star the name of God!
The thought o'erwhelms me!—Yet, while gazing on
Yon star of love, I cannot feel alone;
For wheresoe'er my after lot may be,
That evening star shall speak of home and thee.
Fancy will view it o'er yon mountain's brow
That sleeps in solitude before us now;
While memory's lamp shall kindle at its rays,
And light the happy scenes of other days—
Such scenes as this; and then the very breeze
That with it bears the odour of the trees,
And gathers up the meadow's sweet perfume,
From off my clouded brow, shall chase the gloom
Of sick'ning absence; for the scented air
To me wafts back remembrance, as the prayer
Of lisping childhood is remembered yet,
Like living words, which we can ne'er forget."

VIII.

Till now, their life had been one thought of joy,
A vision time was destined to destroy—
As dies the dewy network on the thorn,
Before the sunbeams, with the mists of morn.
Thus far their lives in one smooth current ran—
They loved, yet knew not when that love began,
And hardly knew they loved; though it had grown
A portion of their being, and had thrown
Its spirit o'er them; for its shoots had sprung
Up in their hearts, while yet their hearts were young;

Even like the bright leaves of some wandering seed,
Which Autumn's breezes bear across the mead,
O'er naked wild and mountain, till the wind,
Dropping its gift, a stranger flower we find.
And with their years the kindling feeling grew,
But grew unnoticed, and no change they knew;
For it had grown, even as a bud displays
Its opening beauties—one on which we gaze,
Yet note no seeming change from hour to hour,
But find, at length, the bud a lovely flower.

IX.

Thus, thrice six golden summers o'er them fled,
And on their hearts their rip'ning influence shed;
Till one fair eve, when from the gorgeous west,
Cloud upon cloud in varied splendour pressed
Around the setting sun, which blinding shone
On the horizon like its Maker's throne,
Till veiled in glory, and its parting ray
Fell as a blessing on the closing day;
Or, like the living smile of Nature's God
Upon his creatures, shedding peace abroad.
The early lark had ceased its evening song,
And silence reigned amidst the feathered throng,
Save where the chaffinch, with unvarying strain,
Its short, sweet line of music trilled again;
Or where the stock-dove, from the neighbouring grove,
Welcomed the twilight with the voice of love:
Then Edmund wandered by the trysting-tree,
Where, at that hour, the maid was wont to be;

But now she came not. Deep'ning shade on shade,
The night crept round him; still he lonely strayed,
Gazed on the tree till grey its foliage grew,
And stars marked midnight, ere he slow withdrew.
Another evening came—a third passed on—
And wondering, fearing, still he stood alone,
Trembling and gazing on her father's hall,
Where lights were glittering as a festival;
And, as with cautious step he ventured near,
Sounds of glad music burst upon his ear,
And figures glided in the circling dance,
While wild his love and poverty at once
Flashed through his bursting heart, and smote him now
As if a thunderbolt had scorched his brow,
And scathed his very spirit; as he stood,
Mute as despair—the ghost of solitude!

X.

Strange guests were revelling at the princely hall—
Proud peers and ladies fair; but, chief of all,
A rich and haughty knight, from Beaumont side,
Who came to woo fair Helen as his bride;
Or rather from her father ask her hand,
And woo no more, but deem consent command.
He too was young, high-born, and bore a name
Sounding with honours bought, though not with fame;
And the consent he sought her father gave,
Nor feared the daughter of his love would brave
In aught his wishes, or oppose his will;
For she had ever sought it, as the rill

Seeketh the valley or the ocean's breast;
And ere his very wishes were expressed,
She strove to trace their meaning in his eyes,
Even as a seaman readeth on the skies
The coming breeze, the calm, or brooding gale,
Then spreads the canvas wide, or reefs the sail.
Nor did he doubt that still her heart was free
As the fleet mountain deer, which as a sea
The wilderness surrounds; for she had grown
Up as a desert flower, that he alone
Had watched and cherished; and the blinding pride
Of wealth and ancestry had served to hide
From him alone, what long within the vale
Had been the rustic gossip's evening tale.
That such presumptuous love could e'er employ
The secret fancies of the cottage boy,
He would have held impossible, or smiled
At the bold madness of a thought so wild—
Reading his daughter's spirit by his own,
Which reared an ancient name as virtue's throne,
And only stooped to look on meaner things,
Whose honours echoed not the breath of kings.

XI.

Wild were the passions, fierce the anguish now,
Which tore the very soul, and clothed the brow
Of the Enthusiast; while gaunt despair
Its heavy, cold, and iron hand laid bare,
And in its grasp of torture clenched his heart,
Till, one by one, the life-drops seemed to start

In agony unspeakable: within
His breast its freezing shadow—dark as sin,
Gloomy as death, and desolate as hell—
Like starless midnight on his spirit fell,
Burying his soul in darkness; while his love,
Fierce as a whirlwind, in its madness strove
With stern despair, as on the field of wrath
The wounded war-horse, panting, strives with death.
Then as the conflict weakened, hope would dash
Across his bosom, like the death-winged flash
That flees before the thunder; yet its light
Lived but a moment, leaving deeper night
Around the strife of passions; and again
The struggle maddened, and the hope was vain.

XII.

He heard the maidens of the valley say,
How they upon their lady's wedding-day
Would strew her path with flowers, and o'er the lawn
Join in the dance, to eve from early dawn;
While, with a smile and half deriding glance,
Some sought him as their partner in the dance:
And peasant railers, as he passed them by,
Laughed, whispered, laughed again, and mocked a sigh.
But he disdained them; and his heaving breast
Had no room left to feel their vulgar jest,
For it ran o'er with agony and scorn,
As water dropping on a rock was borne.

XIII.

'Twas a fair summer night, and the broad moon
Sailed in calm glory through the skies of June,
Pouring on earth its pale and silv'ry light,
Till roughest forms were softened to the sight;
And on the western hills its faintest ray
Kissed the yet ruddy streaks of parted day.
The stars were few, and, twinkling, dimly shone,
For the bright moon in beauty reigned alone.
One cloud lay sleeping 'neath the breathless sky,
Bathed in the limpid light; while, as the sigh
Of secret love, silent as shadows glide,
The soft wind played among the leafy pride
Of the green trees, and scarce the aspen shook;
A babbling voice was heard from every brook,
And down the vale, in murmurs low and long,
Tweed poured its ancient and unwearied song.
Before, behind, around, afar, and near,
The wakeful landrail's watchword met the ear.
Then Edmund leaned against the hallowed tree,
Whose shade had been their temple, and where he
Had carved their names in childhood, and they yet
Upon the rind were visible. They met
Beneath its branches, spreading as a bower,
For months—for years; and the impassioned hour
Of silent, deep deliciousness and bliss,
Pure as an angel's, fervid as the kiss
Of a young mother on her first-born's brow,
Fled in their depth of joy they knew not how;

Even as the Boreal meteor mocks the eye,
Living a moment on the gilded sky,
And dying in the same, ere we can trace
Its golden hues, its form, or hiding-place.
But now to him each moment dragged a chain,
And time itself seemed weary. The fair plain,
Where the broad river in its pride was seen,
With stately woods and fields of loveliest green,
To him was now a wilderness; and even
Upon the everlasting face of heaven
A change had passed—its very light was changed,
And shed forth sickness; for he stood estranged
From all that he had loved, and every scene
Spoke of despair where love and joy had been.
Thus desolate he stood, when, lo! a sound
Of voices and gay laughter echoed round.
Then straight a party issued from the wood,
And ere he marked them all before him stood.
He gazed, he startled, shook, exclaimed aloud,
"Helen!" then burst away, and as a shroud
The sombre trees concealed him; but a cry
Of sudden anguish echoed a reply
To his wild word of misery, though he
Heard not its tone of heart-pierced agony.
She, whom his fond soul worshipped as its bride,
He saw before him by her wooer's side,
'Midst other proud ones. 'Twas a sight like death—
Death on his very heart. The balmy breath
Of the calm night struck on his brow with fire;
For each fierce passion, burning in its ire,

Raged in his bosom as a with'ring flame,
And scarce he knew he madly breathed her name;
But, as a bark before the tempest tost,
Rushed from the scene, exclaiming wildly, "Lost!"

XIV.

Two days of sorrow slowly round had crept,
And Helen lonely in her chamber wept,
Shunning her father's guests, and shunning, too,
The glance of rage and scorn which now he threw
Upon the child that e'er to him had been
Dear as immortal hope, when o'er the scene
Of human life, death, slow as twilight, lowers.
She was the sunlight of his widowed hours—
The all he loved, the glory of his eye,
His hope by day, the sole remaining tie
That linked him with the world; and rudely now
That link seemed broken; and upon his brow
Wrath lay in gloom; while, from his very feet,
He spurned the being he was wont to meet
With outstretched arms of fondness and of pride,
While all the father's feelings in a tide
Of transport gushed. But now she wept alone,
Shunning and shunned; and still the bitter tone
In which she heard her Edmund breathe her name,
Rang in her heaving bosom; and the flame
That lit his eye with frenzy and despair,
Upon her naked spirit seemed to glare
With an accusing glance; yet, while her tears
Were flowing silently, as hours and years

Flow down the tide of time, one whom she loved,
And who from childhood's days had faithful proved,
Approached her weeping, and within her hand
A packet placed, as Edmund's last command!
Wild throbbed her heart, and tears a moment fled,
While, tremblingly, she broke the seal, and read;
Then wept, and sobbed aloud, and read again,
These farewell words, of passion and of pain.

XV.

EDMUND'S LETTER.

HELEN!—*farewell!*—I write but could not speak
That parting word of bitterness; the cheek
Grows pale when the tongue utters it; the knell
Which tells "the grave is ready!" and doth swell
On the dull wind, tolling—"the dead—the dead!"
Sounds not more desolate. It is a dread
And fearful thing to be of hope bereft,
As if the soul itself had died, and left
The body living—feeling in its breast
The death of deaths, its everlasting guest!
Such is my cheerless bosom; 'tis a tomb
Where Hope lies buried in eternal gloom,
And Love mourns o'er it—yes, my Helen—Love—
Like the sad wailings of a widowed dove
Over its rifled nest. Yet blame me not,
That I, a lowly peasant's son, forgot
The gulf between our stations. Could I gaze
Upon the glorious sun, and see its rays

Fling light and beauty round me, and remain
Dead to its power, while on the lighted plain
The humblest weed looked up in love, and spread
Its leaves before it! The vast sea doth wed
The simple brook; the bold lark soars on high,
Bounds from its humble nest and woos the sky;
Yea, the frail ivy seeks and loves to cling
Round the proud branches of the forest's king:
Then blame me not;—thou wilt not, canst not blame;
Our sorrows, hopes, and joys have been the same—
Been one from childhood; but the dream is past,
And stern realities at length have cast
Our fates asunder. Yet, when thou shalt see
Proud ones before thee bend the suppliant knee,
And kiss thy garment while they woo thy hand,
Spurn not the peasant boy who dared to stand
Before thee, in the rapture of his heart,
And woo thee as thine equal. Courtly art
May find more fitting phrase to charm thine ear,
But, dearest, mayst thou find them as sincere!
And, oh! by every past and hallowed hour!
By the lone tree that formed our trysting bower!
By the fair moon, and all the stars of night,
That round us threw love's holiest, dearest light!
By infant passion's first and burning kiss!
By every witness of departed bliss!
Forget me not, loved one! forget me not!
For, oh, to know that I am not forgot—
That thou wilt still retain within thy breast
Some thought of him who loved you first and best—

To know but this, would in my bosom be
Like one faint star seen from the pathless sea
By the bewildered mariner. Once more,
Maid of my heart, farewell! A distant shore
Must be thy Edmund's home — though where the soul
Is as a wilderness; from pole to pole
The desolate in heart may ceaseless roam,
Nor find on earth that spot of heaven—a home!
But be thou happy!—be my Helen blessed!—
Thou wilt be happy! Oh! those words have pressed
Thoughts on my brain on which I may not dwell!
Again, farewell!—my Helen, fare-thee-well!

XVI.

A gallant bark was gliding o'er the seas,
And, like a living mass, before the breeze,
Swept on majestic, as a thing of mind
Whose spirit held communion with the wind,
Rearing and rising o'er the billowed tide,
As a proud steed doth toss its head in pride.
Upon its deck young Edmund silent stood—
A son of sadness; and his mournful mood
Grew day by day, while wave on wave rolled by,
And he their homeward current with a sigh
Followed with fondness. Still the vessel bore
The wanderer onward from his native shore,
Till in a distant land he lonely stood
'Midst city crowds in more than solitude.

XVII.

There long he wandered, without aim or plan,
Till *disappointment* whispered, *Act as man!*
But though it cool the fever of the brain,
And shake, untaught, presumption's idle reign,
Bring folly to its level, and bid hope
Before the threshold of attainment stop,
Still—when its blastings thwart our every scheme,
When humblest wishes seem an idle dream,
And the bare bread of life is half denied—
Such disappointments humble not our pride;
But do they change the temper of the soul,
Change every word and action, and enrol
The nobler mind with things of basest name—
With idleness, dishonesty, and shame!
It hath its bounds, and thus far it is well
To check presumption—visions wild to quell;
Then 'tis the chastening of a father's hand—
All wholesome, all expedient. But to stand
Writhing beneath the unsparing lash, and be
Trampled on veriest earth, while misery
Stems the young blood, or makes it freeze with care,
And on the tearless eyeballs writes, *Despair!*
Oh! this is terrible!—and it doth throw
Upon the brow such early marks of woe,
That men seem old ere they have well been young;
Their fond hopes perish, and their hearts are wrung
With such dark feelings—misanthropic gloom,
Spite of their natures, haunts them to the tomb.

XVIII.

Now, Edmund 'midst the bustling throng appears
One old in wretchedness, though young in years;
For he had struggled with an angry world,
Had felt misfortune's billows o'er him hurled,
And strove against its tide—where wave meets wave
Like huge leviathans sporting wild, and lave
Their mountain breakers round with circling sweep,
Till, drawn within the vortex of their deep,
The man of ruin struggleth—but in vain;
Like dying swimmers who, in breathless pain
Despairing, strike at random!—It would be
A subject worth the schoolmen's scrutiny,
To trace each simple source from whence arose
The strong and mingled stream of human woes.
But here we may not. It is ours alone
To make the lonely wanderer's fortunes known;
And now, in plain but faithful colours dressed,
To paint the feelings of his hopeless breast.

XIX.

His withered prospects blacken—wounds await—
The grave grows sunlight to his darker fate.
All now is gall and bitterness within,
And thoughts, once sternly pure, half yield to sin.
His sickened soul, in all its native pride,
Swells 'neath the breast that tattered vestments hide,
Disdained, disdaining; while men flourish, he
Still stands a stately though a withered tree.

But, Heavens! the agony of the moment when
Suspicion stamped the smiles of other men;
When friends glanced *doubts*, and proudly prudent grew,
His counsellors, and his accusers too!

XX.

Picture his pain, his misery, when first
His growing wants their proud concealment burst;
When the first tears start from his stubborn soul.
Big, burning, solitary drops, that roll
Down his pale cheek—the momentary gush
Of human weakness—till the whirlwind rush
Of pride, of shame, had dashed them from his eye,
And his swollen heart heaved mad with agony!
Then, then the pain—the infinity of feeling—
Words fail to paint its anguish. Reason, reeling,
Staggered with torture through his burning brain,
While his teeth gnashed with bitterness and pain;
Reflection grew a scorpion, speech had fled,
And all but madness and despair were dead.

XXI.

He slept to dream of death, or worse than death;
For death were bliss, and the convulsive wrath
Of living torture peace, to the dread weight
That pressed upon sensation, while the light
Of reason gleamed but horror, and strange hosts
Of hideous phantasies, like threat'ning ghosts,
Grotesquely mingled, preyed upon his brain:
Then would he dream of yesterdays again,

Or view to-morrow's terrors thick surround
His fancy with forebodings. While the sound
Of his own breath broke frightful on his ear,
He, bathed in icy sweat, would start in fear,
Trembling and pale; then did his glances seem
Sad as the sun's last, conscious, farewell gleam
Upon the eve of judgment. Such appear
His days and nights whom hope has ceased to cheer.
But grov'llers know it not. The supple slave
Whose worthiest record is a nameless grave,
Whose truckling spirit bends and bids him kneel,
And fawn and vilely kiss a patron's heel—
Even *he* can cast the cursed suspicious eye,
Inquire the *cause* of *this*—the *reason why?*
And stab the sufferer. Then, the tenfold pain
To feel a gilded butterfly's disdain !—
A kicking ass, without an ass's sense,
Whose only virtue is, pounds, shillings, pence;
And now, while ills on ills beset him round,
The scorn of such the hopeless Edmund found.

XXII.

But hope returned, and on the wanderer's ear
Breathed its life-giving watchword, *Persevere!*
And torn by want, and struggling with despair,
These were his words, his fixed resolve and prayer,
"Hail perseverance, rectitude of heart,
Through life thy aid, thy conquering power impart;
Repulsed and broken, blasted, be thou ever
A portion of my spirit! Leave me never;

Firm, fixed in purpose, watchful, unsubdued,
Until my hand hath grasped the prize pursued."

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Now, list thee, love, again, and I will tell
Of other scenes, and changes which befell
The hero of our tale. A wanderer still,
Like a lost sheep upon a wintry hill—
Wild through his heart rush want and memory now,
Like whirlwinds meeting on a mountain's brow;
Slow in his veins the thin blood coldly creeps;
He starts, he dreams, and as he walks, he sleeps!
He is a stranger—houseless, fainting, poor,
Without the shelter of one friendly door;
The cold wind whistles through his garments bare,
And shakes the night dew from his freezing hair.
You weep to hear his woes, and ask me why,
When sorrows gathered and no aid was nigh,
He sought not then the cottage of his birth,
The peace and comforts of his father's hearth?
That also thou shalt hear. Scarce had he left
His parents' home, ere ruthless fortune reft
His friend and father of his little all.
Crops failed, and friends proved false; but, worse than all,
The wife of his young love, bowed down with grief
For her sole child, like an autumnal leaf
Nipped by the frosts of night, drooped day by day,
As a fair morning cloud dissolves away.

Her eyes were dimmed with tears, and o'er her cheek,
Like a faint rainbow, broke a fitful streak,
Coming and vanishing. She weaker grew,
And scarce the half of their misfortunes knew,
Until the law's stern minions, as their prey,
Relentless seized the bed on which she lay.
"My husband! Oh my son!" she faintly cried;
Sank on her pillow, and before them died.
Even they shed tears. The widowed husband, there,
Stood like the stricken ghost of dumb despair;
Then sobbed aloud, and, sinking on the bed,
Kissed the cold forehead of his sainted dead.
Then went he forth a lone and ruined man;
But, ere three moons their circling journeys ran,
Pride, like a burning poison in his breast,
Scorched up his life, and gave the ruined rest;
Yet not till he, with tottering steps and slow,
Regained the vale where Tweed's fair waters flow,
And there, where pines around the churchyard wave,
He breathed his last upon his partner's grave!

II.

I may not tell what ills o'er Edmund passed;
Enough to say that fortune smiled at last.
In the far land where the broad Ganges rolls;
Where nature's bathed in glory, and the souls
Of men alone dwell in a starless night,
While all around them glows and lives in light:
There now we find him, honoured, trusted, loved,
For from the humblest stations he had proved

Faithful in all, and trust on trust obtained,
Till, if not wealth, he *independence* gained—
Earth's noblest blessing, and the dearest given
To man beneath the sacred hope of heaven.
And still, as time on silent pinions flew,
His fortunes flourished and his honours grew;
But as they grew, an anxious hope, that long
Had in his bosom been but as the song
Of viewless echo, indistinct, and still
Receding from us, grew as doth a rill
Embraced by others and increasing ever,
Till distant plains confess the sweeping river.
And, need I say, that hope referred alone
To her who in his heart had fixed her throne,
And reigned within it still, the sovereign queen.
Yet darkest visions oft would flit between
His fondest fancies, as the thought returned
That she for whom his soul still restless burned,
Would be another's now, while haply he,
Lost to her heart, would to her memory be
As the remembrance of a pleasing dream,
Vague and forgotten half, but which we deem
Worthy no waking thought. Thus years rolled by;
Hope wilder glowed and brightened in his eye.
Nor knew he why he hoped; but though despair
The Enthusiast's heart may madly grasp, and glare
Even on his soul, it may not long remain
A dweller on his breast, for hope doth reign
There as o'er its inheritance; and he
Lives in fond visions of futurity.

III.

Twelve slow and chequered years had passed.—Again
A stately vessel ploughed the pathless main,
And waves and days together glided by,
Till, as a cloud on the Enthusiast's eye,
His island home rose from the ocean's breast—
A thing of strength, of glory, and of rest—
The giant of the deep!—while on his sight
Burst the blue hills, and cliffs of dazzling white—
Stronger than death! and beautiful as strong!
Kissed by the sea, and worshipped with its song!
"Home of my fathers!" the Enthusiast cried;
"Their home—ay, and their grave!" he said and sighed.
But gazing still upon its glorious strand,
Again he cried, "My own, my honoured land!
Fair freedom's home and mine! Britannia! hail!
Queen of the mighty seas; to whom each gale
From every point of heaven a tribute brings,
And on thy shores earth's farthest treasure flings!
Land of my heart and birth! at sight of thee
My spirit boundeth, like a bird set free
From long captivity! Thy very air
Is fragrant with remembrance! Thou dost bear,
On thy Herculean cliffs, the rugged seal
Of godlike Liberty! The slave might kneel
Upon thy shore, bending the willing knee,
To kiss the sacred earth that sets him free!
Even I feel freer as I reach thy shore,
And my soul mingles with the ocean's roar

That hymns around thee! Birthplace of the brave!
My own—my glorious home!—the very wave,
Rolling in strength and beauty, leaps on high,
As if rejoicing on thy beach to die!
My loved—my father-land! thy faults to me
Are as the specks which men at noontide see
Upon the blinding sun, and dwindle pale
Beneath thy virtue's and thy glory's veil.
Land of my birth! where'er thy sons may roam,
Their pride—their boast—their passport is their home!"

IV.

'Twas early spring; and winter lingered still
On the cold summit of the snow-capt hill;
The day was closing, and slow darkness stole
Over the earth as sleep steals on the soul,
Sealing the eyelids up—unconscious, slow,
Till sleep and darkness reign, and we but know,
On waking, that we slept—but may not tell;
Nor marked we when sleep's darkness on us fell.
A lonely stranger then bent anxious o'er
A rustic gate before the cottage door—
The snow-white cottage where the chestnuts grew,
And o'er its roof their arching branches threw.
It was young Edmund, gazing, through his tears,
On the now cheerless home of early years—
While as the grave of buried joys it stood,
Its white walls shadowed through the leafless wood;
The once arched woodbine waving wild and bare;
The parterre, erst the object of his care,

With early weeds o'ergrown ; and slow decay
Had changed or swept all else he loved away.
Upon the sacred threshold, once his own,
He silent stood, unwelcomed and unknown ;
Gazed, sighed, and turned away ; then sadly strayed
To the cold, dreamless churchyard, where were laid
His parents, side by side. A change had come
O'er all that he had loved : his home was dumb,
And through the vale no accent met his ear
That he was wont in early days to hear ;
While childhood's scenes fell dimly on his view,
As a dull picture of a spot we knew,
Where we but cold and lifeless forms can trace,
But no bold truth, nor one familiar face.

v.

Night sat upon the graves, like gloom to gloom,
As silent treading o'er each lowly tomb,
Thoughtful and sad, he lonely strove to trace,
Amidst the graves, his father's resting-place.
And well the spot he knew ; yea, it alone
Was all now left that he might call his own
Of all that was his kindred's ; and although
He looked for no proud monument to show
The tomb he sought, yet mem'ry marked the spot
Where slept his ancestors ; and had it not,
He deemed—he felt—that if his feet but trode
Upon his parents' dust, the voice of God,
As it of old flashed through a prophet's breast,
Would in his bosom whisper, " Here they rest !"

'Twas an Enthusiast's thought;—but, oh! to tread,
With darkness round us, 'midst the voiceless dead,
With not an eye but Heaven's upon our face—
At such a moment, and in such a place,
Seeking the dead we love—who would not feel,
Yea, and believe as he did then, and kneel
On friend or father's grave, and kiss the sod
As in the presence of our father's God!

VI.

He reached the spot; he startled—trembled—wept;
And through his bosom wildest feelings swept.
He sought a nameless grave, but o'er the place
Where slept the generations of his race,
A marble pillar rose. "Oh Heaven!" he cried,
"Has avaricious Ruin's hand denied
The parents of my heart a grave with those
Of their own kindred?—have their ruthless foes
Grasped this last, sacred spot we called our own?
If but a weed upon that grave had grown,
I would have honoured it!—have called it brother!
Even for my father's sake, and thine, my mother!
But that cold marble freezes up my heart,
And seems to tell me that I have no part
With its proud dead; while through the veil of night
The name it bears yet mocks my anxious sight."
Thus cried he bitterly; then, trembling, placed
His finger on the marble, while he traced
Its letters one by one, and o'er and o'er;—
Grew blind with eagerness, and shook the more,

As with each touch, the feeling o'er him came—
The unseen letters formed his father's name!

VII.

While thus, with beating heart, pursuing still
His anxious task, slow o'er a neighbouring hill
The broad moon rose, by not a cloud concealed,
Lit up the valley, and the tomb revealed!—
His parents' tomb!—and now, with wild surprise,
He saw the column burst upon his eyes—
Fair, chaste, and beautiful; and on it read
These lines in mem'ry of his honoured dead:
"Beneath repose the virtuous and the just,
Mingled in death, affection's hallowed dust.
In token of their worth, this simple stone
Is, as a daughter's tribute, reared by one
Who loved them as such, and their name would save
As virtue's record o'er their lowly grave."
"Helen!" he fondly cried, "thy hand is here!"
And the cold grave received his burning tear;
Then knelt he o'er it—clasped his hands in prayer;
But, while yet lone and fervid kneeling there,
Before his eyes, upon the grave appear
Primroses twain—the firstlings of the year,—
And bursting forth between the blossomed two,
Twin opening buds in simple beauty grew.
He gazed—he loved them as a living thing;
And wondrous thoughts and strange imagining
Those simple flowers spoke to his listening soul
In superstition's whispers; whose control

The wisest in their secret moments feel,
And blush at weakness they may not reveal.

VIII.

He left the place of death; and, rapt in thought,
The trysting-tree of love's young years he sought;
And, as its branches opened on his sight,
Bathing their young buds in the pale moonlight,
A whispered voice, melodious, soft, and low,
As if an angel mourned for mortal woe,
Borne on the ev'ning breeze, came o'er his ear:
He knew the voice—his heart stood still to hear!
And each sense seem'd a listener; but his eye
Sought the sad author of the wand'ring sigh;
And 'neath the tree he loved, a form as fair
As summer in its noontide, knelt in prayer.
He clasped his hands—his brow, his bosom burned;
He felt the past—the buried past returned!
Still, still he listened, till, like words of flame,
Through her low prayer he heard his whispered name!
"Helen!" he wildly cried—"my own—my blest!"
Then bounded forth.—I cannot tell the rest.
There was a shriek of joy: heart throbbed on heart,
And hands were locked as though they ne'er might part;
Wild words were spoken—bliss tumultuous rolled,
And all the anguish of the past was told.

IX.

Upon her love long had her father frowned,
Till tales of Edmund's rising fortunes found

Their way across the wilderness of sea,
And reached the valley of his birth. But she,
With truth unaltered, and with heart sincere,
Through the long midnight of each hopeless year
That marked his absence, shunned the proffered hand
Of wealth and rank ; and met her sire's command
With tears and bended knees, until his breast
Again a father's tenderness confessed.

X.

'Twas May—bright May: bird, flower, and shrub, and tree,
Rejoiced in light ; while, as a waveless sea
Of living music, glowed the clear blue sky,
And every fleecy cloud that floated by
Appeared an isle of song!—as all around
And all above them echoed with the sound
Of joyous birds, in concert loud and sweet,
Chanting their summer hymns. Beneath their feet
The daisy put its crimson liv'ry on ;
While from beneath each crag and mossy stone
Some gentle flower looked forth ; and love and life
Through the Creator's glorious works were rife,
As though his Spirit in the sunbeams said,
"Let there be life and love!" and was obeyed.
Then, in the valley danced a joyous throng,
And happy voices sang a bridal song ;
Yea, tripping jocund on the sunny green,
The old and young in one glad dance were seen ;

Loud o'er the plain their merry music rang,
While cripple granddames, smiling, sat and sang
The ballads of their youth; and need I say
'Twas Edmund's and fair Helen's wedding-day?
Then, as he led her forth in joy and pride,
A hundred voices blessed him and his bride.
Yet scarce he heard them; for his every sense,
Lost in delight and ecstasy intense,
Dwelt upon her; and made their blessings seem
As words breathed o'er us in a wand'ring dream.

XI.

Now months and years in quick succession flew,
And joys increased, and still affection grew.
For what is youth's first love to wedded joy?
Or what the transports of the ardent boy
To the fond husband's bliss, which, day by day,
Lights up his spirit with affection's ray?
Man knows not what love is, till all his cares
The partner of his bosom soothes and shares—
Until he find her studious to please—
Watching his wishes!—Oh, 'tis acts like these
That lock her love within his heart, and bind
Their souls in one, and form them of one mind.
Love flowed within their bosoms as a tide,
While the calm rapture of their own fireside
Each day grew holier, dearer; and esteem
Blended its radiance with the glowing beam
Of young affection, till it seemed a sun
Melting their wishes and their thoughts as one.

XII.

Eight years passed o'er them in unclouded joy,
And now by Helen's side a lovely boy,
Looked up and called her, Mother; and upon
The knee of Edmund climbed a little one—
A blue-eyed prattler—as her mother fair.
They were their parents' joy, their hope, their care;
But, while their cup with happiness ran o'er,
And the long future promised joys in store,
Death dropped its bitterness within the cup,
And its late pleasant waters mingled up
With wailing and with woe. Like early flowers,
Which the slow worm with venomed tooth devours,
The roses left their two fair children's cheeks,
Or came and went like fitful hectic streaks,
As day by day they drooped: their sunny eyes
Grew lustreless and sad; and yearning cries—
Such as wring life-drops from a parent's heart—
Their lisping tongues now uttered. The keen dart
Of the unerring archer, Death, had sunk
Deep in their bosoms, and their young blood drunk;
Yet the affection of the children grew,
As its dull, wasting poison wandered through
Their tender breasts; and still they ever lay
With their arms round each other. On the day
That ushered in the night on which they died,
The boy his mother kissed, and fondly cried,
"Weep not, dear mother!—mother, do not weep!
You told me and my sister, death was sleep—

That the good Saviour, who from heaven came down,
And who for our sake wore a thorny crown—
You often told us how He came to save
Children like us, and conquered o'er the grave;
And I have read in his blessed book,
How in his hand a little child He took,
And said that such in heaven should greatest be:
Then, weep not, mother—do not weep for me;
For if I be angel when I die,
I'll watch you, mother—I'll be ever nigh;
Where'er you go, I'll hover o'er your head;
Then, though I'm buried, do not think me dead!
But let my sister's grave and mine be one,
And lay us by the pretty marble stone,
To which our father dear was wont to go,
And where, in spring, the sweet primroses blow;
Then, weep not, mother!" But she wept the more;
While the sad father his affliction bore
Like one in whom all consciousness was dead,
Save that he wrung his hands and rocked his head,
And murmured oft this short and troubled prayer—
"O God! look on me, and my children spare!"

XIII.

Their little arms still round each other clung,
When their last sleep death's shadow o'er them flung!
And still they slept, and fainter grew their breath—
Faint and more faint, until their sleep was death.
Deep, but unmurmured was the mother's grief,
For in her FAITH she sought and found relief;

Yea, while she mourned a daughter and a son,
She looked to heaven, and cried, "Thy will be done!"
But, oh! the father no such solace found—
Dark, cheerless anguish wrapt his spirit round;
He was a stranger to the Christian's hope,
And in bereavement's hour he sought a prop
On which his pierced and stricken soul might lean;
Yet, as he sought it, doubts would intervene—
Doubts which for years had clouded o'er his soul—
Doubts that with prayers he struggled to control;
For though a grounded faith he ne'er had known,
He was no prayerless man; but he had grown
To thinking manhood from his dreaming youth,
A *seeker* still—a *seeker after truth!*—
An earnest seeker, but his searching care
Sought more in books and nature than by prayer;
And vain he sought, nor books nor nature gave
The hope of hopes that animates the grave!
Though, to have felt that hope, he would have changed
His station with the mendicant who ranged
Homeless from door to door and begged his bread,
While heaven hurled its tempest round his head.
For what is hunger, pain, or piercing wind,
To the eternal midnight of the mind?
Or what on earth a horror can impart,
Like his who feels engraven on his heart
The word, *Annihilation!* Often now
The sad Enthusiast would strike his brow,

And cry aloud, with deep and bitter groans,
"How have I sinned, that both my little ones—
The children of my heart—should be struck down!
O Thou Almighty Spirit! if thy frown
Is now upon me, turn aside thy wrath,
And guide me—lead, oh lead me in the path
Of heaven's own truth; direct my faith aright,
Teach me to hope, and lend thy Spirit's light."

XIV.

Thus, long his soul as a frail bark was tossed
On a dark sea, with helm and compass lost,
Till she who ever to his breast had been
The star of hope and love, with brow serene,
As if no sorrow e'er her heart had riven,
But her eye calmly looked through time to heaven—
Soothed his sad spirit, and with anxious care
Used much of reason, and yet more of prayer;
Till bright'ning hope dawned gently o'er his soul,
Like the sun's shadow at the freezing pole,
Seen by the shiv'ring Greenlander, or e'er
Its front of fire does his horizon cheer;
While brighter still that ardent hope became,
Till in his bosom glowed the living flame
Of Christian faith—faith in the Saviour sent,
By the eternal God, to preach, "Repent
And be ye saved."—Then peace, as sunshine, fell
On the Enthusiast's bosom, and the swell
Of anguish died away, as o'er the deep
The waves lie down when winds and tempests sleep.

XV.

Time glided on, and wedded joys still grew
As beauty deepens on an autumn view
With tinges rich as heaven! and, though less green,
More holy far than summer's fairest scene.
Now o'er the happy pair, at life's calm eve
Age like a shadow fell, and seemed to weave
So fair a twilight round each silvered brow,
That they ne'er felt so young, so blest as now;
Though threescore winters o'er their path had fled,
And left the snow of years on either head.
For age drew round them, but they knew it not—
The once bright face of youth was half forgot;
But still the young, the unchanged heart was there,
And still his aged Helen seemed as fair
As when, with throbbing heart and giddy bliss,
He from her lips first snatched the virgin kiss!

XVI.

Last scene of all: An old and widowed man,
Whose years had reached life's farthest, frailest span,
And o'er whose head, as every moment flew,
Eternity its dark'ning twilight threw,
Lay in his silent chamber, dull and lone,
Watching the midnight stars, as one by one
They as slow, voiceless spirits glided past
The window of his solitude, and cast
Their pale light on his brow; and thus he lay
Till the bright star that ushers in the day

Rose on his sight, and, with its cheering beams,
Lit in his bosom youth's delicious dreams;
Yea, while he gazed upon that golden star,
Rolling in light, like love's celestial car,
He deemed he in its radiance read the while
His children's voices and his Helen's smile;
And as it passed, and from his sight withdrew,
His longing spirit followed it! and flew
To heaven and deathless bliss—from earth and care—
To meet his Helen and his children there!

II.

THE ROMAUNT OF SIR PEREGRINE AND THE LADY ETHELINE.

I.

Of a maiden's beauty the world-wide praise
Was a thing of duty in chivalrous days,
When her envied name was a nation's fame,
And raised in knights' breasts an emulous flame,
Which lighted to honour and grand emprise—
Things always so lovely in ladies' eyes;
For a true woman's favour will ever be won
By that which is noble and nobly done.

Sir Peregrine sounded his bugle horn
With a note of love and a blast of scorn;
Of love to the Ladye Etheline
Up in yon Castle of Eaglestein,
Whose beauty had passed o'er Christian land
As a philter to nerve the resolute hand
Of many a knight in the goodly throng
Who gathered round Godfrey of Buglion,
With Richard, and Raymond, and Leopold,
And thousands of others as brave and bold;
And a blast of scorn to every knight
Who would dare to challenge his envied right.

The porte yields quick to the warder's hand
By the Yerl's consent, by the Yerl's command;
And the ladye, who knew the winding sound,
As the tra-la-la rang all around,
Has opened her casement up on high,
And thrown him the kiss of her courtesy.

II.

"I am come, fair ladye, to beg of thee,
As here I crave upon bended knee,
That thou wilt grant unto my prayer
A single lock of thy golden hair,
To wear in a lockheart over my breast,
And carry with me to the balmy East—
The land where the Saviour met his death,
The sacred Salem of saving faith,
Which holds the sepulchre of our Lord,
Defiled by a barbarous Paynim horde.
Grant me the meed for which I burn,
And, by our Ladye, on my return,
We will wedded be in the sacred bands
Of a sacrament sealed by holy hands."

The ladye has, with a gesture bland,
Taken her scissors into her hand,
And clipt a lock of her auburn hair,
And yielded it to his ardent prayer;
But a pearly drop from her weeping eyes
Hath fallen upon the golden prize.
"Ah! blessed drop," said the knight, and smiled—
"This tear was from thine heart beguiled,

And I take it to be an omen of good,
For tears, my love, are purified blood,
That impart a beauty to female eyes,
And vouch for her kindly sympathies."
"Ah! no, ah! no," the maid replied—
"An omen of ill," and she heavily sighed;
Then a flood came gushing adown her cheek,
Nor further word could the damoiselle speak.
Then said Sir Peregrine, smiling still,
"If tears, my love, are an omen of ill,
The way to deprive them of evil spell
Is to kiss them away, and—all is well!"
And he took in his arms the yielding maid,
And kissed them away, as he had said.

The warder has oped the porteluse again,
To let Sir Peregrine forth with his train.
Loud spoke the horn o'er fell and dell,
"Fare thee—fare thee—fare thee well;"
But Etheline, as she waved her hand,
Could not those flowing tears command,
And thought the bugle in sounds did say,
"Fare thee—fare thee well for aye."

III.

A year has passed: at Eaglestein
There sat the Ladye Etheline;
Her eyes were wet, and her cheek was pale,
Her sweet voice dwindled into a wail;
For though through the world's busy crowd
The deeds of the war were sung aloud,

And the name of Sir Peregrine was enrolled
With Godfrey's among the brave and bold,
No letter had come from her knight so dear,
To belie the spell of the lock and tear.
The Countess would weep, and the Yerl would say,
"Alas! for the hour when he went away."
But the womb of old Time is everly full,
And the storm-wind bloweth after a lull.
Hark! a horn has sounded both loud and clear,
And echoed around both far and near;
It is Sir Ronald from Palestine—
Sir Ronald, a suitor of Etheline.
"I have come," said he, "through pain and peril,
To tell unto thee, most noble Yerl:
Woe to the sword of the fierce Soldan,
Who slew our most gallant capitan!
Sir Peregrine, in an unhappy hour,
Fell wounded before High Salem's tower,
And ere he died he commissioned me
To bear to Scotland, and give to thee,
This bit of the genuine haly rood
Dipt in his heart's outpouring blood,
That thou mightst give it to Etheline,
As a relic of dead Sir Peregrine."

IV.

All Eaglestein vale is yellow and sere,
The ancient elms seem withered and bare,
The river asleep in its rushy bed,
The waters are green, and the grass is red,

The roses are dead in the sylvan bowers,
Where oft in the dewy evening hours,
Ere yet the fairies had sought the dell,
And the merle was singing her day-farewell,
The Lady Etheline would recline
And think of her dear Sir Peregrine:
All was cheerless now, forlorn,
As if they missed her at early morn;
At noontide and at evening fall
They sorrowed for her, the spirit of all.

In the solary, up in the western wing,
The Countess and Yerl sat sorrowing
For one so young, so gentle, and fair,
Their only child, lying ailing there,
Waning and waning slowly away,
Yet waxing more beautiful every day,
As if she were drawing from spheres above,
Before she got there, the spirit of love,
Which shone as a light through the silken lire,
Pure as was that of the vestal fire;
And ever she kissed in hysterical mood
The bit of the cross all red with blood.
"Oh mother dear! I wish—I fear
The time of my going is drawing near:
Last night, at the mirk and midnight hour,
A voice seemed to come through my chamber door—
For the ear of the dying is tender and fine—
And three times it sounded Etheline;
And it is true, as I've heard say,
Such voices are calls to come away—

The voices of angels hovering near,
Who wish us to join them in yonder sphere."
"Oh! no, oh! no, my own dear child,
Thine overfine ears have thee beguiled:
It was the Yerl, when in a dream,
Who three times called thy dear-loved name;
I heard the call as awake I lay,
And thou mayst believe what now I say."

"Oh mother! oh mother! what do I hear?
It is the nightingale singing clear;
I have heard the notes in Italian clime,
And remember them since that early time;
And it is true, as I've heard say,
That when the nightingale sings by day,
The dying who hears it will pass away."
"No, no, my child, the song you hear
Is that of the throstle-cock singing clear:
I see him upon the linden tree,
And you, if you like, may also see.
I know its speckled breast too well;
It is not, dear child, the nightingale."

When this she heard, the maiden sighed,
As if she were vexed she was denied
The hope of passing quickly away
To yon regions bright of eternal day.

"Oh mother! list, what do I hear?
Sir Peregrine's horn is winding clear:

Ah, I know the sound, as it seems to say
In its windings, 'Hali-hali-day;'
And it is true, as I've heard tell,
When a dead man's horn sounds loud and shrill,
It is a true sign to his earthly bride,
He will wait for her spirit at evening tide."

The Countess turned her face to the Yerl;
It was true what was said by the dying girl;
It *was* Sir Peregrine's horn they heard,
And they both sat mute, nor whispered a word,
For they wondered much, and were sore afraid
Of mysteries working about the maid,
Who, as she lay in her ecstasie,
Kept muttering slow an Ave Marie:
"Oh, Lady sweet! the sign hath come,
Happy the maid whom her knight calls home;
It is the nightingale that I hear,
The golden sun is shining clear;
And I've heard tell in time past gone,
Blessed is the bier that the sun shines on."

And, as they listened, there came to their ear
The grating of the portcullis gear,
And a cry of fear from the ballion green,
As if the retainers a ghost had seen:
Tramp and tramp on the scalière,
And along the corridor leading there;
The door is opened, and lo! comes in
The leal and the living Sir Peregrine.

"Holy Maria!" the Countess cried,
"Holy Maria!" the Yerl replied;
The maid looked up, then sank her head,
As an Ave Marie again she said:
"Ave Marie! my sweet ladye,
Ave Marie! I come to thee.
Ah, soft and clear those eyes of thine,
That look so kindly into mine;
Oh Ladye sweet! stretch forth thy hand
To welcome me to yon happy land;
Oh Virgin! open thy bosom fair,
That thy poor child may nestle there;"
Then she laid her arms across her breast,
And gently, softly, sank to rest.
The throstle-cock's voice rang out more clear
On the linden tree there growing near,
And the sun burst forth with brighter ray
On the couch where her spirit had passed away.

v.

Over hollow, and over height,
Sir Peregrine sought that caitiff knight
Who had wrought such woe to Eaglestein—
To him and the Lady Etheline.
The time has come and the wish made good,
The villain he met in the Calder Wood.
"Hold, hold, thou basest dastard Theon,
For Ceorl's a name thou'rt far below;
Ten lives like thine would not suffice
To be to my soul a sacrifice;

There is the glaive, it is thine to try,
Or with it or without it thou must die."
But the caitiff laughed a laugh of scorn :
" Come on, thou bastard of bastards born."
Their falchions are gleaming in bright mid-day :
They rushed like tigers upon their prey ;
Sir Peregrine's eyes flashed liquid fire,
The caitiff's shone out with unholy ire;
But victory goes not aye with right,
Nor the race to those the quickest in flight.
Sir Peregrine's fury o'ershot his aim :
His sword breaks through—his arm is maim !
With nothing to wield, with nothing to ward,
No word of mercy or quarter heard ;
With a breast-wound deep as his heart he lies,
A look of scorn—Sir Peregrine dies.

Behind the crumbling walls of Eaglestein,
The tomb of the old Yerls may still be seen,
And there long mouldering lay close side by side,
Sir Peregrine the bold and his fair bride ;
Their ashes scattered now and blown away,
As thine and mine will be some coming day.
This world is surely an enchanted theme,
A thing of seims and shows—a wild fantastic dream.

III.

THE LEGEND OF ALLERLEY HALL.

The tower-bell has sounded the midnight hour,
Old Night has unfolded her sable pall,
Darkness o'er hamlet, darkness o'er hall,
Loud screams the raven on Allerley Tower;*
A glimmering gleam from yon casement high
Is all that is seen by the passer-by.

All things are neglected, time-smitten there,
Crazy and cobwebbed, mildewed and worn,
Moth-eaten, weeviled, dusty, forlorn,
Everything owning to waning and wear;
From the baron's hall to the lady's bower
Neglect is the watchword in Allerley Tower.

There is silence within old Allerley Hall,
Save the raven without with her "croak, croak,"
And the cricket's "click, click," in the panels of oak,
Behind the dim arras that hangs on the wall;

* In Ayrshire, as I have heard, but I know of no trace of the family. The old distich may be traced to some other county:

"The Allerley oak stands high abune trees;
When the raven croaks there, an Allerley dees."

Such rhymes have generally something to rest upon, but I cannot associate this with any county, far less a family.

So silent and sad in the midnight hour,
Yet life may still linger in Allerley Tower.

An old woman sits by a carved old bed—
The drape of green silk, all yellow and sere,
The gold-coloured fringes dingy and drear;
And she nods and nods her silvery head,
And sometimes she looks with a half-drowsy air,
To notice how Death may be working there.

Lord William lies there, care-worn and pale,
All his sunlight of spirit has passed away,
And left to him only that twilight of grey
Which ushers men into the long dark vale;
Fast ebbing his life, yet feeling no pain,
Save a memory working within his brain.

He had sought the world's crowd for forty years,
But only a little relief to borrow
From the heartfelt pangs of that early sorrow
Which had drawn him away from his gay compeers,
And made him oft sigh, with a pain-begot scorn,
That into this world he ever was born.

But being brought in, as a victim, to tarry,
With him, as with all, it is how to get out
With no more of pain than you can't go without,
Where all have original sin to carry;
But his memory brightened, as strength waxed low,
Of the grief he had borne forty years ago.

There is silence and sadness in Allerley Tower;
The taper is glimmering with murky snot,
The raven croak-croaking with rusty throat,
And the cricket click-clicking at midnight hour;
And the woman mope-moping by the bed,
Still nodding and nodding her drowsy head.

"Now bring me, old nurse, from that escritoire,
A packet tied up with a ribbon of blue;"
Ah! well, though now faded, that ribbon he knew,
Which his fingers had bound forty years before.
He shuddered to look, yet afraid to wait,
Lest Death might render his vision too late.

That ribbon he drew in a calm despair:
Behold now revealed to his wondering eyes
A face of all beautiful harmonies,
Set fair among ringlets of golden hair;
With eyes so blue and a smile of heaven,
Which haply some angel to her had given.

Beside that miniature lay a scroll,
As written by him forty years before:
He read every word of it o'er and o'er,
And every word of it flashed through his soul,
In a flood of that bright and awakened light
Which slumbers and sleeps through a long, long night.

THE SCROLL.

"I loved my love early, the young Lady May;
I saw her bloom rarely in youth's rosy day;

But her eye looked afar to some orb that was shining,
As if for that sphere her spirit was pining.

"Faint in the light of day seemed what was near her;
Visions far, far away, clearer and clearer;
Still, as flesh wears away spirits that bear it,
Eyeing yon milky way, sigh to be near it.

"Lady May, she is dying—she hears some one whisper,
Near where she's lying, 'Come away, sister'—
Draw down each silky lid—draw them down over
Eyes whose last light on earth shone on her lover.

"My lost Lady May in yon vault now is sleeping;
Her sisters who go to pray come away weeping;
And while I yet linger here, some one elates me,
Whispering into my ear, 'Yonder she waits thee.'"

And thus they had waited until this last day,
But the hour of their meeting was coming apace;
And as he still gazed on that beautiful face,
His spirit so weary passed gently away;
And the nurse would unfold those fingers so cold,
Which still of that picture retained the hold.

There's the silence of death in Allerley Tower,
The taper gone out with its murky smoke,
The raven has finished her croak-croak,
The cricket is silent at midnight hour;
The last of the Allerley lords lies there,
And Allerley goes to a distant heir.

In yon tomb where was laid his young Lady May,
Lord William sleeps now by the side of her bier;
And the Allerley lords and ladies lie near,
But nearest of neighbours they nothing can say:
No "Good morrow, my lord," when the day is begun,
No "My lady, good night," when the day it is done.

IV.

THE LEGEND OF THE LADY KATHARINE.

I.

'Twas at a time now long past gone,
And well gone if 'twill stay,
When our good land seemed made alone
For lords and ladies gay;
When brown bread was the poor man's fare,
For which he toiled and swet,
When men were used as nowt or deer,
And heads were only worth the wear
When crowned with coronet.

There was a right good noble knight,
Sir Bullstrode was his name*—
A name which he acquired by fight,
And with it meikle fame.
Upon his burnished shield he bore
A head of bull caboshed
(For so they speak in herald lore),
And for his crest he aptly wore
Two bones of marrow crossed.

* A knight called Bullstrode, as having got his name in the way set forth, is mentioned by Guillim; but whether he is the same as he who figures in the Scotch legend I do not know.

For he had slain in tournay set
Full many a blazoned fool;
Nor would he deem his praise complete
Till he had slain a bull.
He threw the gauntlet at the brute,
Which was received with scorn,
For Taurus straight the gauntlet took,
Then in the air the bauble shook,
And tossed it on his horn.

To fight they went with might and main,
And fought a good long hour;
The knight's long lance was broke in twain—
Sir Bull had now the power;
The ladies laughed, the barons too,
As they Sir Bull admired!
But where fair ladies are to view,
Who may declare what knight may do,
By noble emprise fired?

The knight he paused amid the claque,
And threw a look of scorn:
Sir Bull has Bullstrode on his back,
Who held by either horn;
And round the ring, and round the ring,
Rushed bull in wild affray,
Stamping, roaring, bellowing,—
And, stumbling, gave his neck a wring,
And Bullstrode won the day.

This valiant knight, by love inspired,
Next sued fair Katharine,
The daughter of Sir Ravensbeard,
A man of ancient line;
And he had known the reason good
Sir Bullstrode got his name,
And wished—if Kate could be subdued—
To mix his blue and blazoned blood
With one of such a fame.

II.

But when the knights are thus employed,
The lady is in yon glen,
There seated by the river side
With one, the flower of men—
George Allan—a rich yeoman's heir,
Who leased her father's land.
Yet, though beloved by all the fair,
Young Allan might not surely dare
To claim this envied hand.

Yet hearts will work, and hearts will steal
What high commands deny;
And beauty is a thing to feel,
Self-chosen by the eye:
Nor would fair Katharine had gi'en
A touch of Allan's hand
For all the honours she could gain
From duke or earl, lord or thane,
Or knight in all the land.

She knew the price she had to pay
For this her secret love;
But where's a will there is a way,
And Kate she would it prove.
The will we know, the way's obscure,
Deep in her soul confined;
What quick invention might secure,
With love for the inspiring power,
Was in that maiden's mind.

"Now, Allan," she said, with a silent laugh,
In eyes both quaint and keen,
"Thou must not fear, for here I swear
By Coz. Saint Catharine,
'Twas easier for this doughty knight
To hold these horns he dared,
Than take for wife by a father's right,
Against the spurn of a maiden's spite,
The daughter of Ravensbeard."

"No, no, fair lady," George Allan said —
With tears his eyes were full—
"'Tis easier to force the will of a maid,
Than hold by the horns a bull."
"Yes! yes! of the maids who say a prayer,
Like sisters of orders grey;
But Kate admits no craven fear,
And she can do what they cannot dare,
For she's quicker of parts than they."

III.

It's up in yon chamber well bedight
Of the castle of Invercloyd,
A maiden sits with a grim sir knight
Seated on either side.
"I come to thee by a father's right,
To issue my last command,
That thou concede to this gallant knight,
What his noble nature will requite,
The guerdon of thy hand."

"And here, upon my bended knee,"
Sir Bullstrode blandly said,
"I pray thee, in knightly courtesie,
The grace thy sire hath pled."
"Oh yes! a guerdon let it remain,
I give thee free consent;
But I have a mind, and will maintain,
This knight shall only my favour gain
In knightly tournament."

"What meaneth the wench?" the father cried,
With a fire-flaught in his eye,
"What other knight would'st thou invite
Sir Bullstrode to defy?
Is he a lover? I grant no parle,
For I am resolved to know,
And wish, by my sword, no better a quarrel;
And be he a ceorl, or be he an earl,
He goes to shades below."

"No lover is he, my father dear,
My champion who shall be;
A stranger knight shall for me fight,
And shall my fate decree."
"Well done! well done!" cried Sir Bullstrode,
"That goeth with my gree;
May the carrion crow be then abroad,
All hungry to feed upon carrion food,
That day he fights with me."

"But let this contract," said the maid,
"Be written on parchment skin,
And signed, and sealed, and witnessèd,
That surety I may find."
Again the father knit his brow,
Yet could not he complain,
Because Sir Bullstrode wished it so,
That all the world might come to know
His honour he could maintain.

IV.

It's up in yon chamber tapestried,
Sits the Lady Katharine;
She smiled at a woman's art applied
Her own true love to win.
And lo! who comes in a tearful way,
But her pretty tire-woman,
"Hey! hey! what now? good lack-a-day!
Such cheeks so pale, and lips like clay;
What ails maid Lilian?"

"Oh it is, it is, young mistress mine,
All about this valiant knight,
Who came to me all drunk with wine,
At the dead hour of the night.
He seized me struggling to get free,
And swore by the goat of Jove,
He would me fee, if I would be,
La! my lady! I fear to tell it to thee,
His left-hand lady-love."

"Ho! ho! my maid, a pretty scene!
A brute of noble parts!
But 'tis easier to turn a bull by each horn,
Than rule two women's hearts.
No harems have we in western land,
Where a woman's soul is free,
To rule weak man by her high command,
And rouse by a wave of her wizard wand
The fire of his chivalrie."

v.

Lo! round the lists, and round the lists,
Bedecked with pennons gay,
Environed there with ladies fair,
Sir Bullstrode held his way.
High mounted on a gallant steed,
And armed a-cap-a-pie,
His lance well graced by a pennon red,
A white plume nodded o'er his head,
With ribbons at his knee.

"Why mounts not Kate the dais seat?"
The father loudly cried.
"She hath not finished her robing yet,"
A lady quick replied.
And now a shout rang all about,
Ho! ho! there comes apace,
A Cataphract* of noble mien,
With armour bright as silver sheen,
And eke of gentle grace.

He bore for his escochion
Dan Cupid with his dart,
And for his crest there was impressed
A well-skewered bleeding heart;
His yellow streamer on his spear,
Flew fluttering in the wind,
And thrice he waved it in the air,
As if to fan the ladies there,
And thrice his head inclined.

"Who's he, who's he?" cried Ravensbeard;
But no one there could say.
"Knowest thou him?" cried some who heard;
But each one answered Nay.
"I am Sir Peveril," said the knight,
"If you my name would learn,
And I will for fair Katharine fight,
A lady's love, and a lady's right,
And a lady's choice to earn."

* A knight completely equipped; a word in common use in the times of chivalry.

The gauntlet thrown upon the ground,
Sir Bullstrode laughed with joy:
"Short work," said he, "I'll make of thee—
Methinks a beardless boy."
Nor sooner said than in he sprang
And aimed a mortal blow,
The crenel upon the buckler rang,
And having achieved an echoing clang,
It made no more ado.

The stranger knight wheeled quick as light,
And charging with gratitude,
Gave him good thank on his left flank,
And lo! a stream of blood!
Shall he this knight, so dread in fight,
Cede to this beardless foe,
And feel in his pain, returned again,
That vaunt of his so empty and vain,
That vaunt of the carrion crow?

Stung by the wound, not less by shame,
He gathered all his force,
And sprang again, with desperate aim,
His enemy to unhorse;
But he who watched the pointed lance
A dexterous movement made,
And saw his foe, as he missed the blow,
Rock in his selle both to and fro,
And vault o'er his horse's head.

Sore fainting from the loss of blood,
He lay upon the ground,
Nor e'er a leech within his reach
Can stop that fatal wound.
And there with many an honour full,
That brave and doughty knight,
Sir Bullstrode, who once strode the bull,
And killed (himself one) many a fool,
Has closed his eyes in night.

VI.

And now within the ballion court
There sits Sir Ravensbeard:
"Who shall me say what popinjay
Hath earned this proud reward?"
And there stands Katharine all confessed
In maiden dignity;
"'Twas I, in 'fence of life sore pressed,
'Twas I, at honour's high behest,
This bad man made to die.

"For hear me, sire, restrain your ire,
This knight you so admired,
A plan had laid to ruin my maid,
While he for my love aspired.
I claim the contract by his hand,
Whereto thou'rt guarantee,
And this young Allan is the man,
And he alone of all Scotland,
Thy Katharine's lord shall be."

V.

THE BALLAD OF AILIE FAA.

I.

Sir Robert has left his castle ha',
The castle of fair Holmylee,
And gone to meet his Ailie Faa,
Where no one might be there to see.
He has sounded shrill his bugle horn,
But not for either horse or hound;
And when the echoes away were borne,
He listened for a well-known sound.

He hears a rustling among the leaves,
Some pattering feet are drawing near;
Like autumn's breathings among the sheaves,
So sweet at eventide to hear:
His Ailie Faa, who is sweeter far
Than the white rose hanging upon the tree,
Who is fairer than the fairies are
That dance in moonlight on the lea.

Oh! there are some flowers, as if in love,
Unto the oak their arms incline;
And tho' the tree may rotten prove,
They still the closer around it twine:

So has it been until this hour,
And so in coming time 'twill be,
Wherever young love may hang a flower,
'Twill think it aye ane trusty tree.

He has led her into a summer bower,
For he was fond and she was fain,
And there with all of a lover's power
He whispered that old and fatal strain,
Which those who sing it and those who hear
Have never sung and never heard,
But they have shed the bitter tear
For every soft delusive word.

He pointed to yon castle ha',
And all its holts so green and fair;
And would not she, poor Ailie Faa,
Move some day as a mistress there?
As the parchèd lea receives the rains,
Her ears drank up the sweet melodie;
A gipsy's blood flowed in her veins,
A gipsy's soul flashed in her eye.

Oh! it's time will come and time will go,
That which has been will be again;
This strange world's ways go to and fro,
This moment joy, the next is pain.
A sough has thro' the hamlet spread,
To Ailie's ear the tidings came,
That Holmylee will shortly wed
A lady fair of noble name.

II.

In yon lone cot adown the Lynne
A widowed mother may think it long
Since there were lightsome words within,
Since she has heard blithe Ailie's song.
A gloomy shade sits on Ailie's brow,
At times her eyes flash sudden fires,
The same she had noticed long ago,
Deep flashing in her gipsy sire's.

When the wind at even was low and loun,
And the moon paced on in her majesty
Thro' lazy clouds, and threw adown
Her silvery light o'er turret and tree,
Then Ailie sought the green alcove,
That place of fond lovers' lone retreat,
Where she for the boon of gentle love,
Had changed the meed of a deadly hate.

She sat upon "the red Lynne stone,"
Where she between the trees might see,
By yon pale moon that shone thereon,
The goodly turrets of Holmylee.
And as she felt the throbbing pains,
And as she heaved the bursting sigh,
A gipsy's blood burned in her veins,
A gipsy's soul flashed in her eye.

If small the body that thus was moved,
So like the form that fairies wear,

It was that slenderness he loved,
So tiny a thing he might not fear.
But there is an insect skims the air,
Bedecked with azure and green and gold,
Whose sting is a deadlier thing by far
Than dagger of yon baron bold.

III.

She sat upon the red Lynne stone,
The midnight sky was overcast,
The winds are out with a sullen moan,
The angry Lynne is rolling past.
What then? there was no lack of light,
Full fifteen windows blazing shone
Up on the castle on the height,
While Ailie Faa sat there alone.

For there is dancing and deray
In the ancient castle of Holmylee,
And barons bold and ladies gay
Are holding high-jinks revelry.
Sir Robert has that day been wed,
'Midst sounding trumpets of éclat,
And one that night will grace his bed
Of nobler birth than Ailie Faa.

Revenge will claim its high command,
And Ailie is on her feet erect,
She passes nervously her hand
Between her jupe and jerkinet.

There lies a charm for woman's wrong,
Concealed where beats the bursting heart,
Which, ere an hour hath come and gone,
Will play somewhere a fatal part.

IV.

Up in the hall of Holmylee
Still sound the revel, the dance, and song,
And through the open doors and free
There pours the gay and stately throng;
But of all the knights and barons there,
The bridegroom still the foremost stood,
And she the fairest of the fair,
The bride who was of noble blood.

It was when feet were tripping
The mazes of the dance,
It was when lips were sipping
The choicest wines of France,
A wild scream rose within the hall,
Which pierced the roofen tree,
And in the midst was seen to fall
The Baron of Holmylee.

"To whom belongs this small stilette,
By whom our host is slain?"
Between a jupe and jerkinet
That weapon long had lain.
Each on his sword his hand did lay,
This way and that they ran;
But she who did the deed is away,
Ho! catch her if you can.

VI.

THE LEGEND OF THE FAIR EMERGILDE.

I.

Thou little god of meikle sway,
Who rul'st from pole to pole,
And up beyond yon milky way,
Where wondrous planets roll:
Oh! tell me how a power divine,
That tames the creatures wild,
Whose touch benign makes all men kin,
Could slay sweet Emergilde?

It's up the street, and down the street,
And up the street again,
And all the day, and all the way,
She looks at noble men;
But him she seeks she cannot find
In all that moving train;
No one can please that anxious gaze,
And own to "Ballenden."

From the high castle on the knowe,
Adown the Canongate,
And from the palace in the howe,
Up to the castle yett,
A hizzy here, a cadie there,
She stops with modest mien;

All she can say four words convey:
"I seek for Ballenden."

Nor more of our Scotch tongue she knew,
For she's of foreign kin,
And all her speech can only reach
"I seek for Ballenden."
No Ballenden she yet could find,
No one aught of him knew;
She sought at night dark Toddrick's Wynd,
Next morn to search anew.

II.

And who is she, this fair ladye,
To whom our land is strange?
Why all alone, to all unknown,
Within this city's range?
Her face was of the bonnie nut-brown
Our Scotch folk love to view,
When 'neath it shows the red, red rose,
Like sunlight shining through.

Her tunic was of the mazerine,
Of scarlet her roquelaire,
And o'er her back, in ringlets black,
Fell down her raven hair.
Her eyes, so like the falling sterns,
Seen on an August night,
Had surely won from eastern sun
Some rayons of his light.

And still she tried, and still she plied,
Her task so sad and vain,
The words still four—they were no more—
"I seek for Ballenden."
No Ballenden could she yet find,
No one aught of him knew,
And still at night down Toddrick's Wynd,
Next morn to search anew.

III.

In Euphan Barnet's lowly room,
Adown that darksome wynd,
A ladye fair is lying there,
In illness sair declined;
Her cheeks now like the lily pale,
The roses waned away,
Her eyes so bright have lost their light,
Her lips are like the clay.

On her fair breast a missal rests,
Illumed with various dyes,
In which were given far views of heaven
In old transparencies.
There hangs the everlasting cross
Of emerald and of gold,
That cross of Christ so often kissed
When she her beads had told.

Those things are all forgotten now,
Far other thoughts remain;

And as she dreams she ever raves,
"I seek for Ballenden."
Oh Ballenden! oh Ballenden!
Whate'er, where'er thou be,
That ladye fair is dying there,
And all for love of thee.

IV.

In the old howf of the Canongate
There is a little lair,
And on it grows a pure white rose,
By love implanted there;
And o'er it hangs a youthful man,
With a cloud upon his brow,
And sair he moans, and sair he groans,
For her who sleeps below.

No noble lord nor banneret,
Nor courtly knight is he,
No more than a simple advocate,
Who pleadeth for his fee.
He holds a letter in his hand,
On which bleared eyes are bent,
It came afar from Almanzar,
The Duke of Bonavent—

A noble duke whom he had seen
In his castle by the sea,
When for one night he claimed the right
Of his high courtesie;

And that letter said, "Kind sir, I write
In sorrow, sooth to say,
That my dear child, fair Emergilde,
Hath from us flown away;

"And all the trace that I can find
Is this, and nothing more,
She took to sea at Tripoli
For Scotland's distant shore.
It is a feat of strange conceit
That fills us with alarms:
Oh seek about, and find her out,
And send her to our arms."

V.

And who is he this letter reads
With tears the words atween?
Yea! even he she had sought to see,
The sair-sought Ballenden.
Yet little little had he thought,
When away in that far countrie,
That a look she had got of a humble Scot
Would ever remembered be.

But tho' he had deemed himself forgot
By one so far away,
Her image had still, against his will,
Him haunted night and day.
And when he laid him on his bed,
And sair inclined to sleep,
That face would still, against his will,
Its holy vigil keep.

Oh gentle youth, thou little thought,
When away in our north countrie,
That up and down, thro' all the town,
That ladye sought for thee.
And little little did thou wot
What in Euphan's room was seen,
Where, as she died, she whispering sighed,
"I die for Ballenden."*

* The reader will remember the romantic story of the English A'Becket; but it would seem our Scottish advocate was even more highly favoured. Nor is the romance in such cases limited to the ladies. I may refer to the pathetic story of Geoffrey Rudel, a gentleman of Provence, and a troubadour, who, having heard from the knights returned from the Holy Land of the hospitality of a certain countess of Tripoli, whose grace and beauty equalled her virtue, fell deeply in love with her without ever having seen her. In 1162 he quitted the court of England and embarked for the Holy Land. On his voyage he was attacked by a severe illness, and had lost the power of speech when he arrived at the port of Tripoli. The countess, being informed that a celebrated poet was dying of love for her on board a vessel, visited him on shipboard, took him by the hand, and attempted to cheer him. Rudel recovered his speech sufficiently to thank the countess for her humanity, and to declare his passion, when his expressions of gratitude were silenced by the convulsions of death. He was buried at Tripoli, beneath a tomb of porphyry which the countess raised to his memory. His verses "On Distant Love" were well known. They began thus:

Angry and sad shall be my way
If I behold not her afar,
And yet I know not when that day
Shall rise, for still she dwells afar.
God, who has formed this fair array
Of worlds, and placed my love afar,
Strengthen my heart with hope, I pray,
Of seeing her I love afar.

VII

THE ROMAUNT OF THE CASTLE OF WEIR.

I.

The baron has gone to the hunting green,
All by the ancient Castle of Weir,
With his guest, Sir Hubert, of Norman kin,
And a maiden, his only daughter dear—
The Ladye Tomasine, famed around
For beauty as well as for courtesie,
Wherever might sensible heads be found,
Or ears to listen, or eyes to see.
Nor merely skin-deep was she fair:
She had a spirit both true and leal,
As all about the Castle of Weir
Were many to know, and many to tell.
Right well she knew what it was to feel
Grim poverty in declining day,
With a purse to ope, and a hand to deal,
And tears to bless what she gave away;
Yet she was blithe and she was gay.
And now she has gone to the hunting green,
All on this bright and sunshiny day,
To fly her favourite peregrine,
With her hunting coat of the baudykin,
Down which there flowed her raven hair,

And her kirtle of the red sendal fine,
With an eagle's plume in her heading gear.

II.

If the knight had not a hawk on his wrist,
He had kestrel eyes both cunning and keen,
And the quarry of which he was in quest
Was the heart of the lovely Tomasine ;
But the ladye thought him a kestrel kite,
With a grovelling eye to the farmer's coop,
And wanted the bold and daring flight
That mounts to the sun to make a swoop.

The Baron of Weir points to the sky,
"Ho! ho! a proud heron upon the wing!
Unhood, my Tomasine dear, untie!
Off with the jesses—away him fling!"
"Up! up! my Guy," cried the laughing maid,
As with nimble fingers she him unjessed,
"Up! up! and away! and earn thy bread,
Then back to thy mistress to be caressed."
Up sprang the bird with a joyful cry,
And eyed his quarry, yet far away,
Still up and up in the dark blue sky,
That he might aim a swoop on his prey ;
Then down as the lightning bolt of Jove
On the heron, who, giving a scream of fear,
Shoots away from his enemy over above,
And makes for the rushing Water of Weir.

III.

The Water of Weir is rushing down,
Foaming and furious, muddy and brown,
From the heights where the laughing Nāiads dwell,
And cascades leap from the craggy fell,
Where the mountain streamlets brattle and brawl,
'Midst the mountain maidens' echoing call,
Through pools where the water-kelpies wait
For the rider who dares the roaring spate.
Rain-fed, proud, turgid, and swollen,
Now foaming wild, now sombre and sullen;
Dragging the rushes from banks and braes,
Tearing the drooping branches of trees,
Rolling them down by scallop and scaur,
Involving all in a watery war—
Turned, and whirled, and swept along,
Down to the sea to be buried and gone.

The peregrine, fixed on the wader's back,
Is carried along in her devious track,
As with a weak and a wailing scream
The victim crosses the raging stream.
"I will lose, I will lose my gay peregrine!"
Cried shrilly the Ladye Tomasine:
She will hurry across the bridge of wood,
With its rail of wattle which long hath stood;
Her nimble feet are upon the plank
That will bear her over from bank to bank;
She has crossed it times a thousandfold:
Time brings youth and Time makes old;

The wattles have rotted while she was growing,
The wind is up and the waters rowing,
And to keep her feet she must use her hand.
"Come back! come back!" was the baron's command,
Too late!—go wattles—a piercing scream!
And the maid falls into the roaring stream!
Round and round, in eddying whirl,
Who shall save the perishing girl?
Round and round, and down and away,
Nothing to grasp, and nothing to stay.
The baron stands fixed and wrings his hands,
And looks to Sir Hubert, who trembling stands.
Sir Hubert! one moment now is thine—
The next! and a power no less than divine
Can save this maid of so many charms
From the grasp of Death's enfolding arms.
Spring! spring! Sir Hubert, the moment is thine
To save a life, and a love to win.
No! no! the dastard kestrel kite
Aye hugs the earth in his stealthy flight.
Hope gone! the pool at the otter's cave
Will prove the Ladye Tomasine's grave.
Ho! ho! see yonder comes rushing down
A lithe young hind, though a simple clown—
Off bonnet and shoes, and coat and vest,
A plunge! and he holds her round the waist!
Three strokes of his arm, with his beautiful prize
All safe, although faint, on the bank she lies!
A cottager's wife came running down,
"Take care of the ladye," said the clown.

He has donned his clothes, and away he has gone,
His name unuttered, his home unknown.

IV.

Up in the ancient Castle of Weir
Sat the baron, the knight, and the fair Tomasine;
And the baron he looked at his daughter dear,
While the salt tears bleared his aged eyne;
And then to the steward, with hat in hand:
"Make known unto all, from Tweed to Tyne,
A hundred rose nobles I'll give to the man
Who saved the life of my Tomasine."
Sir Hubert cried out, in an envious vein,
"Who is he that will vouch for the lurdan loon?
There's no one to say he would know him again,
And another may claim the golden boon."
Then said the ladye, "My eyes were closed,
And I never did see this wondrous man;
And the cottar woman she hath deposed
He was gone ere his features she could scan."
"Ho!" cried the baron, "I watched him then,
As I stood on the opposite bank afeared;
Of a hundred men I would ken him again,
Though he were to doff his dun-brown beard."

A year has passed at the Castle of Weir,
Yet no one has claimed the golden don;
Most wonderful thing to tell or to hear!
Was he of flesh and blood and bone?
Though golden nobles might not him wile,
Was there not something more benign?

Was not for him a maiden's smile ?
Was not that maiden Tomasine ?

V.

The ladye sat within her summer bower
Alone, deep musing, in the still greenwood ;
Sadly and slowly passed the evening hour,
Sad and sorrowful was her weary mood,
For she had seen, beneath a shadowing tree,
All fast asleep a beauteous rural swain,
Whom she had often sighed again to see,
But never yet had chanced to see again ;—
So beautiful that, if the time had been
In a long mythic age now past and gone,
She might have deemed that she had haply seen
The all-divine Latona's fair-haired son
Come down upon our earth to pass a day
Among the daughters fair of earth-born men,
And had put on a suit of sober grey,
To appear unto them as a rural swain.
With features all so sweet in harmony,
You might have feigned they breathed a music mild,
With lire so peachy, fit to charm the eye,
And lips right sure to conquer when they smiled,
All seen through locks of lustrous auburn hair,
Which wanton fairies had so gaily thrown
To cover o'er a face so wondrous fair,
Lest Dian might reclaim him as her own.

In the still moonlit hour there steals along,
And falls upon her roused and listening ear

The notes of some night-wandering minstrel's song,
And oh! so sweet and sad it was to hear.
You might have deemed it came from teylin sweet,
Touched by some gentle fairy's cunning hand,
To tell us of those joys that we shall meet
In some far distant and far happier land;
And oft at night, as time still passed away,
That hopeless song throughout the greenwood came,
And oft she heard repeated in the lay
The well-known sound of her own maiden name;
And often did she wish, and often sighed,
That bashful minstrel for once more to see,
To know if he were him she had espied
All fast asleep beneath the greenwood tree.

VI.

Alace! and alace! for that false pride
In the hearts of those of high degree,
And that gentle love should be decried
By its noblest champion, Chivalrie.
If the baron shall hear a whispered word
Of that fond lover's sweet minstrelsie,
That love-lorn heart and his angry sword
May some night better acquainted be.
Woe! woe! to the viper's envenomed tongue
That obeys the hest of a coward's heart,
Who tries to avenge his fancied wrong
By getting another to act his part.
Sir Hubert has lisped in the baron's ear,
When drinking wine at the evening hour,

That a minstrel clown met his daughter dear
At night in her lonely greenwood bower.
"Hush! hush! Sir Hubert, thy words are fires;
Elves are about us that hear and see,
Who may tell to the ghost of my noble sires
Of a damned blot on our pedigree."
And the baron frowned with darkened brow,
And by the bones of his fathers swore
That from that night this minstrel theou,
To his daughter would warble his love no more.

VII.

That night the minstrel sang in softer flow,
Waxing and waning soft and softer still,
Like autumn's night winds breathing loun and low,
Or evening murmur of the wimpling rill;
But there was heard that night no farewell strain,
As in foretime there ever used to be—
A stop! and then no more was heard again
That bashful lover's hapless minstrelsie.
Next morn the maid, with purpose to enjoy
The forest flowers and wild birds' early song,
Unto the greenwood went; and to employ
Her weary musing as she went along,
Love's magic memory from its depths upbrought
The notes that ever still so sweetly hung
About her heart; and as she gaily thought,
She sung them o'er as she had heard them sung.
Onward she moved: her dreamy, listless eye
Had leant upon a fragrant wild-rose bed,

And, glancing farther, what does she descry?
Stretched stiff and bloody, his sad spirit fled,
Yea, him whom when asleep she once had seen,
And had so often wished again to see,
Now dead and cold 'mong the leaves so green,
And all beneath the well-known greenwood tree.

"Good day, my ladye," then some one said—
It was Sir Hubert there close behind;
"He will sing no more, or I am belied,
For the reason, I wot, that he wanteth wind."
Up came the baron in angry vein;
He casts his eye on the body there;
He scans the features again and again
With a look of doubt and shudder of fear;
His hands he wrings with a groan of pain,
He rolls his eyeballs with gesture wild—
"Great God! by a villain's counsel I've slain
The youth who saved my darling child!"

Among yon hoary elms that o'er him grow
A harp is hung to catch the evening gale,
That sings to him in accents soft and low,
And soothes the maiden with its sorrowful wail,
Who, as she sits within her greenwood bower,
And listens to the teylin's solemn strain,
Bethinks her, in her tears, of every hour
That gentle youth had sung to her in vain.

VIII.

THE ROMAUNT OF ST. MARY'S WYND.

I.

Of Scotland's cities, still the rarest
Is ancient Edinburgh town;
And of her ladies, still the fairest
There you see walk up and down:
Be they gay, or be they gayless,
There they beck and there they bow,
From the Castle to the Palace,
In farthingale and furbelow.

Says Lady Jane to Lady Janet,
"Thy gown, I vow, is stiff and grand;
Though there were feint a body in it,
Still I trow that it would stand."
And Lady Janet makes rejoinder:
"Thy boddice, madam, is sae tend,
The bonny back may crack asunder,
But, by my faith, it winna bend."

But few knew one both fairer, kinder,
The fair maid of St. Mary's Wynd;
Among the great you will not find her,
For she was of the humbler kind.

For her minnie spinning, plodding,
She wore no ribbons to her shune,
No mob-cap on her head nid-nodding,
But aye the linsey-woolsey gown.

No Lady Jane in silks and laces,
How fair soever she might be,
Could match the face—the nature's graces
Of this poor, humble Marjorie:
Her eyes they were baith mirk and merry,
Her lire was as the lily fair,
Her lips were redder than the cherry,
And flaxen was her glossy hair.

Ye bucks who wear the coats silk-braided,
With satin ribbons at your knee,
And cambric ruffles starched and plaited,
With cockèd bonnets all ajee,
Who walk with mounted canes at even,
Up and down so jauntilie,
Ye would have given a blink of heaven
For one sweet smile from Marjorie.

But Marjory's care was aye her minnie,
And day by day she sat and span;
Nor did she think it aught but sin aye,
To bear the stare of gentleman:
She doated on her own dear Willie,
For dear to her fond heart was he,
Who, though his sire was poor, yet still he
Was far above the low degree.

It was aye said his father's father
Did claim some Spanish pedigree,
Which many well believed, the rather
That he was not of our countrie:
His skin was brown as nut of hazel,
His eye was black as Scottish sloe,
And all so bright that it would dazzle
The eye that looked that eye into.

There came into his head a notion,
Which wrought and wrought within his brain,
That he would cross th' Atlantic Ocean,
And seek the land of Spanish Main;
And there amass a routh of treasure,
And then come back with bosom leal
To his own Marjory, and release her
From rock and reel and spinning wheel.

Up spake the minnie—it did not please her
That he should "gae sae far frae hame:"
"Thou'lt reap less in yon Abiezer
Than thou wilt glean in this Ephraim;
For there's a proverb faileth never:
A lintie safe within the hand,
Though lean and lank, is better ever
Than is a fat finch on the wand."

Then Marjory, with eye so tearful,
Whispered in dark Willie's ear,
"Thou wilt not go and leave me careful,
Friendless, lanely, starving here;

My minnie God hath gien a warning,
And I can do nae mair than spin,
And slowly, slowly comes the earning
That with my wheel I daily win."

"Oh fear not, Marjory dear—content ye,
Blackfriar John hath to me sworn,
That man of God will kindly tent ye
Until that I again return;
And he has promised fair to write me
Of how ye live and prosper twain,
And I will faithfully requite ye
With my true love to you again."

II.

Dark Willie took his sad departure,
And left at home his Marjory dear
To doubt and fear from every quarter,
Weep—weeping sadly on the pier;
And o'er the sea, all dangers scorning,
And o'er the sea he boldly sailed,
Until upon the fortieth morning
The promised land at length he hailed.

Now! thou one of the fateful sisters
That spins for man the silver thread,
Spin one of gold that glints and glisters
For one who stands in meikle need;
Spin it quick and spin it finely,
Till Willie's golden fortune's made,

And send him back to Marjory kindly,
Who spins at home for daily bread.

There was a rich old Spanish señor,
Who bore dark Willie's Spanish name,
And came to feel the kindly tenor
Of plighted friendship's sacred claim:
He gave his right hand to dark Willie,
With shares of a great companie,
Which sent forth goods far o'er the billow,
In ships that sailed on every sea.

Don Pedro had an only daughter,
The Donna Clara, passing fair,
Who, when her sire took his departure,
Would be her father's only heir:
Her eyes, so like two sterns of even,
Shining the murky clouds among,
And black her ringlets as the raven,
That o'er her marble shoulders hung.

Oh Willie! Willie! have thou care, man!
And give unto thine heart a stay,
For there are witcheries working there, man,
May steal that heart of thine away.
No need! to him blue eyes are glowing,
To him most beautiful of all;
No need! for flaxen hair is flowing
To keep his loving heart in thrall.

III.

A year had passed, and he had written
Of loving letters more than one,
The while gold pieces still remitting
All to holy Blackfriar John;
Yet still no answer had he gotten;
And as the days still passed away,
He fell to musing, and deep thought on
What had caused the strange delay.

What now to him those golden pieces
That he so fastly now could earn?
Ah, love like his gives no releases,
However Clara's eyes might yearn;
He wandered hither, wandered thither,
By sad forebodings nightly tossed;
He wandered now, he wandered ever,
In mournful musing sadly lost.

But time would tell: there came a letter
That filled his soul with dire dismay,
And told him his dark fears' abettor,
His Marjory's health had flown away:
Even as the clay her cheek was paling,
Her azure eyes were waxing dim,
Her hair unkemp't, and loose, and trailing,
And all for hopeless love of him.

Sad harbinger of things to harrow,
Another came, ah! soon a day,

To tell him his dear winsome marrow
From this sad world had passed away.
No more for him those eyes so merry,
That were to him so sweet to see!
No more those lips red as the cherry,
That were to him so sweet to pree!

IV.

Alas! there are of things—we see them
Without the aid of wizard's spell;
But there are other things—we dree them,
No art of wizard can foretell:
Strange thing the heart where love has power,
So tossed with joy or racked with pain!
Dark Willie from that fatal hour
Seemed fated ne'er to smile again.

In vain now Clara, sembling gladness,
Plies the magic of her wile,
To draw him off from his great sadness,
And cheat him of a loving smile:
The more her sympathy she tenders,
The more he will by art defy
All beauty which but contrast renders
With his own dear lost Marjory.

V.

Now Time's big silent, solemn billow
Rolls quietly on from year to year;
Don Pedro lies on his green pillow,
With love-lorn Clara sleeping near.

But, ere he died, he did declare it
His pleasure when his days were told,
And Clara dead, with none to share it,
Don William should heir all his gold.

Gift vain, oh vain! would wealth restore him
His long-lost Marjory to his arms?
Nay, would it wake and bring before him
One only of her envied charms?
No, it might cause another courtship,
A love he could not now control:
Great Mammon lured him to his worship,
And lorded in his inmost soul.

What though ten years away had stolen?
'Twas not to him all weary time,
Who every day was pleased to roll in
The tempting Mammon's golden shrine.
But when he laid him on his pillow,
His fancy sought the farthest east,
And conjured up some lonely willow
That waved o'er her he loved the best.

Change still—a passion changed to pity!
No other solace would he have—
A wish to see his native city,
And sit and weep o'er Marjory's grave.
To see that house, yea, buy the sheiling
In that old wynd of St. Marie,
A hermit there to live and dwell in,
Then sleep beside his Marjorie.

VI.

Blow soft, ye winds, and tender-hearted
This hermit waft to yonder shore,
From which for sordid gold he parted
Ten weary years and one before.
Ho! there's the pier where last he left her,
That dear, loved one, to weep alone,
And for that love of gold bereft her
Of all the pleasures she could own.

He's now within the ancient borough!
He sought the well-known White Horse Inn,
And there he laid him down in sorrow,
Some strengthening confidence to win;
Then up the street, with none to greet him,
He held his sad and sorrowing way,
When lo! who should be there to meet him
But Friar John?—who slunk away.

Strange thing! but lo! the sacred sheiling
In that old wynd of St. Marie—
The window where with mirthful feeling
He tap't the sign to Marjorie.
He sought the lobby dark and narrow,
Groped gently for the well-known door,
Where he might hear of his winsome marrow,
Who died there many years before.

He drew the latch, and quietly entered:
There some one spinning merrilie!

A faltering question then he ventured:
"My name, kind sir, is Marjorie."
"Great God!" he cried, in voice all trembling,
And sank upon a crazy chair,
And tried to trace a strange resembling
In her who sat beside him there.

A maiden she still young and buxom,
Nor change but what ten years may bring,
Her hair still of the glossy flaxen,
Her eyes still blue as halcyon's wing.
He traced the lines, he knew each feature
Of all her still unfaded charms;
And now this long lost, worshipped creature
Is locked fast in his loving arms.

"Look up! look up! thy fear controlling,
It is thy Willie's voice that calls:"
She oped her eyes—now wildly rolling
All o'er his face the lustrous balls—
"It is, it is—oh, powers most holy!
And I had heard that thou wert dead;
And here, in spite of melancholy,
I still spin for my daily bread."

"'Twas Friar John wrote me a letter,
He said he saw thee on thy bier;
And sore I mourned with tears, oh bitter!
For one I ever loved so dear."
"Oh, wae befa' that wicked friar,
Who sairly tried my love to gain;

Wae, wae befa' that wicked liar,
Wha brought on us sae meikle pain."

Then Willie said, with tears encumbered,
"Cheer up, cheer up, dear Marjorie,
For I have gold in sums unnumbered,
And it shall all belong to thee."
"And art thou true, and still unmarried?
And is thy bodie not a seim?
And is it true my ears have carried,
Or is it a' a lying dream?"

"All, all is true, my dearest hinny,
What thou'rt to me I am to thee,
Our years on earth may still be many,
And quickly we shall wedded be."
"Ah, weel! ah, weel!" and sighing, sobbing,
She on his breast her head hath lain;
And as he felt her bosom throbbing,
He kissed her ower and ower again.

And he has bought a noble mansion,
And stocked it with all things genteel
Of costly price—nor need we mention
The rock and reel and spinning-wheel;
And he has bought a noble carriage,
With servants in gay liverie,
I trow there was an unco marriage
In the ancient wynd of Saint Marie.

IX

THE LEGEND OF MARY LEE.*

(*Another Version.*)

Though Robert was heir to broad Kildearn,
He had often with gipsies roved,
And from gipsies he came a name to earn,
Which was dear to the maid he loved.
To ladies fair he was Robert St. Clair,
When he met them in companie ;
To a certain one, and to her alone,
He was only Robin-a-Ree.†

Through Kildearn's woods they were wont to rove,
And they knew well the trysting tree ;
The green sward was their bed of love,
And the green leaves their canopie.
But the love of the virgin heart is shy,
And hangs between hope and fear ;
It is fed by the light of a lover's eye,
And it trusts thro' the willing ear.

* See the strange song of the same name in the *Scottish Gallovidean Encyclopædia*, from which I borrow some of the maledictory epithets. Grotesque they may be, but they are justified by the vocabulary of our old witch-sibyls used in curses and incantations, as we find in books of diablerie.

† Kingly, or royal, in the gipsy tongue.

"My Mary! I swear by yon Solway tide,
Which is true to the queen of night,
That thou shalt be my chosen bride
When I come to my lawful right:
My father is now an aged man,
And but few years more can see;
And when he dies, old Kildearn's land
Belongs to Robin-a-Ree."

"Oh Robin, oh Robin," and Mary sighed,
"Aye faithfu' to you I hae been,
As true as ever yon Solway tide
Is true to yon silvery queen.
And faithfu' and true I will ever prove
Till that happy day shall be,
When I will be in honoured love
The wife o' Robin-a-Ree."

Green be thy leaves, thou "tree of troth,"
And thy rowan berries red,
Where he has sworn that holy oath,
If he stand to what he has said.
But black and blasted may thou be,
And thy berries a yellow green,
If he prove false to Mary Lee,
Who so faithful to him has been.

For a woman's art and a woman's wile
A man may well often slight,
At the worst they are but nature's guile
To procure what is nature's right.

But a woman's wrath, when once inflamed
By a sense of fond love betrayed,
No cunning device by cunning framed
Has ever that passion laid.

II.

Passions will range and passions will change,
And they leave no mortal in peace,
There is nothing in man that to us seems strange
That to passion you may not trace.
The heart that will breathe the warmest love
Is the first oft to cease its glow,
The fairest flower in the forest grove
Is often the first to dow.

A woman's eye is aye quick to see
The love of a lover decay:
And why from the trusty trysting tree
Does Robin now stay away?
There are other trees in the wood as green,
With as smooth a sward below,
Where lovers may lie in the balmy e'en,
And their love to each other show.

'Twas when the moon in an autumn night
Threw shadows throughout the wood,
She heard some sounds; and with footsteps light,
Where no one could see, she stood.
She listened, and with an anxious ear,
To know who these there might be:

A youth was there with his mistress dear,
And the youth was Robin-a-Ree.

Silent and gloomy she wandered home,
And went to her bed apart,
No softening tear to her eye would come,
No sigh from her aching heart.
The balmy milk of a woman's breast
Waxed curdled green and sour,
And Mary Lee was by all confessed
As changed from that fatal hour.

At times, when the moon gave little light,
She sat by the Solway side,
And thought, as she sat, of that happy night
When he swore by the Solway tide.
Far sweeter to her the roaring wind,
Than when it was solemn and low,
For the waters he swore by seemed to her mind
As resenting that broken vow.

Still darker and darker the cloud on her brow,
Yet paler her tearless cheek;
But no one her sorrow would ever know,
Nor word would she ever speak.
'Tis the story old, old, so often told,
To be told while time shall be,
Fair Catherine, the heiress of Ravenswold,
Is the wife of Robin-a-Ree.

III.

It was on an angry winter night,
When Mary sat in her gloom,
There came to her door an ill-doing wight—
Kildearn's drunken groom:
He placed in her hand a gold-filled purse,
And spoke of love's sacred flame;
And well she knew the unholy source
Whence the man and the money came.

"Awa and awa, thou crawling worm,
On whom thy horse will tread
Awa and awa, and tell Kildearn,
I accept his noble meed."
She placed the purse in a cabinet old,
And locked it right carefullie,
"Lie there, lie there, thou ill-won gold,
Till needed thou shalt be."

IV.

The years roll on, nor Robin-a-Ree
Can their onward progress stay,
The years roll on, and children three,
Have blessèd his bridal day.
And Mary Lee is there to see,
As she sat in her lonely home,
Two of Kildearn's children three,
Borne away to Kildearn's tomb.

But none of these years work change on her:
As she seeks the lone greenwood,

She sees a man lying bleeding there,
While his horse beside him stood.
He called for help, where help there was none,
Tho' Mary was standing near,
Who spoke in a solemn eldritch tone,
Words strange to the human ear:

"The hairy adder I dinna like,
When I the fell creature meet,
Neither like I the moon-baying tyke,
Nor the Meg-o'-moniefeet.
I canna thole the yellow-wamed ask,
Sae fearful a thing to see;
But mair than a', and ower them a',
I hate fause Robin-a-Ree."

V.

Time puts in the sack that behind him hangs
Of things both old and new,
And every hour brings stranger things
Than those we have bidden adieu.
The last one of those children three,
Young Hector, Kildearn's pride,
Has gone, in his childish mirth and glee,
To play by the Solway tide.

That tide by which his father swore
As true to the silvery queen—
That tide is breaking with sullen roar,
And Hector no more is seen.

They may search, they may drag—the search is vain,
No Hector they'll ever find;
A lugger is yonder, away to the main,
Borne on an eastern wind.

And there is a woman who stands in the bay,
And she holds out both her hands,
As if she would wave that lugger away
To some of the distant lands.
And if you will trace her to her hold,
Where a purse of gold was laid,
You will find the drawer, but not the gold,
For the purse and gold are fled.

VI.

Time flies, but sin breeds in-and-in,
And a father's grief is stern;
Robin is dead, and a distant kin
Now calls himself Kildearn.
The moon's pale light falls on yonder tomb,
By which sits a woman grey,
And sings in the blast a revengeful doom,
In a woman's weird way.

"Chirk! whutthroats in yon auld taff dyke,
Hoot! grey owl in yon shaw,
Howl out! ye auld moon-baying tyke,
Ye winds mair keenly blaw,
Till ye rouse to the rage o' a wintry storm
The waves of the Solway sea,

And wauken the brawnit connach worm
On the grave o' Robin-a-Ree."

VII.

More years passed on. Ho! near by the cove
Is a ship with a pirate crew,
All bound in honour and fear and love,
To their captain, Hector Drew;
Who looked through his glass at old Kildearn,
As thoughts through his memory ran,
And fain of that house he would something learn,
But he is an outlawed man.

Nor venture could he to come upon land,
Except under cloud of night,
And he and all his pirate band
Lie hidden there out of sight;
That he might plunder Kildearn House
Of its gold and its jewelrie,
Then away, and away, again to cruise
Where rovers aye love to be.

But there is one who stands on the shore,
Who knew that pirate hoy,
Whose captain she bribed many years before
To steal away Kildearn's boy.
She has sent the bloodhounds to the wood,
They have seized them every loon,
And sent them to answer for deeds of blood,
To Edwin's old castled toun.

The Admiral High of old Scotland
Has them tried for deeds so dark,
And they are decreed by his high command
To be hanged within high-water mark.
On the sands of Leith, as St. Giles struck two,
And within the hem of the sea,
There Captain Drew and all his crew
Were hanged for piracie.

And so it is true that a woman's wile
A man may with safety slight,
At worst it may be but nature's guile
To procure what is nature's right.
But a woman's wrath, if once inflamed
By a sense of fond love betrayed,
No cunning device by cunning framed
Has ever that passion laid.

X.

THE BALLAD OF AGE AND YOUTH.

I.

I left yon stately castle on the height,
The ancient halls of lordly Ravenslee,
Wherein was met, in grandeur all bedight,
Of knights and dames a gallant companie;
For I was in a misanthropic mood,
And deemed that gay galaverie false and vain,
And wished to lie or loiter in some wood,
And give my fancy her unbridled rein.

I left them all in flush of pleasure's sport,
Some knights with damoiselles gone forth to woo,
Some listing gleemen in the ballion court,
Some deep in ombre, some at lanterloo,
Some gone a-hawking with the merlyon,
Some at their noon-meat sipping Spanish wine,
Some conning old romances on the lawn,
And all to meet in hall at hour of dine.

II.

Down in Dalmossie dell I sought a nook
Beneath a thick and widely-spreading tree,

And there I sat to con my little book,
My book of old black-letter grammarie.
All stillness in that deep and lonely dell
Save hum of bumble-bee on nimble wing,
Or zephyr sporting round the wild blue bell,
While fancy feigned some tiny tinkle-ring.

Lo! come from yonder sheiling by the burn
An aged pair whom Time claimed as his own—
Their clothes all brown, and sere and sadly worn,
But brushed and clean, and tently put on.
I noted well the signs of their great eild,
Their shrunken limbs, their locks of snowy hair,
The wobbling walk, the bowing, bending bield,
The wrinkled cheeks, and looks of dule and care.

I thought on hapless man—with changing face,
Each day more furrowed as he wears along.
He looks into the glass to cry Alace!
Alace for that spring time that's past and gone!
He looks askance, and sees young eyes that lour
On him, so comely once, unsightly grown:
The faded roses make a scented bower,
But aged man seems spurned by man alone.

Yet happy he who, changing with advance,
Has bright and golden hopes beyond the sun;
He can give back their saucy, pitying glance,
Who set such wondrous price their youth upon.
Their night will come in turn, yea, comes apace,
Without, mayhap, the hope of brighter day,

When age-worn looks will don their native grace,
And feel no more this world's despised decay.

III.

That aged pair sat down upon the green,
While each the other helped to softest seat,
I watched their ways, myself by them unseen,
And heard their quivering words, so kindly sweet,
As still of golden days when they were young,
Of youth's green summer time they spoke and wept,
And soft in wailing song there came along
These words, which I in memory long have kept:

THE SONG OF AGE.*

"The trees they are high, John, the leaves they are green,
The days are awa that you and I have seen;
The days are awa that we have seen;

* Some readers may recognise in the old woman's song portions of an ancient ditty that used to be chanted in a wailing cadence in several parts of Scotland. I suspect the song as a whole is lost—the more to be regretted for its sweet simplicity and melodious wail (so far as judged in the fragments), which in a modern song would be viewed as weakness or affectation. Indeed, the modes of thought and feeling that belong to what is called advanced civilisation are impatient of these things except as rude relics of yet untutored minds; and the pleasure with which they are accepted has in it perhaps a grain of pity for those that didn't know better than produce them. Yet, as regards mere poetical feeling at least, the nearer the fountain-head the purer the water.

And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again,
Summer again, summer again,
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again.

"There was joy at our marriage—a dance on the green,
They a' roosed the light of my bonnie blue een,
My bonnie blue een, where tears may now be seen;
And oh! that we were to be married again,
Married again, married again,
And oh! that we were to be married again.

"The grass it is wet, John, the wind it is keen,
Our claes they are worn, and our shune they are thin;
Our shune they are thin, and the waters come in;
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again,
Summer again, summer again,
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again.

"There was joy in our youth, John, at wish's command,
We danced and we sang, and we ilka gate ran,
But now dule and sorrow's on ilka hand;
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again,
Summer again, summer again,
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again.

"There's graves in yon howf, John, and hillocks o' green,
Where our bairns lie sleeping that left us alane,
And they're waiting for us till we gae to creep in;
And alas! for youth's bonnie green summer again,
Summer again, summer again,
And alas! for youth's bonnie green summer again."

When *she* had crooned her chant, I heard *him* say,
With sobbing voice and deep heart-heaving sigh,
"Dry up thae tears, my Jean, for things away,
Time's but a watch-tick in eternity;
We darena sing of earth, but lift our prayer
To Him whose promises are never vain,
That we may dwell in yonder Eden fair,
And see youth's summer blooming green again."

Then rose a prayer to Bethel's Lord and King
That He would lead them through this vale of woe,
And to the promised land his children bring,
Where Babel's streams in living waters flow.
They left: again all silence in the dell
Save hum of bumble-bee on nimble wing,
Or zephyr sporting round the wild blue bell,
While fancy feigned some tiny tinkle-ring.

IV.

And is not youth, thought I, a vulgar thing,
When lording over WISDOM'S ancient reign?
What may avail the brilliancy of spring
If autumn yields no hoards of garnered grain?
Experience is the daughter of old Time,
Mother of Wisdom, last and noblest born,
Who comes as Faith to help our waning prime,
To cheer the night of age and light the morn.

I sought at eve the castle on the height,
The ancient halls of lordly Ravenslee.

Oh! contrast great! gay scene of youth's delight—
The spinette, galliard, mirth's galaverie!
I thought upon the couple in the wood,
And how that singing, dancing, laughing train
Would one day sigh in Time's avenging mood,
"Alas! for youth's green summer time again."

XI.

THE LEGEND OF CRAIGULLAN.*

Yonder the halls of old Craigullan!
To weird doom for ever true;
The moaning winds are sad and sullen,
The screech-owl hoots too-hoo! too hoo!
The lazy bum-clock drones around,
The wing-mouse flaps the choking air,
The croaking frog hops on the ground,
For weird fate is working there.

Each wing had once a goodly tower
Of stately beild, both broad and high;
In every tower a lady's bower,
Bedecked with silken tapestry;
In every bower a lovely maid,
Her youth and beauty all in vain;
And with each maid a keeper staid
To watch the wanderings of her brain.

'Twas said that those who went that way
Would hear some shrill and piercing wail

* This legend has been referred to several Scotch families—one in Fife in particular, the name of which it would be imprudent to mention.

Come from these towers, and die away
As borne upon the passing gale;
Yet none could say from whom it came,
Far less divine the reason why;
And Superstition, with her dream,
Could only whisper mystery—
Unholy spirits haunting nigh,
And screaming in the midnight hour,
Presage of vengeance from on high
For deeds done in Craigullan's tower.

If Superstition has her dream,
She also has her waking hour;
Nor ever man, howe'er supreme,
Can free him from her mystic power.
And it was told, in whispering way,
That once Craigullan led his hounds
Out forth upon a Sabbath day
Within the church bells' sacred sounds;
And as he rode, by fury fired,
A woman, pregnant, overthrown
Beneath his horse's hoofs, expired,
And, dying, shrieked this malison:
From this day forth, till time shall cease,
May madness haunt Craigullan's race!

The words struck on a sceptic's ear:
Would woman's curse his pleasure stay?
He blew his horn both loud and clear,
And with his hounds he hied away.

He conned no more the weird reve
Which all conspired to prove untrue,
For he had healthy daughters five,
Who up in maiden beauty grew—
Clorinda, Isobel, and Jane—
Such was the order of their birth—
And Florabel and Clementine,
All lovely, gay, and full of mirth.

But man is blind, with all his power,
And gropes through life his darksome way;
Nor ever thinks the evil hour
May come within the brightest day.

As custom went, a noble throng
Hath filled Craigullan's ancient hall,
Amidst th' inspiring dance and song,
Clorinda is admired of all.
The sun with his enlivening light
Brings out the viper and the rose,
And joy that cheers will oft excite
Dark Mania from her long repose.
Amidst the dance and music there—
The dance which she so proudly led—
A maniac shriek has rent the air—
Clorinda falls, her reason fled.

In vain shall passing time essay
To soothe the dire domestic pain;

Fair Isobel becomes the prey
Of that same demon of the brain.
When autumn winds were sighing low,
When birds were singing on the tree,
Amidst their song she met the foe,
And sank beneath the fell decree.

Nor yet the sibyl leaf all read,
Dark Nemesis is grim and sullen;
She bends again her vengeful head—
Woe! woe! to old Craigullan.
The next by fatal count of Time,
The next by her foreboding fears—
Jane falls, like those in early prime—
She falls amidst a mother's tears.

Nor finished yet the weird spell,
Wrought out by some high powers divine.
The victim next is Florabel,
The fairest of Craigullan's line.
The shadow fell upon her bloom,
Grew darker as the period neared,
As if the terror of her doom
Wrought out the issue which it feared.

If Superstition has her dreams,
Proud reason has her mystic day;
And who shall harmonize the themes
In this world's dark and dreary way?
If Clementine is yet forgot,
Is the relief to her a gain?

She fears the demon in each thought,
In every fancy of the brain.
If once a cheerful thought shall rise,
The dreaded enemy is near;
If once her heaving bosom sighs,
The vengeful demon will appear.
In vain she seeks the greenwood grove,
In vain she hears the merlin sing,
In vain she seeks her flower alcove,
In vain for her the roses spring.
If holy peace she tries to seek,
She hears Clorinda's maniac song,
Or Florabel's ecstatic shriek,
Sounding the stilly woods among.

What though Sir Walter seeks her bower,
And pleads his suit on bended knee
With all a lover's magic power,
That she his lady-love shall be?
He does not know her secret pain;
She dare not whisper in his ear;
She dare not trust that she is sane;
She loves him, but she loves with fear.

This is *her* madness. Who shall know
If she with reason, *they* without,
Which have the greater load of woe?
Her sisters have not sense to doubt.
This is the world's madness too:
We seek for truth, and seek in vain.

While madly we the false pursue,
Who shall decide that he is sane?

And still the halls of old Craigullan
To weird doom are ever true;
The moaning winds are sad and sullen,
The grey owl hoots too-hoo! too-hoo!

XII.

THE HERMIT OF THE HILLS.

"Intruder, thou shalt hear my tale," the solitary said,
While far adown beneath our feet the fiery levin played;
The thunder-clouds our carpet were—we gazed upon the storm,
Which swept along the mountain sides in many a fearful form.

I sat beside the lonely man, on Cheviot's cloudless height;
Above our heads was glory, but beneath more glorious night;
For the sun was shining over us, but lightnings flashed below,
Like the felt and burning darkness of unutterable woe.

"I love, in such a place as this," the desolate began,
"To gaze upon the tempests wild that separate me from man;
To muse upon the passing things that agitate the world—
View myself as by a whirlwind to hopeless ruin hurled.

"My heart was avaricious once, like yours the slave of feeling—
Perish such hearts! vile dens of crime! man's selfishness concealing;
For self! damned self's creation's lord!—man's idol and his god!
'Twas torn from me, a blasted, bruised, a cast off, worthless load.

"Some say there's wildness in my eyes, and others deem me crazed,
They, trembling, turn and shun my path—for which let Heaven be praised!
They say my words are blasphemy—they marvel at my fate,
When 'tis my happiness to know they *pity* not, but *hate*.

"My father fell from peace and wealth the day that I was born—
My mother died, and he became his fellow-gambler's scorn;
I know not where he lived or died—I never heard his name—
An orphan in a workhouse, I was thought a child of shame.

"Some *friend* by blood had lodged me there, and bought my keeper too,
Who pledged his oath he would conceal what of my tale he knew.

Death came to him—he called on me the secret to unfold,
But died while he was uttering the little I have told.

"My soul was proud, nor brooked restraint—was proud, and I was young;
And with an eager joyancy I heard his flattering tongue
Proclaim me not of beggars born—yea, as he speaking died,
I—greedy—mad to know the rest—stood cursing by his side.

"I looked upon the homely garb that told my dwelling-place—
It hung upon me heavily—a token of disgrace!
I fled the house—I went to sea—was by a wretch impressed,
The stamp of whose brutality is printed on my breast.

"Like vilest slave he fettered me, my flesh the irons tore—
Scourged, mocked, and worse than buried me upon a lifeless shore,
Where human foot had never trod—upon a barren rock,
Whose caves ne'er echoed to a sound save billows as they broke.

"'Twas midnight; but the morning came. I looked upon the sea,
And a melancholy wilderness its waters were to me;

The heavens were black as yonder cloud that rolls beneath our feet,
While neither land nor living thing my eager eyes could meet.

"I naked sat upon the rock; I trembled—strove to pray;
Thrice did I see a distant sail, and thrice they bore away.
My brain with hunger maddening, as the steed the battle braves,
Headlong I plunged from the bare rock and buffeted the waves.

"Methought I saw a vessel near, and bitter were my screams,
But they died within me echoless as voices in our dreams;
For the winds were howling round me, and the suffocating gush
Of briny horrors rioted, the cry of death to crush.

"My senses fled. I lifelessly upon the ocean slept;
And when to consciousness I woke, a form before me wept.
Her face was beautiful as night; but by her side there stood
A group, whose savage glances were more dismal than the flood.

"They stood around exultingly; they snatched me from the wave—
Stole me from death—to torture me, to sell me as a slave.

She who stood o'er me weeping was a partner of my chains.
We were sold, and separation bled my heart with deeper pains.

"I knew not what her birth had been, but loved her with a love
Which nor our tyrant's cruelty nor mockery could move.
I saw her offered to a Moor—another purchased me;
But, Heavens! my arms once fetterless, ere midnight I was free!

"Memory, with eager eye, had marked her master's hated door—
I grasped a sabre, reached the house, and slew the opposing Moor.
I bore her rapidly away; a boat was on the beach—
We put to sea—saw morning dawn 'yond our pursuers' reach

"I gazed upon her silently—I saw her sink to sleep,
As darkness gathered over us upon the cheerless deep;
I saw her in her slumber start — unconsciously she spoke—
Oh death!—she called upon *his* name who left me on the rock!

"Then there was madness in my breast and fury in my brain—
She never heard *that name* from me, yet uttered it again!

I started forth and grasped her hand—'Are we pursued?' she cried—
I trembled in my agony, and speechless o'er her sighed.

"I ventured not to speak of love in such an awful hour,
For hunger glistened in our eyes, and grated to devour
The very rags that covered us! My pangs I cannot tell,
But in that little hour I felt the eternity of hell.

"For the transport of its tortures did in that hour surround
Two beings on the bosom of a shoreless ocean found;
As we gazed upon each other, with a dismal longing look,
And jealousy, but not from love, our tortured bosoms shook.

"I need but add that we were saved, and by a vessel borne
Again toward our native land to be asunder torn.
The maiden of my love was rich—was rich—and I was poor;
A soulless menial shut on me her wealthy guardian's door.

"She knew it not, nor would I tell—tell! by the host of heaven,
My tongue became the sepulchre of sound!—my heart was riven.
I fled society and hope; the prison of my mind
A world of inexpressible and guilty thoughts confined.

"She was not wed—my hope returned; ambition fired my soul,
Sweeping round me like a fury, while the beacon and the goal
Of desire, ever turbulent and sleepless, was to have
The hand that mine had rescued from the fetters of a slave.

"I was an outcast on the earth, but braved my hapless lot;
And while I groaned impatiently, weak mortals heard it not.
A host of drear, unholy dreams did round my pillow haunt,
While my days spent in loneliness were darkened o'er with want.

"At length blind fortune favoured me—my breast to joy awoke;
And then he who had left me on the isolated rock,
I met within a distant land; nor need I further tell,
But that we *met* as equals there, and my antag'nist fell.

"Awhile I brooded on his death; and gloomily it brought
A desolateness round me, stamping guilt on every thought.
I trembling found how bloodily my vengeance was appeased,
At what vile price my bosom was of *jealousy* released.

"For still the breathing of his name by her I lov'd had rung
In remembrance, like the latest sound that falleth from the tongue
Of those best loved and cherished, when upon the bed of death
They bequeath to us their injuries to visit in our wrath.

"But soon these griefs evanished, like a passing summer storm,
And a gush of hope like sunshine flashed around me, to deform
The image of repentance, while the darkness of remorse
Retreated from its presence with a blacker with'ring curse.

"I hurried home in eagerness—the leaden moments fled;
My burning tale of love was told—was told—and we were wed.
A tumult of delightfulness had rapt my soul in flame,
But on that day—my wedding day—a mourning letter came.

"Joy died on ev'ry countenance—she, trembling, broke the seal—
Screamed—glanced on me! and lifeless fell, unable to reveal
The horrid tale of death that told her new-made husband's guilt—
The hand which she that day had wed, her brother's blood had spilt.

"That brother in his mother's right another name did bear:
'Twas him I slew—all shrank from me in horror and in fear;
They seized me in my bridal dress—my bride still senseless lay—
I spoke not while they pinioned me and hurried me away.

"They lodged me in a criminal cell, by iron gratings barred,
And there the third day heavily a funeral bell I heard.
A sable crowd my prison passed—they gazed on it with gloom:
It was my bride—my beautiful—they followed to the tomb!

"I was acquitted; but what more had I with life to do?
I cursed my fate—my heart—the world—and from its creatures flew.
Intruder, thou hast heard my tale of wretchedness and guilt—
Go, mingle with a viler world, and tell it if thou wilt."

XIII.

THE BALLAD OF RUMBOLLOW.

The clouds are flying, the trees are sighing,
The birds are hopping from bough to bough;
The winds are blowing, the snowflakes throwing
O'er the green earth below, below;
The storm is coming while I am roaming
The thick dark forest all through, all through;
The air is nipping, my clothes are dripping,
All in the forest of Rumbollow.*

On a felled tree lying a woman sits sighing,
Rocking a child both to and fro;
Her gown it is torn, her shoes they are worn—
She looks like a creature of woe, of woe;
Her eyes are glowing, her hair is flowing,
She's all over white with the snow, the snow;
She rocks the child with a gesture wild,
All in the forest of Rumbollow.

The child is crying, and she is trying
To lull it asleep—balow! balow!

* The old song called "Rumbollow Fair" is said by Pinkerton to have been lost. I have heard a refrain, "All in the Forest of Rumbollow," but whether this has any relation to the old song I do not know. I fear I am altogether responsible for this rhapsodical effusion.

And while she is singing, the snowflakes are winging
And whirling in eddies all through, all through.
I listed the rening and wondered the meaning:
Was it the tale of her woe, her woe—
A truthful crooning or a maniac mooning—
All in the forest of Rumbollow?

THE SONG OF THE BETRAYED.

"Balow! balow! my bonnie bairn—
Nae father to care for you;
As your mother has sinned so shall she earn,
And to her the world is hard and stern,
Who has loved and lived to rue,
Balow!
Who has loved and lived to rue.

"On Rumbollow green my love lies slain,
As he cam' frae Rumbollow Fair;
His bodie lies deep amang rushes green,
Where corbies pike at his bonnie blue een,
And taeds sleep in his hair,
Balow!
And taeds sleep in his hair.

"The grey owl sits on yon willow tree,
Whose branches o'er him weep,
And sends its scream far o'er the lea,
Where night winds whisper mournfullie,
And through the rashes sweep,
Balow!
And through the rashes sweep.

"When first I met wi' Hab o' the Howe
I had scarce twice nine years seen,
And he swore by our Ladye o' Rumbollow
I had set a' his heart in a holy lowe
Wi' the fire o' my twa black een,
Balow!
Wi' the fire o' my twa black een.

"Of a' the fair maidens on Rumbollow green
There was nane sae fair as me,
Wi' my kilted kirtle o' mazarine,
And buckles as bright as the siller sheen,
And my coatie o' cramosie,
Balow!
And my coatie o' cramosie.

"I was proud that he stood tall men abune,
Sae stalwart, sae bald and free;
But he cozened my heart and left me undune,
Wi' tatters for claes and bachels for shune,
And a sin-wean on my knee,
Balow!
And a sin-wean on my knee.

"Last night, when the mune was in the wane,
And the winds were moaning low,
I wandered by his dead bodie alane,
And looked at the hole in his white hause bane,
And the gash on his bonnie brow,
Balow!
And the gash on his bonnie brow.

"Did I wail to the mune, and tear my hair,
And weep o'er his bodie? Na!
I leugh at the fause ane wha left me to care,
And fought for Bess Cummock at Rumbollow Fair,
And there lies dead, ha! ha!
Balow!
And there lies dead, ha! ha!"

She is up and going, no look bestowing
Through the dark forest, tra-la! tra-la!
The roundelay still sounds away,
The wail and the wild ha, ha, ha, ha!
Some wretched maiden with grief o'erladen,
Victim of man, ever so, ever so.
The world needs mending and some God-sending,
All in the forest of Rumbollow.

The mill is yonder where she may wander;
The wheels they merrily row, they row;
The lade is gushing, the water's rushing
On to the ocean below, below.
The song is ending, or scattered and blending
In the wild winds as they blow, they blow;
She moves still faster with wilder gesture,
All in the forest of Rumbollow.

It is no seeming, hark! comes a screaming
The moaning forest all through, all through;
The miller is running, no danger shunning,
The foaming waters down flow, down flow:

Too late his braving, there is no saving—
Down the mill lade they go, they go,
Mother and child 'midst the waters wild,
All in the forest of Rumbollow!

XIV.

THE LEGEND OF THE BURNING OF MISTRESS JAMPHRAY.

I.

From the dark old times that have gone before,
We have got in our day some little relief;
We don't think of doing what they did of yore,
To saw a man through for a point of belief;
We do not believe in old women's dreams,
And devils and ghosts we can do without;
Nor do we now set an old woman in flames,
But rather endeavour to put them out.

She has ta'en her lang staff in her shaky hand,
And gaen up the stair of Will Mudie's land;
She has looked in the face of Will Mudie's wean,
And the wean it was dead that very same e'en.
Next day she has gane to the Nethergate,
And looked ower the top of Rob Rorison's yett,
Where she and his wife having got into brangles,
Rob's grey mare Bess that night took the stranglès.
It was clear when she went to Broughty Ferry,
She sailed in an egg-shell in place of a wherry;
And when she had pass'd by the tower of Claypots,
John Fairweather's gelding was seized with the bots,
And his black horse Billy was seized the same even,
Not by the bots, but the "spanking spavin."

And as she went on to Monifieth,
She met an auld man with the wind in his teeth—
"Are you the witch o' Bonnie Dundee?"
"You may ask the wind, and then you will see!"
And, such was the wickedness of her spite,
The man took the toothache that very night.
With John Thow's wife she was at drawing of daggers,
And twenty of John's sheep took the staggers.
With old Joe Baxter she long had striven,—
Joe set his sponge, but it never would leaven;
And as for Gib Jenkinson's cow that gaed yeld,
It was very well known that Crummie was spelled.
When Luckie Macrobie's sweet milk wouldna erne,
The reason was clear—she bewitched the concern.
True! no man could swear that he ever saw
Her flee on a broomstick over North Berwick Law;
But as for the fact, where was she that night
When the heavens were blue with the levin-light?
The broom wasna seen ahint the door;
It had better to do than to sweep the floor.
Then, sure there was something far worse than a frolic,
When the half of Dundee was seized with the cholic.
True! nobody knew that she gaed to the howf
For dead men's fat to bring home in her loof,
To brew from the mixture of henbane and savin,
Her hell-broth for those who were thirsting for heaven.
For the sexton, John Cant, could be prudent and still—
He knew she would send him good grist to his mill.
Ere good Provost Syme was ta'en by a tremor,
It was known that the provost had called her a limmer;

And when Bailie Nicholson broke his heugh-bane,
Had she not been seen that day in the lane?
It was certain, because Cummer Gibbieson swore
That the bairn she had with the whummel-bore
Leapt quick in her womb one day the witch passed her,
And she was the cause of the bairn's disaster.
When the ferry-boat sank in crossing the Tay,
She was on the Craig pier the very same day.
It was vain to conceal it, and vain to deny it,
She kept in her house an auld he-pyet:
That bird was the devil, and she fed him each day
With the brimstone she bought from Luckie Glenday.
In truth, the old pyet was daintily treated,
Because her black soul was impignorated.
And these were the reasons—enough, I trow—
Why she should be set in a lunting lowe.

II.

The barrels are brought from Noraway,
Well seasoned with plenty of Noraway pitch;'
All dried and split for that jubilee day,
The day of the holocaust of a witch.
The prickers are chosen—hang-daddy and brother—
And fixed were the fees of their work of love;
To prick an old woman who was a mother,
And felt still the yearnings of motherly love;
For she had a son, a noble young fellow,
Who sailed in a ship of his own the sea,
And who was away on the distant billow
For a cargo of wine to this bonnie Dundee.

Some said she was bonnie when she was a lassie,
Ah! fair the young blossom upon the young tree;
But winter will come, and summer will pass aye,
And youth is not always to you or to me.
A true loving daughter, with God to fear,
A dutiful wife, and a mother dear;
With a heart to feel and a bosom to sigh,
She had tears to weep, she had tears to dry.

III.

All was joyful—all delectation,
In creatures who prayed to their Maker each morn,
That there was to be a grand incremation
Of a poor fellow-creature, old, weary, and worn.
All pity is drowned in a wild devotion,
A grim savage joy within every breast;
The streets are all in a buzzing commotion,
Expectant of this worse than cannibal feast.
From the provost down to the gaberlunzie,
From fat Mess John to half-fed Bill,
From hoary grand-dad to larking loonie,
From silken-clad dame to scullion Nell;
The oldest, the youngest, the richest, the poorest,
The milky-breasted, the barren, the yeld,
The hardest, the softest, the blithest, the dourest,
Are all by the same wild passion impelled.
If her skin it is wrinkled—ah, God forefend her!
The wild lapping flame will soon make it shrink;
If her eyes are dim and rheumy and tender,
The adder-tongued flames will soon make her wink.

If brown now her breasts—once globes of beauty!
The roasting will char them into a black heap;
If trembling her limbs, the prickers' loved duty
Will be to compel her to dance and to leap.
The harlequin Man has doffed his jacket,
No pity to feel—he has none to give;
The Bible has said it, and so thou must take it,
"Thou shalt not allow a witch to live."

IV.

On the long red sands of old Dundee,
Out at the hem of the ebbing sea,
They have fixed a long pole deep in the sand,
And around it have piled with deftly hand
The rosined staves of the Noraway wood,
Four feet high and four feet broad,
To burn, amidst flames of burning pitch,
So rare a chimera yclept a witch—
Born of a fancy wild and camstary,
Like ghost or ghoul, brownie or fairy.
The prickers are there, each with long-pronged fork,
Yearning and yape for their hellish work,
And the priests and friars, black, white, or grey,
All ready to preach the black devil away.
Yea, devils are there, more than they opine,
Even one under every gabardine;
And there is a crowd of every degree:
The urchins, all laughing with mirth and glee;
And pipers and jangleurs might there be seen,
And cummers and mummers in red and green,

All cheery and merry and void of care,
As if they were going to Rumbollow Fair.

V.

Ho! yonder comes from the emptying town
A crowd of five thousand all rushing down;
They hurry, they scurry, they buzz, they brize,
And all to see this witch in a blaze.
Deep in the midst of the jubilant throng
A harmless woman is hurried along,—
She is weary, and wheezing for lack of breath,
And o'er all her face is the pallor of death;
And she says, as they push her, in grim despair,
"Ye needna hurry yoursel's sae sair—
Nae sport there will be till I am there."*

VI.

They have doffed her clothes till all but stark;
They have tied her with ropes in her cutty sark;
They have torn the snood from her silvery hair,
And her locks they fall on her shoulders bare,
Or stream in the cold and piercing breeze
Blowing muggy and moist from the eastern seas.
Hush! silence is over all that crowd,
Then an echoing shout both long and loud;
The fagots flare up with a lurid glare—
In the middle shines bright that white figure there,
Like those sad spirits of endless woe
'Midst eternal fires in the shades below!

* These words are the old tradition which has been handed down in Dundee for generations.

There lances and glances each long-pronged fork,*
As through the wild flames it is quick at work,
Till the red blood squirts and seethes and sings,
As through the red flame each squirtlet springs,
The flames lap round her like forkèd levin;
The priests send up their prayers to heaven;
But what these prayers are to do when there,
It is likely they could not themselves declare
Yet all this while, in her agony,
She made no murmur, she uttered no cry,
As if she would show by a silent ban
Her scorn of the great wise creature Man.
Lo! the pole breaks over with creaking crash,
The body falls down in the flaming mass;
Up a cloud of sparks with a flesh-burnt smell
Rises and swirls like vomit of hell.

VII.

There's a ship in the Tay on the rising tide—
She has come that day from a distant land;
The captain stands there the helm beside,
A telescope holding in his left hand.
"What, ho! my lads," he loudly exclaims,
"Yonder's a fire on the hem of the sea—
It is some good ship that is there in flames:
Good faith! and it blazes right merrily."
And there is a boat comes from the pier,
And it comes and comes still nigher and nigher—

* There is in the records of the town the account of the expenses attending the execution, and the sums in Scots money paid for the tar barrels, and for prickers' fees, etc.

"What is the ship that is burning there?"
"No ship, sir, it is that is yonder on fire,
But a pile of burning barrels of pitch,
On which all, amidst a deafening cheer,
They are burning an old woman for a witch;
And the woman she is thy mother dear."
Then Captain Jamphray silent stood,
And a sad and sorrowful man was he;
He turned the helm in a gloomy mood—
"Farewell for ever to Bonnie Dundee."
And away and away to the Spanish Main,
Where he turned a jolly buccaneer;
And he has ta'en "Yeaman," his mother's name—
A name which he held for ever dear.

VIII.

When twenty long years had come and gone,
He was laden with Spanish golden prey;
And he yearned and sighed for his native home,
Then turned his prow for the rolling Tay;
And he has bought all, for a handsome fee,
On its bonnie banks where the trees are tall—
The lordly lands of old Murie,*
Where he built for himself a noble hall;
And long, long down till a recent time,
There dwelt the Yeaman's honoured line.

* This tradition has always been in the Yeaman family, and very likely to be true, for the reason that an origin not gratifying to the pride of an old house would not have been accepted on the dubious authority of hearsay.

XV.

THE BALLAD OF BALLOGIE'S DAUGHTERS.

There were four fair maids in Ballogie Hall,
Not all so sweet as honey;
But Lillyfair was the flower of them all—
So gentle, so kind, and so bonnie.

And why was it that Ballogie's dame
Was so fond of her Lillyfair?
It was not by reason she bore her name,
Nor yet for her love and care.

It was that she long had cherished a dream
Of a face which she once held dear,
Ere yet she had bent to Ballogie's claim,
Whom she married through force and fear.

That image unsought—all by fancy wrought—
Had been fixed upon Lillyfair,
And to her had gi'en her bonnie blue een,
As well as her golden hair.

Yet the dame was true to her bridal vow,
Though sairly she would mourn,
As she wandered in moods through Ballogie woods,
And down by Ballogie Burn.

And why did these three sisters all
Hate their kind sister so sair?
When gallants came to Ballogie Hall
They sought aye Lillyfair.

But Ballogie swore by the heavens so hie,
And eke by the Holy Rood,
There was not in all Lillyfair's bodie
Ane drap of Ballogie's blood.

And he whispered words into Sibyl's ear,
Which sweetly unto her came,
That he wouldna care tho' Lillyfair
Were dooked in Ballogie dam.

And Sibyl she whispered to Christobel,
And she into Mildred's ear;
But what that was no tongue might tell,
For there was none to hear.

"What makes ye laugh?" cries Lillyfair,
As she comes tripping ben;
"Oh do come tell, dear Christobel,
For I am fidging fain."

"Oh this is the night, my sister dear,
When the wind is low and loun,
That we are to go in a merry row
To see the eclipse of the moon.

"And thou'lt go with us, Lillyfair,
And see this goodly show—

The moon in the meer reflected clear,
With the shadow upon her brow."

"Oh yes, I will go," Lillyfair rejoined;
And glad in her heart was she,
For seldom before had her sisters deigned
To give her their companie.

'Twas the hour o' twell by Ballogie's bell,
When each with her mantle and hood,
They all sallied out in a merry rout,
Away through the still greenwood.

Shine out, shine out, thou silvery maid,
And light them to the place;
But long ere all this play be played,
In sorrow thou'lt hide thy face.

No shadow of this earth ever can
A murkier darkness throw,
Than what from the sin of cruel man
May be cast on thy silvery brow.

The greenwood through, the greenwood through,
Ho! there is Ballogie's meer;
And deep within its breast they view
The moon's face shining clear.

And down they bent, and forward leant—
Loud laughed the sisters three,
As Lillyfair threw back her hair,
Yet could no shadow see.

But is not this an old, old dream—
Some nightmare of the brain?
A splash! and, oh! a wild, wild scream,
And all is still again.

This was the eclipse which the sisters meant
When they would the maid beguile;
For sin has the greater a relish in't
When lurking beneath a smile.

And now the pale-faced moon serene
Shines down on the waters clear,
Where deep, deep among the seggs so green,
Lies Ballogie's Lillyfair.

On Ballogie's dam there sails a swan
With wings of snowy white,
But never is seen by the eye of man
Save in the pale moonlight.

And the miller he looks with upright hair
Upon that weird-like thing,
And as he peers he thinks he hears
It sing as swans can sing.

XVI.

THE LEGEND OF DOWIELEE.

I.

There still is shown at Dowielee,
Within the ancient corbeiled tower,
A chamber once right fair to see,
And called the Ladye Olive's bower.
Right o'er the old carved mantelpiece
A portrait hung in frame of gold,
O'er which was spread by strange caprice
A pall of crape in double fold;
And it was said, as still they say,
'Twas spread by good Sir Gregory,
And that when it was ta'en away,
The Ladye Olive thou might'st see,
With eyne of blue so softly bright,
Like those we feign in fairie dreams,
Where love shines like that lambent light
That in the opal softly swims.
But they could carry maddening fires,
As when they inspired Sir Evan's breast,
And roused therein those wild desires
That stole from Dowielee his rest.
And led to that, oh, fatal night!
When, less beguiling than beguiled,

She fled, and left in her maddened flight
The good Sir Gregory and her child.

II.

The castle menials hear in bed
Their master's foot-fall overhead—
All in the silent midnight hour,
All under unrest's chafing power,
On and on upon the floor,
On and on both back and fore—
Bereaved, betrayed, disgraced, forlorn,
His brain on fire, his bosom torn
By fancy's images—sad lumber
Of man's proud spirit—care and cumber
Waxing brighter as they keep
From the vexed soul the frightened sleep.

III.

By balustrade and corridor
That lead him to his lady's bower,
He stands before that crape-draped frame—
Its hidden face of *beauteous* shame—
And holds aloft in his shaking hand
The glimmering lamp, nor can withstand
The fierce desire to feed his eye
With that fair-painted treachery.
He lifts the crape, he peers below—
The fire of wrath upon his brow;
He lets it fall—he lifts again,
To feed on the *pleasure* of his *pain*,

And gazes without stint or measure
To gloat on the *pain* that is his *pleasure;*
He turns the picture upon its face,
And reads *the curse of his broken peace.*
He turns the picture round again,
Then away to toss in his bed of pain.

IV.

Some moral thrusts can stab the heart,
And love bestowed returned in hate
May play with some a deadlier part
Than strokes that seem of sterner fate.
In yonder vault down by the aisle
Thou'lt read the good Sir Gregory's name—
His death the sequel of the tale
Inscribed upon that pictured frame.
Yet not forgot while rustic swain
Atunes his throat to melodie,
And warbles forth the soft refrain,
"Alace! alace! for Dowielee."

V.

Her father dead, Burde Olive fair—
Her mother's image—grows apace,
And oft she throws in pensive care
A glance upon that crape-veiled face:
She wonders what may be beneath,
But fears to lift the veil to know;
Her father with his latest breath
Forbade it, on the pain of woe,

Till she to eighteen years had grown,
With woman's wisdom duly fraught,
When she might take that picture down
And learn the lesson which it taught.
Yet as she sat within the bower
That bore a mother's sacred name,
She felt the heart's divining power
And guessed the face within the frame —
Her mother's! who they said was dead:
And hence the crape—appropriate sign.
But why debarred the simple meed
To look upon her face divine,
And as she looked revive again
Those lines that had been once impressed
By love upon her infant brain,
And never thence to be defaced?
Not ever fairest painted theme,
Or triumph of the graver's art,
Could match the image of her dream
Enshrined within a daughter's heart—
So gently kind, so sweetly fair:
They were the features she assigned
To creatures of yon upper air
When they look down on humankind;
And oft she sighed that morn would shine
When that dark crape she could remove,
And she would feast those eydent eyne
On those that taught her first to love;
And oft she scanned her own sweet face,
Reflected to her anxious view,

To see if therein she could trace
Those lineaments—the *first* she knew.

VI.

On Time's swift wing the years have passed:
The morn has come, the hour is now,
When she would feast her heart at last
By looking on that sacred brow!
She took the picture from the nail,
She held it in her trembling hands,
She lifted up the envious veil,—
And there confessed the mother stands.
The charm is wrought! that painted gleam
Brought up the lines impressed of yore,
As flash of the bright morning beam
On twilight things seen long before.
Her mother seemed from death returned;
She kissed the lips, the cheeks, the chin;
She sobbed, she sighed, she laughed—she mourned
To think it was a painted sign;
And then at last she turned it round,
As if she feared her sire's decree,
And there, in written words, she found
The dreaded curse of Dowielee:

THE CURSE.

"Than Olive who more beautiful
In all that nature could bestow?
Than Olive who more dutiful
When first she pledged that holy vow?

What is she now, by sin entoiled?
Dark spirits of yon woods declare,
Where I in anguish wander wild,
The victim of a dark despair.

"Thank Heaven, I leave no son my heir,
Who might another Olive see,
And think her as his mother fair—
Fair, but yet a mystery—
With heart so like some alcove deep,
Where nightingales may sing their song,
And roses blow, and—serpents creep,
To sting him as I have been stung.

"The secrets of the living rock,
Deep hid from man's divining rod,
A spark may open, and the shock
Bring forth an ingot or a toad:
The secret that is kept for years,
One stroke of fate yields to the sight;
And if the toad a jewel wears,
That jewel may have lost its light.

"Begone ye hopes of tender ties,
Of smiling home with wife and child,
Of all love's tender sympathies,
That once a rugged soul beguiled!
In vain may Beauty deck her crown,
And winning Goodness try her plan,
I trust no more—the guile of One
Hath changed me to a savage man.

"If in this world I smile again,
'Twill be to see the charming eye
Like *hers*—the smile—each effort plain,
And think I can them all defy.
You tell me these are Nature's ways,
But Nature tells me to beware;
And while each angler smiling plays,
So shall I play to shun the snare.

"Mocked by the glamour of the eye,
I dread all things surpassing fair;
The sweetest flower but makes me sigh
To think there may be poison there.
Were I inclined to change my part,
And seek again domestic peace,
I'd seek for beauties in the heart,
Though seen through a *revolting* face.

"By the heart-pulses of my love,
By all the things once dear to me,
By every tree within the grove,
By every bird upon the tree,
By every tint upon its wing,
By every note of melodie
That close by HER I've heard it sing,
Cursed be the dame of Dowielee."

VII.

Burde Olive sat at the evening hour
Within her mother's painted bower:

It was a ruthless winter night,
When beasts and birds cowered with affright
From brattling winds that, roving free,
Moaned in the woods of Dowielee.
A wanderer knelt beside her chair,
And spoke these words of tearful prayer:

THE APPEAL.

"When Justice sought the skies above,
She left on earth her sister, Love,
And heaven-born Mercy staid behind
On purpose to console mankind.
The silly sheep that left one day
The winter's beild and went astray,
Did not, when weary, worn, and old,
Seek all in vain the shepherd's fold!
And He, the Shepherd without sin,
Felt for the contrite Magdalene,
And gave her hope—her sin forgiven—
That she would join the fold in heaven:
And shall my Olive while on earth
Forgive not her who gave her birth?
Oh! turn on me a smiling face,
Forgiving eyes—a look of grace."

But Olive turned her face away—
Her father's spirit whispered Nay—
His hastened death, his curse forbade:
She trembled and was sore afraid;
Yet father's daughter, meek and mild,
Was she not, too, the mother's child?

Then *he* was gone, and *she* was here:
Her eye acknowledges the tear
Of brooding nature all confessed—
She falls upon the wanderer's breast!
No more the veil obscures the frame—
The curse is taken from the name.

XVII.

THE BALLAD OF MAID MARION.

Maid Marion laid her down to sleep,
Maid Marion could do nought but weep,
For thinking of that happy time
When she was in her early prime,
When in her glass she looked so fair
With lily-lire and golden hair.

Full many a year had rolled away,
Since *he* left her that weary day,
When, poor in love and rich in gear,
She cast him off without a tear;
When, poor in gear, tho' rich in love,
He left her o'er the sea to rove.

His ship was never heard of more,
And she must now his death deplore.
Now, poor in gear and rich in love,
She saw him looking from above,
With mild reproof in his dark eyes,
And still that love she dared despise.

"Oh that that day had never been—
That I that day had never seen!
Wae fa' the gowd that took its flight,
Wae fa' the love I feel this night,

Wae fa' the pride that made me mad,
And this regret that makes me sad."

And still she turned and aye she mourned,
And aye the briny tear it burned:
A spendthrift father in the grave,
A mother buried with the lave,
And he, her Willie, also gone,
And she left weeping here alone.

And still she tried to fall asleep,
But aye the thoughts their revels keep:
Hark, "one" knurrs from the ancient clock,
Long yet ere crowing of the cock—
That sound which sends to their repose
The ghosts that mourn their human woes.

A faint beam from the waning moon
Can scarcely more than show the gloom;
All is so still and silent round,
The foot of ghost might raise a sound.
Hush! there's a rustling near the bed—
She heard the curtain drawn aside.

With trembling fear she turned to see
Amid the gloom who there might be,
And thought she yet could dimly trace
The outlines of that well-known face
Of him, now dead, who loved her dear,
And she had scorned through pride of gear.

"Oh Marion dear!" the words came plain;
"Maid Marion, dear," it said again;
"Remember you of that auld time
I tried sae sair thy love to win,
And for that I was lowly born
Thou treated my true love with scorn?"

"Ah, Willie, Willie! I do thee fear,
It is thine angry ghost I hear;
I saw thee looking from on high,
I saw red anger in thine eye;
Come thou my cruel heart to chide,
Or claim me for thy heavenly bride?"

"No, Marion dear!" the shade replied,
"I dinna come thy heart to chide.
A spendthrift father left thee poor,
But Heaven has added to my store.
Thou hast been punished for thy pride,
And I am come to claim my bride."

"Oh fearful shade! the cock will craw;
It's mair than time thou wert awa.
Gae back into the ocean deep
Where thou and thy companions sleep."
But still the angry spirit said,
"I come to claim thee for my bride."

Sore, sore she wept, and shook with dread,
"I've meikle sin upon my head,

And, oh! I am unfit to dee,
And go to heaven thy bride to be.
Leave me! oh leave me! flit away,
And give me peace to weep and pray."

Now something touched Maid Marion's arm,
She felt the touch both kind and warm;
The spirit took her by the hand,
She felt the touch both kind and bland.
The spirit kissed Maid Marion's mou',
Oh! how it thrilled her body through.

The spirit laughed in that odd way
Which spirits do when they are gay;
For there are spirits good and bad—
The good are aye a merry squad.
No body-pains their hearts to vex,
No worldly cares their minds perplex.

"Nae ghaist am I, Maid Marion dear,
My soul's well cased in fleshly gear;
I have a heart still warm and free,
Enough of gowd for thee and me;
And if thou wilt give up thy scorn,
Trow-la! I'll marry thee the morn."

XVIII.

THE BALLAD OF ROSEALLAN CASTLE.

Yonder Roseallan's Castle old!
Which time has changed to iron grey,
Whose high crenelles, o'ergrown with mould,
Are crumbling silently away.
Soft comes the thought that, years before,
Now hid by time's obscuring pall,
Some tiny foot had tript the floor,
Some silver voice had filled the hall.

There was a time in long past years—
It seems to me an age of dreams—
My grandam filled my itching ears
With all Roseallan's storied themes:
Of how Sir Baldwin dearly loved
The last of all Roseallan's maids;
And how in moonlight nights they roved
Among Roseallan's sylvan shades.

But there was one with envious eyes,
Deep set in visage pale and wan,
Resolved, whoe'er should win the prize,
Sir Baldwin should not be the man.

He took his aim—too deadly straight,
Yet not unseen by Annabel,
Who sprang before her favoured knight,
And died for him she loved so well.

How she who thus so bravely died
Was last of all her honoured name,
The only hope that fate supplied
To keep alive her house's fame.
And then the screeching bird of night
Would mope upon the crumbling walls,
And chirking whutthroats claim the right
To gambol in the ancient halls.

In yonder vault, deep down below,
Half choked with hoary eglantine,
Sleep side by side in lengthened row
The proud Roseallan's noble line.
The hairy wing-mouse flutters there,
The owl mopes as in days of yore,
Strange eldritch sounds salute the ear,
Unholy things crawl on the floor.

How oft alone at midnight hour
I stand within that silent tomb,
What time the moon with waning power
Is struggling through increasing gloom,
On one sole bier *his* tears would fall,
For *her* his groans come evermore,
Whose silver voice once filled the hall,
Whose feet once lightly tript the floor.

XIX.

THE BALLAD OF THE TOURNAY.

In the castle of Kildrennie,
Up in her chamber high,
There sat the fair Burde Annie,
And with her County Guy—
Come lately from the east,
As far as Palestine,
Where he had sent to his long rest
Many a bold Saracen.

Sir Guy his burning love hath told,
And a favour he hath won,
For lo! a ring of virgin gold
Shines there his finger on.
And they have pledged the solemn yea,
Each on the bended knee,
That on the coming Beltane day
They two shall wedded be.

Burde Annie viewed, to hide her tears,
The red sun setting still,
And lo! behold two cavaliers
Came riding up the hill:
The one he was Sir Hudibras,
Come of a noble clan;

The other no less noble was—
The brave Sir Gallachan.

The first bore on his shield outspread
Two bones in cross moline,
And for his crest ane bluidy head,
Erased from Saracen.
The other carried, nobler far,
All in a field of gold,
A flaming bolt of Jupiter,
For crest ane tiger bold.

And up they rode, and up they rode,
Till they came to the lawn
Which spread before the castle broad,
And there they made a stand;
And there they spied Burde Annie
Up in her chamber high,
But for the breadth of her bodie
They could not see Sir Guy.

Burde Annie waved her lily hand,
And threw a kiss a-down—
For Hudibras or Gallachan
Was meant the priceless boon?
For sure it was a priceless boon,
When neither could espy
That when she threw that kiss a-down
She winkit to Sir Guy.

"That kiss divine, I trow, is mine,"
Cried doughty Hudibras;
"I am the man," cried Gallachan,
"And sure thou art ane ass."
Such words to hear were ill to bear
By any valiant knight;
And each drew forth his sword o' weir,
And stood prepared for fight.

They startit, they partit,
Then on each other sprang;
They lungit, they plungit,
Till all the welkin rang.
They ogglit, they gogglit,
Amidst the dread deray;
They chirnit, they girnit,
Like bluidy beasts of prey.

They rattlit, they brattlit,
Each cuirass upon;
They hackit, they thwackit,
Each other's morion.
They reelit, they wheelit,
And quick came round again;
They burstit, they thrustit,
With all their might and main.

They smeekit, they reekit,
Like to ane smouldering kiln;

They peghit, they sighit,
  Each other's blood to spill.
They trampit, they stampit,
  Like animals run wud;
They flarit, they glarit,
  With eyne yred with bluid.

At length, to end the bluidy deeds,
  They raised their falchions keen,
And down upon each other's heads
  They clove them to the chin.
But 'tis not true, as I've heard tell,
  And I do not believe
That when these doughty lovers fell,
  One laughed within her sleeve.

But I have also heard it said,
  And I again it say,
And I would like to see the head
  With tongue in't to say nay—
That as these pates lay on the ground
  (As there they yet may lie),
One eye in each cloved head was found
  Fixed on that chamber high.

XX.

THE BALLAD OF GOLDEN COUNSEL.

Come Mary and Martha, Jeanie and Jenny,
And sit down and listen, baith ane and a',
To me, wha may very weel be your grannie,
And aiblins may ken ae thing or twa.

This world is no so sweet and so bonnie
As you in your young hearts may suppose;
There's aloes in it as weel as honey,
And aye some prickles on ilka rose.

Young lasses I think are something like fillies
Let out in a field to idle and eat,
To graze by the gowans and drink by the willows,
And never to dream of a bridle *a bit*.

It's no what ye eat, it's no what you drink, dears,
It's no your bonnets, or ribbons, or skirts,
The trinkets ye wear, or the siller ye clink, dears—
There's something, I wean, far nearer your hearts.

Your thoughts are mair of him you will marry,
What the colour may be of his hair,
Whether aye cheery, or sometimes chary,
What his complexion, or dark or fair.

But men they are gude, and men they are ill, dears,
You may get the leal or the lazy loon;
A lover is aft like a gilded pill, dears,
The bitter comes after it's gulpèd doon.

I fear ye hae little of power to choose him,
The husband is settled for you abune;
But you've power in holy bands to noose him
Before ye let him tak' aff his shune.

For a maid who is silly and stoops to folly,
And finds ower late that she is betrayed,
I ken nae cure for her melancholy
But a coffin—and let it be quickly made.

A braw lover cam' to my minnie's shieling
When I was as young as you now may be,
Sae saft, like a loon wha's bent on stealing,
And he tirled and whispered secretlie.

"Oh let me in this ae night, Jenny,
And I will for ever thy true love be;
Oh let me in this ae night, hinny,
And I will come back and marry thee!"

"Gae back and awa, for this my will is,
My mither lies gleg wi' half-closed ee,
And bids me beware of faithless billies,
Who will steal my heart and awa frae me flee."

"For mercy's sake! this ae night, Jenny,
Oh let me scoug frae the wind and rain,
And holy vows I will plight thee, hinny,
That thou wilt be for ever mine ain."

I opened the door so saft and sleeky,
For fear my mither should hear the din,
And he has ta'en aff his shune so creaky,
And I've led him into my cosy ben.

Our speckled cock crew loud and early,
The day was dawing o'er forest green,
And I let him out as wily and warily
As ever I let him in yestreen.

"Now, fare thee well, my winsome Jenny,
For I am a baron of high degree;
Now, fare thee well for ever, my hinny,
For the wife of a baron thou ne'er canst be."

With a ha! ha! ha! and a tra-la-lalla,*
He stroked the red beard on his chin,
With a ha! ha! ha! and a tra-la-lalla,
And I have never seen him again.

* The reader may here recollect the fine ballad of Bürger, "Der Ritter und sein Liebchen;" and the verse—

Drauf ritt der Ritter hop sa! sa!
Und strich sein Bartchen trallala;
Sein Leibchen sah ihn reiten
Und hörte noch von weiten
Sein Lachen ha! ha! ha!

[The maidens thought the humour gala,
And, laughing, they chorused to the strain,
"With a ha! ha! ha! and a tra-la-lalla,
And you have never seen him again."]

Now, dears! if your lovers you would not lose them,
Tak' counsel—it is not an hour ower sune:
Be sure that in holy bands ye noose them
Before you let them tak' aff their shune.

[The maidens thought they would amuse them,
And, laughing, they chorused to the tune,
"Oh yes, we in holy bands will noose them
Before we let them tak' aff their shune."]

XXI.

THE BALLAD OF MATRIMONY.

"Come, now tell me, Clarabella,
How that wondrous thing befell,
Why you took that sorry fellow,
Leaving me who loved you well?
It was, good faith! a sad miscarriage,
And cost me many a pang of pain;
Indeed, when I heard of your marriage,
I vowed I ne'er would love again."

"Well, I don't mind, since you're pathetic,
And so the reason you shall hear:
Th' affair was one of arithmetic—
A matter of so much a year.
His father left five thousand good
Of pounds per annum, as you know,
And you possessed, I understood,
Of yearly thousands only two."

"Well, why did I, who knew of Cupid,
Display so much stupid-ity
As not to know—the thing was lucid—
From Cupid comes Cupid-ity?"
"But not too late," cried Clarabella:
"My husband dear has gone to heaven;

He left the five to me, good fellow!
And five and two, you know, make seven."

I laughed and bowed to Clarabella,
And quickly homewards bent my way,
And there became a rustic fellow,
And donned a suit of hodden-grey.
And then I hired me to a farmer,
Concealing every sign of pelf,
One Hodge, who had a pretty charmer,
Who might love me for myself.

I laid bold siege to fair Lucinda,
And tho' she loved another swain
(I had observed them through the window),
I was resolved her love to gain
Then I would be a lucky fellow,
Assured one loved me for my merit,
And not, like widowed Clarabella,
For the lucre *I* inherit.

At length I boldly purposed marriage,
And found Lucinda at my call,
And soon thereafter in my carriage
I drove my wife to Border Hall.
Well! she wondered at the mansion,
And all the grandeur that was there,
The servants bowing all attention
To the lady of their squire.

I had a call from Clarabella,
Who said my choice was very good;

But though her speech was calm and mellow,
I thought her in an envious mood.
Indeed I had some small suspicion
She had avenged a woman's grudge,
And had conveyed my true condition
To the ears of Farmer Hodge.

Sometime thence I met Bill Hedger,
Who knew me spite of my changed dress,
"Squoire," said he, "I think I'd wager
There is a something thee doan't guess:
Lucinda's father knew by letter
Thee wert a squoire in low disguise,
And she, altho' *she loiked me better*,
Agreed to take the richer prize."

XXII.

THE SONG OF ROSALIE.

Row on! row on! to flowing Tay,
Thou Dighty, who art dear to me;
For here upon thy flowery brae
I parted last frae Rosalie.
Her hair, so rich in gowden hue,
Ilk plait was like a gowden string,
Her eyne were like the bonnie blue
That shines upon the halcyon's wing.

There is a worm that loves the bud,
And there is one that loves the bloom,
And there is one that seeks its food
Within the dark and silent tomb.

Thou speckled thrush, with tuneful throat,
Who sing'st within yon greenwood dell;
Sing on, for every trembling note
Brings back the voice I loved so well.
Thou little pansy, raise thy head,
And turn thine azure eye to me,
And so remind me of the dead,
My dearest, long lost Rosalie.

There is a worm that loves the bud,
And there is one that loves the bloom,

And there is one that seeks its food
Within the dark and dreary tomb.

Thou lambkin on yon hillock's brow,
That sportest in thy gamesome mood,
Play on! for thou remind'st me now
Of one as innocent and good;
All emblems dear, for thoughts you bring
Of her who loved you all to see,
When through the woods in early spring
Ilk bird seemed calling "Rosalie."

But there's a worm that loves the bud,
And there is one that loves the bloom,
And there is one that seeks its food
Within the dark and dreary tomb.

Far have I roamed for years and years,
As from my thoughts I fain would stray;
But here once more I weep my tears
O'er her now mouldering in the clay.
Oh! would that happy day were come
When death shall set my spirit free,
And I shall rise to yonder home,
And be again with Rosalie,

Where is no worm to gnaw the bud,
And none to blight the youthful bloom;
Where spirits sing in joyful mood,
"Behold our triumph o'er the tomb!"

XXIII.

THE BALLAD OF THE WORLD'S VANITY.

I.

Mournfully maundering,
Life's last moments squandering,
Weary, weary, wandering,
  Through this world of sin,
Hermit-shade! I call thee;
Lead me to the valley—
That mysterious alley,
  Where I may creep in.

World of strange illusion!
Fancy-born delusion!
Reason-bred confusion!
  Phantasmagoria!
Love, where shall I find thee?
Faith, how shall I bind thee?
Truth, who has defined thee?
  Changing every day.

Streets of hurry scurry!
Fields of fire and fury!
Homes of wear and worry!
  Passing quickly by;
Pleasure a wild snatching,
Dying in the catching,
Pain eternal watching
  With relentless eye.

Sorrow, old Sin's daughter!
Screams of eldritch laughter!
Burning tears thereafter!
I've felt the vanity;
Still the hope pursuing,
The pursuit ever rueing,
Possession still undoing
The hope's fond prophecy.

II.

Sun! I've seen thy grandeur,
Scenes of gorgeous splendour,
Visions passing wonder
In ocean, sea, and sky;
Thunders o'er us pealing,
Earthquakes 'neath us reeling,
Fiery comets wheeling
Through all immensity.

Virtue! man has crowned thee,
For beautiful he found thee;
Yet millions have disowned thee,
And seek dark Vice's way;
Hypocrisy, deep-hooded,
Injustice still obtruded,
Stern Cruelty, cold-blooded,
Make brother man their prey.

Kind Love's pure affection!
Pity's benediction!

Charity's sweet action!
All blessed urbanities;
Man on man still preying;
Bleating lambkins slaying!
Devouring blood, and saying
All soft humanities.

III.

Dreaming, doubting, moping,
Hopelessly still hoping,
Dimly, darkly groping
My being's mystery;
This sobbing and this sighing,
This laughing and this crying,
This living and this dying—
Man's mortal history!

Why this wild contention?
This mocking, cruel invention—
What the deep intention?
Who shall give replies?
Demons wildly sporting,
God's beautiful distorting,
Or His own hand extorting
Sin-born penalties?

IV.

Those with whom I started
Oceans wide have parted;
Some are broken-hearted,
Some lie in the clay;

Those I once heard prattle,
For whom I shook the rattle,
Engaged in life's vain battle,
Push me off the way.

The world's laugh it jeers me,
Their looks they seem to fear me,
I hear them whisper near me,
"Old man, why linger here?"
She who loved me dearly,
Wandered with me cheerily,
Is now a phantom merely,
Seen through memory's tear.

Pale ghost, flitting yonder!
With drooping head you wander,
Deep in thought you ponder
Why I stay from thee;
Cease those hands to beckon,
Vain, vain, may you reckon;
Alas! I cannot quicken
Death's desired decree.

Weary, weary wandering,
Life's last moments squandering,
Weary, weary wandering
Through this world of sin,
None can undeceive me,
None but One relieve me,
None but One receive me,
His peace to enter in.

XXIV. THE SIEGE:

A DRAMATIC TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—SIR ALEXANDER SETON, Governor of Berwick; RICHARD and HENRY, his sons. PROVOST RAMSAY. HUGH ELLIOT, a traitor. KING EDWARD. EARL PERCY. MATILDA, wife of Seton; etc.

SCENE I.—*A Street—the Market-place.*

Enter SIR ALEXANDER SETON, RICHARD *and* HENRY (*his sons*), PROVOST RAMSAY, HUGH ELLIOT, *and others of the People.*

Provost Ramsay.—Brither Scotchmen! it is my fixed an' solemn opinion, that the King o' England has entered into a *holy alliance* wi' the enemy o' mankind! An' does he demand us to surrender!—to gie up our toun!—our property!—our lives!—our liberty!—to Southern pagans, that hae entered into compact wi' the powers o' the air! Surrender! No, Scotchmen! While we breathe, we will breathe the *breath o' Freedom!* as it soughs down the Tweed, between the heathery hills o' our ain auld country! I am but provost o' Berwick, Sir Alexander, an' ye are its governor; an' in a time like this, the power o' defending or surrendering the gates is yours; but though ye gie up

the keys this very hour, an' were every stane o' the walls turned ane upon anither—here!—the power to defend this market-place is mine!—and *here* will I stand, while this hand can wield a sword, or a Scotchman is left to die by my side!

Sir Alex.—Fear not, good provost; I through life have learned
To live with honour, or with honour fall.

Richard.—And as the father dies, so shall his sons. What sayest thou, Henry?

Henry.—I would say but this—
(If one with a smooth chin may have a voice)—
When thou dost nobly fall, I'll but survive
To strike revenge—then follow thy example.

Provost Ramsay.—Bravely said, callants! As sure as death, I wish ye were my sons! Do ye ken, Sir Alexander, the only thing that grieves me in a day like this, is, that I hae naebody to die for the glory an' honour o' auld Scotland but mysel? But, save us, neebor Elliot! ye look as douf an' as dowie-like as if ye had been forced to mak yer breakfast o' yer coat-sleeve.

Hugh Elliot.—In truth, methinks, this is no time for smiles—
In every street, each corner of the town,
Struck by some unseen hand, the dead are strewed;
From every house the children's wail is heard,
Screaming in vain for food; and the poor mother,
Worn to a skeleton, sits groaning by!
My house, 'tis known, o'erlooks the battlements;

'Tis not an hour gone that I left my couch,
Hastening to speed me hither, when a sound,
Fierce as the thunders, shook our firm-built walls:
The casements fell in atoms, and the bed,
Which I that moment left, rocked in confusion:
I turned to gaze on it, and I beheld!—beheld
My wife's fair bosom torn—her heart laid bare!
And the red stream came oozing to my feet!
Is this a time for smiles?

Provost Ramsay.—Your wife! Heaven preserve us! Weel, after a', I hae reason to be thankfu' I hae neither wife nor bairns on a day like this!

Sir Alex.—Behold an envoy from the English camp, Sent with proposals, or some crafty truce.

Hugh Elliot.—Let me entreat you, then, most noble sir, Give him all courtesy; and if his terms Be such as we in honour may accept, Refuse them not by saying, WE WILL DIE.

Enter EARL PERCY *and* Attendants.

Percy.—Good morrow, my Scotch cousins! My gracious sovereign, your right lawful master, Hath, in his mercy, left you these conditions— Now to throw wide your gates, and, if ye choose, Go walk into the Tweed, and drown your treason; Or run, like scapegoats, to the wilderness, Bearing your sins, and half a week's provision; Or, should these terms not meet your approbation, Ere midnight we shall send some *fleeter messengers*. So now, old Governor, my master's answer?

Provost Ramsay.—The mischief's in your impudence! But were I Sir Alexander, the only answer your master should hae, would be your weel-bred tongue sent back upon the end o' an arrow; an' that wad be as *fleet a messenger*, as ye talk about *fleet messengers*, as ony I ken o'.

Percy.—Peace, thou barbarian! keep thy frog's throat closed.

I say, old greybeard, hast thou found an answer?

Sir Alex.—Had my Lord Percy found more fitting phrase
To couch his haughty mandate, I perhaps
Had found some meet reply. But as it is,
Thou hast thine answer in this people's eyes.

Hugh Elliot.—Since we with life and honour may depart,
Send not an answer that must seal our ruin,
Though it be hero-like to talk of death.

[*Enter* Lady Seton, *listening.*

Bethink thee well, Sir Governor: these men
Have wives with helpless infants at their breasts;
What husband, think ye, would behold a child
Dashed from the bosom where his head had pillowed,
That his fair wife might fill a conqueror's arms!
These men have parents—feeble, helpless, old;
Yea, men have daughters!—they have maids that love them—
Daughters and maidens chaste as the new moon—
Will they behold them screaming on the streets,
And in the broad day be despoiled by violence?

Think of *these things*, my countrymen! [*Aside to* PERCY.
Now, my Lord Percy, you may read your answer.

Percy [*aside*]. — So thou art disaffected, good Sir Orator:
Well, ply thy wits, and Edward will reward thee—
Though, for my part, I'd knight thee with a halter!

Sir Alex.—Is this thy counsel in the hour of peril,
Milk-hearted man? To thee, and all like thee,
I offer terms more *generous* still than Edward's:
Depart ye by the Scotch or English gate—
Both shall be opened. Lade your beasts of burden—
Take all you have—your food, your filthy gold,
Your wives, your children, parents, and yourselves!
Go to our Scottish king, and prate of courage!
Or go to Edward—Percy will conduct thee.

[LADY SETON *advances forward.*

Lady Seton.—Spoke like thyself, my husband!
Out on thee, slave! [*To* ELLIOT.
Or shall I call thee traitor? What didst thou,
On finishing thy *funeral service*, whisper
In my Lord Percy's ear?

Elliot.—I whisper, lady?

Lady Seton.—You whisper, smooth-tongued sir!

Percy [*aside*].—Zounds! by the coronet of broad Northumberland,
Could I exchange it for fair England's crown,
I'd have my bodyguard of woman's eyes,
And make the whole sex sharpshooters!

Provost Ramsay.—Wae's me! friend Elliot, but you

have an unco dumfoundered-like look after that speech o' yours in defence o' liberty, and infants, and fair bosoms, maiden screams, and grey hairs, and what not.

Sir Alex.—Percy, we hear no terms but death or liberty. This is our answer.

Percy.—Well, cousins, be it so. The wilful dog—
As runs the proverb. Lady, fare-ye-well. [*Exit.*

Sir Alex.—On with me, friends—on to the southern ramparts!
There, methinks, they meditate a breach. On, Scotsmen! on—
For Freedom and for Scotland! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Town Ramparts.*

Enter SIR ALEXANDER, RICHARD, HENRY, PROVOST RAMSAY, HUGH ELLIOT, *and* Populace.

Sir Alex.—To-day, my townsmen, I shall be your leader;
And though my arms may lack their wonted vigour,
Here are my pledges [*pointing to his sons*] placed on either side,
That seal a triumph youth could never reap.
To-day, my sons, beneath a father's eye,
Oh give such pride of feeling to his heart
As shall outshame the ardour of his youth,
And nerve his arm with power strong as his zeal!

[*Exeunt all save* HUGH ELLIOT.

Elliot.—Thanks to my destiny!—the hour is come—

The wished-for hour of vengeance on mine enemy!—
Heavens! there is neither nobleness nor virtue,
Nor any quality that beggars boast not,
But he and his smooth sons have swallowed up;
And all the world must mouth their bravery!—
I owe a debt to Scotland and to him,
And I'll repay it—I'll repay it now!
This letter will I shoot to Edward's camp;
And now, ere midnight, I'm revenged—revenged!

[LADY SETON *appears from the window of the castle, as* ELLIOT *is fixing a letter on an arrow.*

Lady Seton [*from the window*].—Hold, traitor! hold,
Or, by the powers above us, this very hour
Your body o'er these battlements shall hang
For your fair friends to shoot at!

[ELLIOT *drops the bow.*

Elliot [*aside*].—Now fleet destruction seize the lynx-eyed fiend—
Trapped in the moment that insured success!
Thank fate—my dagger's left!—she has a son!

Lady Seton.—Go, worthless recreant, and in thickest fight
Blot out thy guilty purpose: know thy life
Depends on this day's daring; and its deeds
And wounds alone, won in the onset's brunt,
Secures my silence.

Elliot.—You wrong me, noble lady.

Lady Seton.—Away! I'll hear thee not, nor let my ears
List to the accents of a traitor's tongue. [*Exit* ELLIOT.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in* KING EDWARD'S *Tent.*

Enter EDWARD *and* PERCY.

Edward.—Well, my Lord Percy, thou hast made good speed.
What say these haughty burghers to our clemency?

Percy.—In truth, your Grace, they are right *haughty* burghers.
One wondrous civil gentleman proposed
To write his answer on your servant's tongue—
Using his sword as clerks might do a quill—
Then thrust it on an arrow for a post-boy!

Edward.—Such service he shall meet. What said their governor?

Percy.—Marry! the old boy said I was no gentleman,
And bade me read my answer in the eyes
Of—Heaven defend me!—such a squalid crew!
One looked like death run from his winding sheet;
Another like an ague clothed in rags;
A third had something of the human form,
But every bone was cursing at its fellow.
Now, though I vow that I could read my fate
In every damsel's eyes that kissed a moonbeam,
I've yet to learn the meaning of the words
Wrote on the eyeballs of his vellum-spectres.
But the old man is henpecked!

Edward.—Prythee, Lord Percy, lay thy fool's tongue by,
And tell thy meaning plainly.

Percy.—Nay, pardon me, your majesty ; I wot
Your servant is the fool his father made him,
And the most dutiful of all your subjects.

Edward.—We know it, Percy. But what of his wife?

Percy.—Why, if the men but possess half her spirit,
You might besiege these walls till you have counted
The grey hairs on the child that's born next June.

Edward.—And was this all ?

Percy.—Nay, there was one—a smooth-tongued oily man—
A leader of the citizens ; and one
Who measures out dissension by the rood :
He is an orator, and made a speech
Against the governor : the people murmured ;
And one or two cried out, "Behold an Antony !"
But he's a traitor ; and I'd hang all traitors !

Edward.—Ha !—then doth the devil, Disaffection,
With his fair first-born, Treason, smooth our path.
So we have friends within the citadel.
Sent they no other answer ?

Percy.—I did expect me to have brought the whole,
Like half-clothed beggars bending at my heels,
To crave your Grace's succour ; but, behold,
Ere I could bid them home for a clean shirt,
That they might meet your majesty like Christians,
Out stepped her ladyship, and with a speech
Roused up the whole to such a flood of feeling
That I did well 'scape drowning in the shout
Of Scotland and Seton !—Seton and Scotland !—
Then did she turn and ask me, "Are you answered?"

I said I was!—and they did raise a cry
Of *Death or Liberty!*

Edward. — They shall have it — death in its fullest meaning.

Haste, ply our cannon on the opening breach.
Forth!—they attack the camp! Now, drive them back,
Break through their gate and guards,
Till all be ours! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Ramparts.*

Scots driven through the gates in confusion.

Sir Alex.—Woe to thee, Elliot! this defeat is thine.
Where was the caution ye but preached this morn,
That ye should madly break our little band,
And rush on certain ruin? Fie on thee, man!
That such an old head is so young a soldier!
Here, guard this breach, defend it to the last;
Henry shall be thy comrade. On, my friends!
They cross the river, and the northern gate
Will be their next attack.

Elliot [*aside*].—"Woe to thee, Elliot! this defeat is thine!"

So says our Governor! 'Tis true!—*'twas* mine!
Though I have failed me in my firm, fixed purpose,
Once more he's thrown revenge within my grasp;
And I will clutch it—clutch it firmly, too;
I *guard* the breach! and with his son to assist me!
The Fates grow kind! The *breach!* he said the *breach!*

And gave his son up to the power of Edward!

Henry.—Why stand ye musing there? *Here* lies your duty!

Elliot [*aside*].—'Tis true! 'tis true! *my duty* DOES *lie there!*

Henry.—Follow me, Elliot. See—they scale the walls!

A moment lost, and they have gained the battlement.

Shouting.—PERCY *and* Followers *leap upon the battlement.*

Percy.—On! followers, on!—for Edward and for England!

Henry.—Have at thee, Percy, and thy followers, too!
For Freedom and for Scotland! On, Elliot! on!
Wipe out the morning's shame.

Elliot [*aside*].—Have at thee, boy, for insult and revenge!

[ELLIOT *strikes* HENRY'S *sword from his hand.*

Henry.—Shame on thee, traitor! are we thus betrayed?

[Percy's Followers *make* HENRY *prisoner.*

Elliot.—Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!—one then is in their grasp!
A truce, Lord Percy. See thy prisoner safe,
Ere his mad father sound a rescue—off!
Thou wouldst not draw thy sword upon a friend?

[SIR ALEXANDER, RICHARD, PROVOST RAMSAY, *and others, enter hurriedly.*

Sir Alex.—Thanks, Elliot! thanks! You have done nobly!—thanks!

Where is your comrade?—speak—where is my son?

Elliot.—Would he had been less valiant—less brave!

Sir Alex.—What! is he dead, my good, my gallant boy?

Where is his body? show me—where? oh, where?

Richard.—Where is my brother? tell me how he fell?

Elliot.—Could I with my best blood have saved the youth,

Ye are all witnesses that I would have done it.

Provost Ramsay.—Indeed, Mr. Elliot, if ye refer to me, I'm witness to naething o' the kind; for it is my solemn opinion, a' the execution your sword did was as feckless as a winnle-strae.

Sir Alex.—Where is my poor boy's body?

Elliot.—I did not say he died.

Richard.—Not dead!

Sir Alex.—Not say he died?

Elliot.—See yonder group now hurrying to the camp,

And shouting as they run. He is their prisoner!

[*Aside*] Feed ye, friends, on that.

Sir Alex.—Cold-blooded man! thou never wert a father.

The tyrant is! he knows a father's heart;

And he will play the butcher's part with mine!

Each day inflicting on me many deaths,

Knowing right well I am his twofold prisoner;

For on the son's head he'll repay, with interest,

The wrongs the father did him!
"He is their prisoner," saidst thou? "Is their prisoner!"
Thou hast no sons!—none!—I forgive thee, Elliot!
Elliot.—Deeply I crave your pardon, noble sir;
Pity for you, and love for Scotland, made me
That I was loath to speak the unwelcome tidings;
Fearful that to attempt his rescue now,
Had so cut off our few remaining troops,
As seal immediate ruin.
Provost Ramsay [*aside*].—Preserve us a'! hear that. Weel, to be sure, it's a true saying, "Satan never lets *his* saunts be at a loss for an answer!"

SCENE V.—*Apartment in* EDWARD'S *Tent.*

Enter EDWARD *and* PERCY.

Edward.—How fares it with these stubborn rebels now?
Do they still talk of death as of a bridal,
While we protract the ceremony?
Percy.—I learn, my liege, we've got two glorious allies—
Two most right honourable gentlemen—
Aiding the smooth-tongued orator:
Disease and *Famine* have espoused our cause,
And the said traitor Elliot is their oracle.
Edward.—Touching this man, we have advice from him,
In which he speaketh much concerns the wants

And murmurings of the citizens: he, too,
Adds, they hold out expecting help from Douglas,
And recommendeth that we should demand
The other son of Seton as a hostage,
In virtue of a truce for fourteen days:
This is his snare. The sons once in his power,
Their father yields, or both hang up before him.

Percy.—'Tis monstrous generous of our friendly Scot;
And what return expects he for his service?

Edward.—On giving up the father's head—his place.

Percy.—I fear the lady will have his head first.
Did you but see her eyes!
I'd bet my coronet 'gainst our friar's cowl,
Man wink not treason in his bedchamber
But she detect it. Then her ears, again;
'Sdeath! she can hear the very sound of light
As it does steal, i' the morning, through her curtains.
Should our *friend* wear his head another week,
His neck, I'll swear, is not as other men's are.

Edward.—How fares it with the son, our silent prisoner?

Percy.—Poor soul, he leans his head against the wall,
And stands with his arms thus—across his breast—
Pale as a gravestone, gnashing at his teeth,
And looking on his guards just as his mother would!

Edward.—'Tis now the hour that Elliot has proposed
To stir the townsmen up to mutiny.
Take our conditions, and *what'er* you please;
Get but the son as hostage!—get but that!
And both shall die a thief's death if he yield not;

He is a father, Percy—he's a father!
The town is ours, and at an easy purchase. [*Exit.*

Percy.—And she's a mother, Edward! she's a mother!
Ay! and a mother; I will pledge my earldom,
And be but plain Hal Percy all my life,
If she despise not gallows, death, and children,
And earn for thee a crown of shame, my master!
In sooth, I am ashamed to draw my sword,
Lest I should see my face in its bright blade;
For sure my mother would not know her son,
As he goes blushing on his hangman's errand.

Scene VI.—*A Street—the Market-place.*

Enter Elliot *and* Populace.

Elliot.—You heard, my townsmen, how our gracious governor
Did talk to us of honour—! you all heard him!
Can any of you tell us what is *honour?*
He drinks his wine, *he* feeds on beeves and capons;
His table groans beneath a load of meats;
His hounds, *his* hawks, are fed like Christian men!
He sleeps in a downy couch, o'erhung with purple;
And these, all these are *honourable* doings!
He talks of *liberty*!
Is it, then, *liberty* to be cooped up
Within these prison walls, to starve from want,
That we may have the liberty—mark it, my friends!—
The wondrous *liberty* to call him *Governor?*
Had ye the hearts or hands your fathers had,

You'd to the castle, take the keys by force,
And ope the gates to let your children live.
Here comes your provost—now appeal to him.

Enter PROVOST RAMSAY.—*The people demand bread.*

Provost Ramsay.—Gie you food!—your bairns dee wi' hunger!—and ye maun hae bread! It is easy saying, Gie ye! but where am I to get it? Do you think there's naebody finds the grund o' their stamachs but yersels? I'm sure I hae been blind fastin' these four-and-twenty hours! But wad ye no suffer this, and ten times mair for liberty, and for the glory and honour of auld Scotland?

Elliot [*to the people*].—He, too, can cant of *liberty* and *honour!*

Provost Ramsay.—I say, Mr. Hypocrite! it is my fixed and solemn opinion that ye are at the bottom o' this murmuring. I ken ye're never at a loss for an answer; and there is anither wee bit affair I wad just thank ye to redd up. Do ye mind what a fine story ye made in this very market-place the ither week, about getting ower the bed—and your wife's bosom being torn bare—and the blood gushing to your feet, and a' the rest o't? Do ye mind o' that, sir? Do ye mind o' that? I daresay, townsmen, ye've no forgot it? Now, sir, it's no aboon ten minutes sine, that the poor creature—wha, according to your account, was dead and buried—got loose frae her confinement, and cam fleeing to me for protection, as a man and a magistrate, to save her frae the cruelty o' you, you scoundrel. Now, what

say ye to that, sir? What say ye to that? What do you think o' your orator now, friends?

Elliot.—'Tis false, my friends—
'Tis but a wicked calumny devised
Against the only man who is your friend.

Provost Ramsay.—Saftly, neebor, saftly! have a care how ye gie the lee to what I say; or, it is my solemn opinion, this bit sword o' my faither's may stap you frae gien it till anither.

Enter Sir Alexander *and* Richard.

Ye are weel come, Sir Alexander: here is Orator Elliot been makin' a harangue to the townsfolk; and ane cries for bread, and anither for meal—that it is my opinion I dinna ken what's to be done.

Sir Alex.—What would you have? what is it that you wish?
Would ye, for food, sweet friends, become all slaves;
And for a meal, that ye might surfeit on it,
Give up your wives, your homes, and all that's dear,
To the brute arms of men, who hold it virtue
To heap their shame upon a fallen foe?
Would ye, that ye might eat, yet not be satisfied,
Pick up the scanty crumbs around their camp,
After their cattle and their dogs have left them;
Or would ye, for this favour, be content
To take up arms against your countrymen!—
For this! will fathers fight against their sons?—
Sons 'gainst their fathers?—brethren with each other?
Those who would wish it may go o'er to Edward!

[*Sound of French horns without.*

Provost Ramsay.—Ay, here comes mair proposals—the sorry proposal them! I wish them and proposals an' a' were in the middle o' the Tweed.

Enter Earl Percy *and* Attendants.

Percy.—Save ye, my band of heroes; by St. Cuthbert,
Your valorous deeds have wrought a miracle,
And turned my master's hatred into mercy;
For, deeming it a sin that such brave fellows
Should die a beggar's vulgar death from want,
He doth propose to drop hostilities,
And for two weeks you may command our friendship:
If in that time you gain no aid from Scotland,
Renounce the country, and be Edward master;
But, should you gain assistance—why, then, we
Will raise the siege, and wish you all good-bye.

Elliot [*to the people*].—Urge the acceptance, friends, of these conditions.

Omnes.—We all accept these terms.

Sir Alex.—It is the people's wish; and I agree.

Percy.—And you, in pledge of due performance, sir,
Do give up this your son into our hands,
In surety for your honour——

Sir Alex.—What! my son!
Give him up too—yield him into your power?
Have ye not one already?—No! no! no!
I cannot, my Lord Percy; no, I cannot
Part with him too, and leave their mother childless!

Provost Ramsay.—Wad ye no tak me as a substitute,

Lord Percy? I'm a man o' property, and chief magistrate beside; now, I should think, I'm the maist likely person.

Percy.—Good master magistrate and man of property,

I like thy heart, but cannot take thy person.
Give up the youth, or here must end my truce!

Richard.—Fear not, my father. I will be their hostage,

For Scotland's sake, and for my father's honour——

Sir Alex.—My boy, my boy, and shall I lose you thus?
What surety does cruel Edward give,
That, keeping faith, he will restore my sons
Back to my arms in safety? Tell me, Percy;
Gives he his honour as a man or king?

Percy.—As both, I hold it.

Sir Alex.—And wilt thou pledge thine?

Percy.—This is my master's business, and not mine.

Sir Alex.—'Tis an evasion, and I like it not.

Richard.—Farewell! farewell, my father! be the first
To teach these men the virtue of self-sacrifice.
Commend me to my mother. I will bear
Both of your best loves to our Henry.
Farewell! Lead on, Lord Percy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*Apartment in* Seton's *House.*

Enter Sir Alexander, Provost Ramsay, Hugh Elliot, *and others.*

Sir Alex.—Would Heaven that all go well with my dear boys!

But there's that within me that does tear
My bosom with misgivings. The very sun
To me hangs out a sign of ominous gloom!
A spirit seems to haunt me, and the weight
Of evil undefined, and yet unknown,
Doth, like a death's-hand, press upon my heart.

Provost Ramsay.—Hoot, I wad fain think that the warst is past, and that there is nae danger o' onything happenin' now. But do ye ken, sir, it is my fixed and solemn opinion, that, before onything really is gaun to happen to a body, or to ony o' their friends, like, there is a kind o' something comes ower ane—a sort o' sough about the heart there—an' ye dinna ken what for.

Sir Alex.—Have ye beheld how they are raising bastions,
Flanking fresh cannon, too, in front the town,
Gaining new reinforcements to their camp,
And watching all our outgoings? Do you think
This looks as Edward meant to keep his faith?
I am betrayed, my friends—I am betrayed.
Fear marcheth quickly to a father's breast—
My sons are lost! are lost!

Provost Ramsay.—It's true that King Edward's preparations, and his getting sic fearfu' additions to his army, doesna look weel. But what is a king but his word mair than a man?

Enter Servant.

Servant.—Lord Percy craves an audience with your honour.

Sir Alex.—Conduct him hither. 'Tis as I boded!

[*Exit* Servant—*enter* PERCY.

You look grave, my lord.

Percy.—Faith, if I can look grave, to-day I should:
None of my mother's children, gossips said,
Were born with a sad face; but I could wish
That I had never smiled, or that her maid
Had been my mother, rather than that I
Had been the bearer of this day's vile tidings.

Sir Alex.—'Tis of my sons!—what! what of them, Lord Percy?
What of them?

Percy.—Yes, 'tis of your sons I'd speak!—
They live—they're well!—can you be calm to hear me?
I *would* speak of your sons.

Sir Alex.—I feel!—I feel!
I understand you, Percy! you WOULD speak of my sons!—
Go, thrust thy head into a lion's den,
Murder its whelps, and say to it, *Be calm!*
Be calm! and feel a dagger in thy heart!
'Twas kindly said!—kind! kind! to say, *Be calm!*
I'm calm, Lord Percy! what—what of my sons?

Percy.—If I can tell thee, and avoid being choked—
Choked with my shame and loathing—I will tell thee!
But each particular word of this black mission
Is like a knife thrust in between my teeth.

Sir Alex.—Torture me not, my lord, but speak the worst;
My ears can hear—my heart can hold no more!

Enter Lady Seton.

Percy.—Hear them in as few words as I can tell it :
Edward hath sworn, and he will keep his vow,
That if to-day ye yield not up the town,
Become his prisoners, break your faith with Scotland,
Ye with the morning dawn shall see your sons
Hung up before your windows. He hath sworn it ;
And, by my earldom—faith as a Christian—
Honour as a peer—he will perform it !

Lady Seton [*aside*].—Ruler of earth and heaven ! a mother begs
Thy counsel—Thy protection ! Say I *mother !*
No voice again shall call me by that name—
Both ! both my boys !

Sir Alex.—Ha ! my Matilda !
Thou here ! Dry up thy tears, my love ! dry up thy tears !
I cannot sacrifice both sons and mother !
Alas, my country ! I must sell thee dearly !
My faith—mine honour too !—take—take them, Percy !
I am a father, and my sons shall live !—
Shall *live !* and I shall *die !* [*Unsheathing his sword.*

Lady Seton.—Hold ! hold, my husband—save thy life and honour !
Thou art a father—am not I a mother ?
Knowest thou the measure of a mother's love ?
Think ye she yearns not for her own heart's blood ?
Yet I will *live !* and thou shalt live, my husband !
We will not rob this Edward of his shame ;

Write—I will dictate as my sons had done it—
I know their nature, for 'twas I who gave it.

Sir Alex.—Thou wait'st an answer, Percy—I will give it. [*Sits down to write.*

No; I cannot, Matilda.

Lady Seton.—Write thus:

"Edward may break his faith, but Seton cannot!
Edward may earn disgrace, but Seton honour!
His sons are in your power! Do! do as ye list!"

[*He starts up in agitation.*

Sir Alex.—No, no! it cannot be—say not my sons!
Lord Percy, let your tyrant take my life!
Torture me inchmeal!—to the last I'll smile,
And bless him for his mercy!—but spare, oh spare my children!

Provost Ramsay.—Really, Sir Alexander, I dinna ken hoo to advise you. To think o' gien up the toun to sic a monster o' iniquity, is entirely out o' the question—just impossible a'thegither; and to think o' the twa dear brave bairns sufferin', is just as impossible as to flee in the air. I tell ye what, my lord—and it is my opinion it is a very fair proposal (if naething but deaths will satisfy your king)—I, for ane, will die in their stead—their faither will for anither; and is there ane amang *you*, my townsmen, that winna do the same, and let your names be handed down as heroes to your bairns' bairns, and the last generation?

Percy.—Thou hast a noble heart, old honest Scotsman; but I cannot accept your generous offer.

Lady Seton.—Mark this, my husband!—that we may
still be parents—
That we might have two sons to *live and scorn us*—
Sell country—honour—all—and live disgraced:
Think ye MY SONS would call a *traitor* father?—
They drew their life from *me*—from *me* they drew it;
And think ye I would call a *traitor husband?*—
What! would ye have them live, that every slave,
In banquet or in battle, might exclaim,
"For you, ye hinds, your father sold his country?"
Or, would you have them live, that no man's daughter
Would stoop so low as call your sons her husband?
Would you behold them hooted, hissed at,
Oft, as they crossed the street, by every urchin?
Would ye your sons—your *noble* sons—met this,
Rather than die for Scotland? If ye do love them,
Love them as a *man!*

Sir Alex.—'Tis done! my country, thou hast made
me bankrupt!
And I am childless! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The river, and boat. Time midnight.*
Enter one habited as a friar.

Friar.—'Tis now thick midnight. All round me
sleep,
And not a star looks from the curtained heaven.
The very sentinels cease to pace their round,
And stand in calm security. I'll brave them.
What though the bridge be guarded, and the river

Rush like a tiger?—love has no such fears,
And Heaven is stronger than its waters!

[*A bell tolls slowly.*

Ha! that slow-tongued bell, that speaks of death,
Falls on my ears as would a solid substance,
Pressing my heart down! Oh cruel speed!
Already they prepare their execution!
But they shall live, or I with them shall die!
Thou, who beholdest me, and lookest through
The darkness of Thy heavens upon Thy suppliant,
Let not a tyrant stain Thy earth with blood—
The blood of innocence! Thou, who art mercy,
Spare a father's tears! Thou, who art love,
Look on a mother's anguish! Thou, who art justice,
Save! oh, save their children! Thou, who art power,
Strengthen my hands to-night. [*Rises.*
Now, may an angel's hand direct my skiff
Straight to their camp, till with one blow I strike
Their freedom and my country's!

[*He leaps into the boat and pushes off.*

Scene IX.—*The English camp. A fire in the distance.*

Enter Henry *and* Richard, *fettered and guarded.*

Henry.—Would it were morning, and the hour were come,
For still my heart misgives me, lest our parents
Do, in fond weakness, save us by dishonour!

Richard.—Rather than purchase life at such a price,

And have my father sell his faith for me,
And sell his country, I would rather thou,
My brother in my birth and in my death,
Should be my executioner! We know them better!

Henry.—Now I seem old and weary of this life,
So joy I in our death for Scotland's sake;
For this death will so wed us to our country,
We shall be old in years to all posterity!
And it will place a blot on Edward's name,
That time may blacken, but can ne'er efface.

Richard.—My heart, too, beats as light as if to-morrow
Had been, by young love, destined for my bridal;
Yet oft a tear comes stealing down my cheek,
When I do think me of our *mother*, Henry!

Henry.—Oh speak not of our parents! or my heart
Will burst ere morning, and from the tyrant rob
His well-earned infamy.

Richard.—Oh! I must speak of them:
They now will wander weeping in their chamber,
Or from their window through the darkness gaze,
And stretch their hands and sigh towards the camp;
Then, when the red east breaks the night away—
Ah! what a sight will meet their eyes, my brother!

Henry.—My brother! oh my brother!

Enter FRIAR.

Guard.—Who would pass here?

Friar.—A friend! a friend!—a messenger of mercy!

Guard.—Nay, wert thou mercy's self, you cannot pass.

Friar.—Refuse ye, then, your prisoners their confessor?

Guard.—Approach not, or ye die!

Friar.—Would ye stretch forth your hand 'gainst Heaven's anointed?

Guard.—Ay! 'gainst the Pope himself, if he should thwart me.

Friar.—Mercy ye have not, neither shall ye find it.

[*Springs forward and stabs him—approaches* RICHARD *and* HENRY, *and unbinds their fetters.*

Friar.—In chains as criminals! Ye are free, but speak not.

Richard.—Here, holy father, let me kneel to thank thee.

Henry.—And let me hear but my deliverer's name,
That my first prayer may waft it to the skies.

Friar.—Kneel not, nor thank me here. There's need of neither;
But be ye silent, for the ground has ears;
Nor let it hear your footsteps.

[*He approaches the fire; kindles a torch and fires the camp.*

Henry.—Behold, my brother, he has fired the camp!
Already see the flames ascend around him.

Friar.—Now! now, my country! here thou art avenged!
Fly with me to the beach! pursuit is vain!
Thou, Heaven, hast heard me! thou art merciful! [*Exit.*

SCENE X.—*Apartment in* SETON'S *House.*

Sir Alex.—Oh, what is honour to a father's heart?
Can it extinguish nature—soothe its feelings—
Or make the small still voice of conscience dumb?
My sons! my sons! Though ye should hold me guiltless, there's a tongue
Within me whispers, *I'm your murderer!*
Ah! my Matilda! hadst thou been less noble,
We both had been less wretched! But do I,
To hide my sin, place't on the mother's heart?
Though she did hide the *mother* from *men's* eyes,
Now, crushed by woes, she cannot look on *mine.*
But, locked in secret, weeps her soul away,
That it may meet her children's! I alone,
Widowed and childless, like a blasted oak
Reft of its root and branches, must be left
For every storm to howl at!

[ELLIOT *enters with a dagger.*

Ah, my sons!
Could anguish rend my heartstrings, I should not
Behold another sun rise on my misery!

Elliot [*springing upon him*].—By Heavens, mine enemy,
I swear thou shalt not!

They struggle. Shouting without. Enter FRIAR *and* SETON'S SONS, PROVOST RAMSAY. FRIAR *springs forward.*

Friar.—Down! traitor, down! [*Stabs* ELLIOT.

Sir Alex.—My sons! my sons!
Angels of mercy, do you mock my sight!
My boys! my boys!

Provost Ramsay.—Save us a'! save us a'!—callants, come to my arms too! Here's an hour o' joy! This, in my solemn opinion, is what I ca' livin' a lifetime in the twinklin' o' an ee. And what think ye, Sir Alexander! The English camp is a' in a bleeze, and there they are fleeing awa helter-skelter, leaving everything behind them.

Sir Alex.—What! they fly too!—thank Heaven! thank Heaven!
My cup of joy o'erflows, and floods my heart
More than my griefs!

Richard.—'Tis true, my father—
To this, our unknown saviour, do we owe
Our life and yours!—'twas he, too, seized the torch,
And bid the bonfire blaze to Scotland's freedom.

Sir Alex.—Forgive me, reverend stranger, if that I,
In the delirium of a parent's joy,
O'erlooked the hand that saved me:
Kneel, my sons,
And with your father, at this stranger's feet,
Pour out your thanks, and beg his blessing also.

[*They kneel around the supposed friar, who casts off the disguise, and is discovered to be their mother.*

Lady Seton.—A *mother*, in her children's cause, fears nothing,
And needs not *thanks*—

A *woman*, in her *country's cause*,
Can dare what man dare! [*They start up.*

Sir Alex.—What! my Matilda!

Richard.—My mother!

Henry.—Ha! my mother!

Lady Seton.—Joy, joy, my sons; your mother's done her duty!

And joy, my husband, we have saved our *honour*.

Sir Alex.—Matilda, thou hast ta'en my heart anew,
And with it, too, my words!

Provost Ramsay.—The like o' this! I may weel say, what, in the universal globe, tempted me to be a bachelor! [*Exeunt.*

XXV.

FAREWELL TO A PLACE ON THE BORDERS.

Lochmaben! I from thee must part,
'Tis destined so to be;
Thy lovely lochs, dear to my heart,
I never more may see.

The heaven of May is mirror'd clear
Within thy waters deep;
So shall my soul with loving care
Thine image ever keep.

I've seen Edina's rocky walls,
Her palaces and bowers;
I've gazed on London's lofty halls,
And monumental towers.

In yon green isle towards the west,
I've roamed without control;
And many a wild, romantic coast
Has charm'd my inmost soul.

But aye to me the sunniest rays
Have thrown their sweetest gleams
Where Bruce was born, and summer days
Inspired my youthful dreams.

The water lilies there shall rest,
And minnows round them play;
The coot shall build her floating nest,
When I am far away.

But ah! no more thy streams and glens
Shall bless my sight, Lochmaben;
Farewell, farewell, lochs, woods, and fens—
Farewell, farewell, Lochmaben!

GLOSSARY

AND

GENERAL INDEX.

GLOSSARY.

A

A', *adj.* all.
Abak, *adv.* behind.
Abasit, *part. pa.* confounded; abashed.
Abbacy, *s.* an abbey.
Abee—*to let abee*, to let alone; not to meddle with.
Abeech, Abiegh, *adv.* aloof; "at a shy distance;" keep aloof.
Able, Ablis, Ablins, Aiblins, *adv.* perhaps; peradventure.
Abone, Abow, Aboon, Abune, *prep.* above.
Aboot, *prep.* about.
Ae, *adj.* one; only; single.
Aff, *adv.* off; away.
Affcast, *s.* a castaway.
Affcome, *s.* the termination of any business. "I gied him his *affcome*," I gave him a down-setting, or offset.
Afeird, *part. pa.* afraid.
Affhand, *adj.* plain; honest; blunt; without premeditation.
Affluff, *adv.* extempore.
Afore, *prep.* before.
Affput, *s.* pretence for delay.
Affputting, *adj.* trifling; delaying.
Affside, *s.* offside.
Aft, *adv.* often.
Aften, *adv.* often.
Afterhend, *adv.* afterwards.
Agayne, *prep.* against.
Agait, *adv.* on the way or road.
Agee, *adv.* to one side; ajar; a little open.
Agley, A-gly, *adv.* off the right line; obliquely; wrong.
Ahind, Ahint, *adv.* behind.
Aik, *s.* the oak.
Ailen, *part. pa.* ailing.
Ain, *adj.* own.
Ains, *adv.* once.
Air, *adv.* early in the morning.
Air, Aire, Ayr, *s.* an heir.
Airms, *s. pl.* arms.
Airn, *s.* iron.
Airt, Airth, *s.* point of the compass.
Aislair, *adj.* a polished substance.
Aits, *s. pl.* oats.
Aiten, *adj.* oaten.
Aith, *s.* an oath.
Aizle, *s.* a hot ember.
Alane, *adj.* alone.
Alang, *adv.* along.
Ald, Auld, *adj.* old.
Almous, Aumes, *s. pl.* alms.
Amaist, *adv.* almost.
Amang, *prep.* among.
Ambry, *s.* a press or closet where victuals are kept for daily use.
An', *conj.* and.
Ane, *adj.* one.
Anent, *prep.* over against; opposite.
Aneth, *prep.* beneath.

ANEUCH, *adv.* enough.
ANIEST, *adv.* or *prep.* on this side of; on the nearest side.
ANITHER, *adj.* another.
ANKERSTOCK, *s.* a loaf made of rye, sweetened with treacle.
ANSE, *adv.* once.
APERT, *adj.* brisk; bold; free.
APERTLY, *adv.* briskly; readily.
APON, APOUN, *prep.* upon.
APPARELLE, *s.* equipage; furniture for warfare.
APPLERINGIE, *s.* the plant called southernwood.
ARCH, *adj.* averse; reluctant.
To ARGLE-BARGLE, ARGIE-BARGIE, *v. a.* to contend; to bandy backwards and forwards.
ARK, *s.* a large chest used for holding meal or corn.
ARK *of a Mill*, *s.* the place in which the water-wheel moves.
To ARLE, *v. a.* to give earnest of any kind.
ARLES, *s.* earnest of any kind.
ARLY, *adv.* early.
ARMYN, ARMYNG, *s.* armour; arms.
ART *and* PART, accessory to, or abetting.
ASSE, *s.* ashes, plural *assis* and *aiss.*
ASSHOLE, *s.* place for receiving ashes under the grate.
ASCHET, *s.* a large plate, on which meat is brought to table.
ASK, AWSK, *s.* an eft or water newt; a lizard.
ASKLENT, ASCLENT, ASKLINT, *adv.* obliquely; asquint; on one side.
To ASSAILYIE, *v. a.* to attack, to assail.
To ASSOLYIE, *v. a.* to acquit.
ASTEER, *adv.* in confusion; in a bustle.
A'THEGITHER, *adv.* altogether.
ATHORT, *prep.* through, athwart.
ATOUR, ATTOURE, *prep.* over.
ATTOMIE, *s.* a skeleton.
ATTELED, *part. pa.* aimed.
ATTER-CAP, ATTIR-COP, *s.* 1. a spider; 2. an ill-tempered person; one of a malignant or virulent disposition.
ATWEESH, *prep.* between; betwixt.
AUCHT, *pret. pa.* possessed.
AUCHT, *s.* property; possession; that which is exclusively one's own. *In aw my aucht*, all I am possessed of.
AUKWART, AWKWART, *prep.* across; athwart.
AULD-CLUITY, *s.* the devil.
AULDEST, *adj.* oldest; elder.
AULD, *adj.* old; aged.
AULDFARRANT, AULDFARRAND, *adj.* sagacious.
AULD-MOU'D, *adj.* sagacious in discourse. Sometimes used as crafty.
AUMUS, *s.* an alms.
AVA, *adv.* at all.
AWA, *adv.* away.
AWFU', *adj.* awful.
AWIN, AWYN, *adj.* own. This is the common *pronoun* in the south of Scotland; in other parts, *ain.*
AWNIE, *adj.* bearded.
AWNS, *s. pl.* the beards of corn or barley.
AWSK, *s.* the newt or eft.
AWSOME, *adj.* awful; appalling.
To AX, *v. a.* to ask.
AX-TREE, *s.* an axle-tree.
AYONT, *prep.* beyond.
AY, *adv.* yes.

B

BABIE, BAWBIE, *s.* a halfpenny.
BACHLE, BAUCHLE, *s.* an old shoe or slipper.
BACKLINS, *adv.* backwards. *To gae backlins*, to walk backwards, like a ropemaker.
BACKSPANG, *s.* a trick, or legal quirk; advantage taken by one over another.
To BACK-SPEIR, *v. a.* to trace a report as far back as possible; to cross-question.

BACK-SPEIRER, *s.* a cross-examiner.
BADE, *pret.* of bide.
BADRANS, BATHRONS, *s.* a designation for a cat.
To BAE, *v. n.* to bleat like sheep.
To BAFF, *v. a.* to beat.
BAFF, *s.* a stroke or blow.
BAIKIE, *s.* the stake to which a cow is fastened in the stall.
BAILIE, *s.* an alderman; the deputy of a baron in a borough of barony.
BAIR, BAR, *s.* a boar.
BAIRD, *s.* a bard or poet.
BAIRN, BARNE, *s.* a child.
BAIRNHEID, *s.* childhood.
BAIRNLY, *adj.* childish.
BAIRNLINESS, *s.* childishness.
BAIRNS-MAID, *s.* a nursery-maid.
BAIS, *adj.* having a deep or hollow sound; bass.
To BAYT, *v. n.* to feed.
BAISEE, BAIVIE, *s.* a large fire; a great blaze.
BAKE, *s.* a biscuit.
BAKSTER, BAXSTER, *s.* a baker.
BALD, BAULD, *adj.* bold; intrepid.
BALDERDASH, *s.* foolish noisy nonsense.
BALK, BURRAL, *s.* an elevated ridge, raised by a plough.
BALLANT, *s.* a ballad; a song.
BALOW, BALOO, *s.* a lullaby; a term used by nurses when lulling children.
To BAN, BANN, *v. a.* to curse.
BANNIN, *pr. pa.* swearing.
BANDKYN, *s.* a species of cloth, the warp of which is thread of gold and the woof silk, and adorned with figures.
BANDSTER, BANSTER, *s.* one who binds sheaves after the reapers in the harvest field.
BANE, *s.* a bone.
BANE-FYER, *s.* a bonfire.
To BANG, *v. a.* to change place with impetuosity—as, *to bang up*, to start to our feet suddenly.
BANNOCK, *s.* a cake of barley or pease meal baked on a girdle.
BANNOCK-FLUKE, *s.* a turbot.
BAP, *s.* a thick cake, baked in an oven, with yeast in it, and made of flour, oat meal, or barley meal, and sometimes a mixture of two of them.
BARE, *adj.* lean; meagre; naked; uncovered.
To BARKEN, *v. n.* to become hard; to clot.
BARLA-BREIKIS, BURLEY-BRAKS, *s.* a game played in a corn-yard, running round the stacks.
BARLEY, *s.* a term used by children in games, when a truce, or a cessation for the time, is demanded.
BARNE. See BAIRN.
BASSIE, *s.* an old horse.
BASTOUN, *s.* a heavy staff; a baton.
BAITH. *adj.* both.
BATIE, BAWTIE, *s.* a name applied to dogs, generally large ones, without reference to sex.
BATS, *s. pl.* the bots, a disease in horses.
To BATTER, *v. a.* to paste.
BAUCHLE, BACHEL, *s.* an old shoe.
BAUGH, *adj.* ungrateful to the taste.
BAUK, BAWK, *s.* a cross beam in the roof of a house.
BAUK, BAWK, *s.* a strip of land, two or three feet wide, left unploughed.
BAUSY, *adj.* strong; big.
To BAW, *v. a.* to hush; to lull in the manner of nursing a child.
BAW, *s.* a ball.
BAWBEE, a halfpenny.
BAWDEKYN, *s.* cloth of gold.
BAXTER, *s.* a baker.
BEAR, BERE, *s.* barley.
To BECK, *v.* to curtsey.
BEDRAL, *s.* a person who is bedrid.
BEGRUTTEN, *part. pa.* having the face disfigured with weeping.
BEIK, BIKE, *s.* a hive of bees.
BEIK, BEKE, BEEK, *v. a.* to bask, as in the sun.

Beild, Bield, *s.* shelter; refuge.
Bein, Bane, *s.* bone.
Birr, *s.* noise; cry; force.
Beke, Beik, Beek, *v. a.* to bask.
Beld, *adj.* bald; without hair on the head.
Bele, *s.* a fire; a blaze.
Belyve, *adv.* by and by.
To Bell the Cat, to contend with a person of superior rank; to withstand him, either by actions or words, especially the former.
Belly-thra, *s.* the colic.
To Belt, *v. a.* to gird; to flog; to scourge.
Ben, *adv.* towards the inner apartments of a house. A room is generally called *ben*, and the kitchen *but*.
Ben-end, *s. the ben-end of a house*, the inner end of it.
Ben, Bin, *s.* a mountain.
Bene, Bien, *adj.* wealthy; having abundance.
Benk, Bink, *s.* a bench; a seat.
Benorth, *prep.* to the northward of.
Bensiie, Bensii, *s.* a fairy's wife.
Bent, *s.* a coarse grass growing on sand-hills.
Bere, Bear, *s.* barley.
Bern, *s.* a barn.
To Beseik, *v. a.* to beseech; to entreat.
Besyne, Bysim, *s.* a bawd.
Besouth, *prep.* to the southward of.
Best-man, *s.* groomsman; *best-maid*, the bridesmaid.
Betweesh, *prep.* betwixt.
Beuch, a branch; a bough.
Bevie, *s.* a great fire.
To Bewry, *v. a.* to pervert, to distort.
Bib, *s.* a piece of linen used to keep the breast of a child clean when feeding it.
Bick, *s.* a bitch; the female of the canine species.
To Bicker, *v. a.* to fight with stones as schoolboys; to run off quickly.
Bicker, Biquour, *s.* a small wooden dish, made in the form of a washing-tub, the staves being alternately black and white.
To Bide, Byde, *v. n.* to wait for; to abide; to endure; to suffer.
To Big, *v. a.* to build.
Biggin, Byggyn, *s.* a building.
Biggit, *part. pa.* built.
Bike, Beik, Bink, *s.* a nest of wild bees or wasps.
Bilget, *adj.* bulged; swelling out.
Billie, Billy, *s.* a companion; a comrade.
Bindwood, *s.* ivy.
Bing, *s.* a heap; a pile of wood.
Bink. See Bike.
Bird, Burd, *s.* a bird; a damsel; a lady.
Birdie, *s.* a little bird.
Birk, *s.* a birch-tree.
To Birk, *v. n.* to give a tart or sharp answer.
Birkin, *adj.* of or belonging to birch-wood.
Birky, *s.* a lively young man; a mettlesome person.
Birl, *v. n.* to ply with drink; to club money for the purpose of purchasing drink.
Birn, *v. a.* to burn.
Birs, Birse, *s.* a bristle. *His birse is up*, he is in a passion. *He's a birsie man*, he is liable to be irritated easily.
To Birsle, *v. a.* to broil; to roast.
Birssy, *adj.* having bristles; hot-tempered.
To Birze, Brize, *v. a.* to bruise; to drive or push.
Bisket, Brisket, *s.* the breast.
To Bissi, Bizz. *v. n.* to make a hissing sound, as hot iron plunged into water.
Bissome, Byssym, *s.* an unworthy female.
Bit, *s.* a vulgar term used for food. *He takes the bit and the buffit wi't*, he takes the food and the blow along with it.

Bittill, Beetle, *s.* a wooden mallet for beating clothes.

To Blabber, *v. n.* to babble; to speak indistinctly.

Blackaviced, *a.* dark-complexioned.

Black-Cock, *s.* the black grouse.

Black-Fishing, *s.* fishing for salmon by torch light.

Black-Foot, *s.* a person who makes matches, or goes between a lover and his mistress.

Blad, *s.* a large piece of anything.

Blade, *s.* the leaf of a tree.

Bladoch, Bledoch, *s.* buttermilk.

Blae, Bla, *adj.* livid; used when the skin is discoloured with a blow, or when chilled with cold.

Blaeberry, *s.* the bilberry.

Blaidry, *s.* nonsense; folly; silly talk.

Blain, *s.* a mark or blemish left by a wound.

Blait, *adj.* bashful; sheepish.

Blait-Mouit, *adj.* sheepish; ashamed to open one's mouth, or speak. *Ye're no blait*, you are very forward or impudent—used metaphorically.

Blaitie-Bum, *s.* a stupid, simple fellow.

Blash, *s.* a heavy fall of rain.

Blashy, *adj.* deluging, sweeping away, as in a flood; thin, poor, as applied to broth or soup.

To Blast, *v. n.* to smoke. *To take a blast*, to take a smoke.

Blate, Blait, *adj.* bashful.

To Blather, *v. n.* to talk nonsense; to talk ridiculously.

Blatter, *s.* a rattling noise, such as that made by a heavy shower of rain or hail.

To Blaw, *v.* to blow.

Blear, *s.* to obscure the sight.

Bleard, *s.* dull of sight; having inflamed eyes.

Bleeze, *v. n.* milk is said to be bleezed when it has become a little sour.

Bleib, *s.* a pustule, a blister.

The Bleibs, *s. pl.* the chicken-pox.

To Blenk, Blink, *v. n.* to open the eyes as after slumber; to throw a glance of regard.

Blenk, Blink, *s.* a gleam of light.

Blent, *s.* a glance as in the quick motions of the eye.

To Blether, *v. n.* to stammer, or speak indistinctly, or nonsensically.

Blin, *adj.* blind.

Blink. See Blenk.

To Blirt, *v. n.* to burst out a-crying or weeping.

Blob, Blab, *s.* 1. anything circular and turned; 2. a blister.

Blobbit, *part. pa.* bloated; blurred; blotched.

Blubber, *s.* a bubble of air.

To Blubber, *v. n.* to cry, to weep.

Blue-Gown, *s.* a pensioner. Formerly all pensioners received a blue gown on the king's birthday.

Bluid, *s.* blood.

Bluidy, *adj.* bloody; bloodthirsty; covered with gore.

Bluiter, Blutter, *v. n.* to make a rumbling noise.

Bluntie, *s.* a stupid fellow; a sniveller.

Boal, Bole, *s.* a small aperture or press in a house for the reception of small articles; a small opening in a wall for the admission of light or air.

Bob, *s.* a curtsey.

To Bock, *v. a.* to make a noise with the throat, as persons will frequently do before vomiting.

Bod, Boddy, *s.* a person of diminutive stature.

Boddum, *s.* bottom.

Bode, Bod, *s.* an offer made prior to a bargain; a proffer.

Boden, Budden, *v.* offered; proffered.

Bodle, *s.* an old copper coin of the value of two pennies Scots, or third part of a penny English.

Bogill, Bogle, *s.* 1. a hobgoblin;

a spectre; 2. a scarecrow; any made-up imitation of a spectre.

BOMBILL, BUMBILL, *s.* buzzing noise.

BOMBILL-BEE, *s.* a drone.

BONIE, BONYE, BONNY, *adj.* beautiful; having a fine countenance.

BONIEST, *adj.* the most beautiful.

BOOL, *s.* an ironical name, as applied to an old man.

BOONMOST, *adj.* uppermost.

BOORDLEY, *s.* strong; large; broad; having a manly appearance.

BORDEL, *s.* a brothel.

BOS, BOSS, BOIS, *adj.* hollow.

BOT, BUT, *conj.* but; without anything.

BOTHIE, BOOTHIE, *s.* a shop made of boards.

BOTHIE, *s. pl.* a cottage; such a one as is occupied generally for the use of servants.

BOTTINGS, BUITINGS, *s.* half boots, or leathern spatterdashes.

BOUCHT, BOUGHT, BUCHT, *s.* a small pen used for milking ewes.

To BOUCHT, BUCHT, *v. a.* to enclose.

BOUK, BUIK, *s.* the trunk of the body; bulk.

BOUKIT, *adj.* bulky, large. *No muckle boukit,* not of much size or dimensions.

BOUN, *adj.* prepared; ready.

BOUR, *s.* the private chamber of a lady in ancient times.

BOURTREE, BOUNTREE, *s.* common elder-tree.

BOW, *s.* a boll; eight pecks.

BOW, *s.* the arch of a bridge; a gateway; a crooked path.

BOWIE, *s.* a small cask or barrel; a milk pail.

BOWSIE, *adj.* crooked; applied to a crooked person, who is called a *bowsie.*

BRACE, *s.* the chimney-piece.

BRACKEN, BRAIKEN, BROCKEN, *s.* the fern.

To BRACK, *v. a.* to break.

BRACKIT, BRACKET, BRUCKIT, *adj.* speckled.

BRAE, *s.* the side of a hill; an acclivity.

To BRAG, *v. a.* 1. to defy; 2. to reproach.

BRAID, BRADE, *adj.* wide; broad.

BRANDNEW. See BRENTNEW.

BRANDER, *s.* a gridiron.

To BRANDER, *v. n.* to broil.

BRANG, *part. pa.* brought.

BRANKS, *s.* a swelling in the glands of the neck.

BRAT, *s.* a coarse apron.

BRATCHET, BRATCHART, *s.* an opprobrious term, equivalent to *whelp.*

BRAW, BRA, *adj.* fine; gaily-dressed.

BRAWLY, BRAVELY, *adv.* very well.

BRAWS, *s.* fine clothes; a person's best suit.

BRAXY, BRACKS, *s.* a disease in sheep.

BREADBERRY, *s.* pap, used as food for children.

BREAK (*of a hill,*) *s.* a hollow cleft in a hill.

BRECHAME, BRECHEM, *s.* the collar of a horse.

BREE, BRIE, BREW, BROO, *s.* broth; soup.

BRE, BREE, *s.* the eyebrow.

BREEKS, BREIKS, *s.* breeches.

BREER, BREARD, *s.* the first blades of grain which appear above ground.

To BREER, *v. n.* to germinate.

BREID, *s.* breadth.

BRENT, *adj.* high; straight; upright.

BRENTNEW, quite new.

BRIG, BREG, BRYG, *s.* a bridge.

To BRIZE, BIRSE, *v. a.* to bruise; to drive or push.

BROCHAN, *s.* oatmeal boiled to a consistence thicker than gruel.

BROCK, *s.* a badger.

BROCKED, BROCKET, *adj.* streaked and spotted, as a *brockit cow.*

BROCKLIE, *adj.* brittle.

BROD, *s.* a flat piece of wood; a board.

To Brog, *v. a.* to pierce.

Brogue, *s.* a coarse kind of shoe made of horse leather with the hair on, used by Highlanders.

Brok, *s.* refuse; fragments.

Broo, *s.* broth.

Broonie, *s.* a spirit supposed to haunt farm-houses, and which, if treated well, performed the duties of the servants while they were sleeping.

Brose, *s.* a kind of food made by pouring hot water on oatmeal, and mixing them together. *Kail-brose* is made by substituting broth for water.

Browst, *s.* the quantity of malt liquor brewed at one time.

Brugh, Burgh, *s.* a borough; a circular encampment; the hazy circle round the moon.

Bruse, Broose, Bruise, *v. a. To ride the bruise*, to run a race on horseback at country weddings. Metaphorically—to contend; to strive.

To Brush, *v. a.* to rush forth with speed.

Bu, Boo, *s.* a sound often made use of to excite terror in children. *Bu-man*, the devil, or a goblin; an imaginary evil being; a phrase used to keep children in subjection.

Bubbly, *adj.* snotty.

Bubblyjock, *s.* a turkey-cock.

Bucht, *s.* a fold; a bending; the fold of a ribbon.

Buckie, Bucky, *s.* any spiral shell.

Buckie-Ingram, *s.* the soldier-crab, *Cancer bernardus*, which always inhabits the shells of other animals.

To Buckle, *v. a.* to join together, as in marriage.

Buckle-the-Beggars, *s.* a person who marries others in a clandestine manner.

Bucktooth, *s.* a tooth jutting out from the others.

Buff, *s.* a stroke; nonsense.

Buffer, *s.* a foolish fellow.

Buffet, *s.* a blow.

Buffets, *s. pl.* swellings in the glands.

Buffie, *adj.* swelled; blown up; puffed up.

Buik, *s.* the body; the chest.

Buik, Buk, Byke, *s.* a book.

Buirdly, Burdly, *adj.* large and well-made; stately.

To Buller, *v. n.* to make a noise like water rushing to and fro in the cavity of a rock.

To Bullirag, *v. a.* to abuse; to tease; to rally in contempt; to reproach.

Bulyiements, *s.* habiliments.

To Bum, *v. n.* to make a sound like that of bees; the sound emitted by a bagpipe

Bumbazed, *adj.* stupified.

Bumbee, *s.* the humble bee; a wild bee; a drone.

Bum-Clock, *s.* the common flying beetle.

Bun, Bunn, *s.* a cake commonly used at New-Year time, composed of flour, dried fruits, and spices.

To Bung, *v. n.* to make tipsy.

Bunker, Bunkart, *s.* a low and long chest, frequently placed in front of a bed in cottages, and used as a press, and also as a seat.

Buntling, *s.* a bantling; a bird.

Burd, *s.* a damsel; a lady.

Burdalane, *s.* used when a person is left solitary, as a child the inmate of a strange family.

Burde, Boord, *s.* a table; a board.

Burian, *s.* a tumulus; a mound of earth.

Burlaw, Byrlaw, Birley, *s.* a court consisting of country neighbours who settle local disputes, etc.

Burly, *s.* a crowd; a brawl.

Burn, *s.* a small stream; a rivulet. *Burnie, burny* is used as the diminutive of burn.

BURR, BURRH. *s.* persons are said to have the burr who pronounce the letter *r* with a whirring sound, as the Northumbrians.

BURSIN, BURSTEN, *part. pa.* burst; overpowered with fatigue.

To BUSK, *v. a.* to dress; to attire.

BUT, *prep.* without: towards the outer apartment of a house, or kitchen.

BUTER, BUTTER, *s.* the bittern.

BYGANES, *s.* what is past; used in quarrels, as, *Let bygones be bygones*; let what is past be past.

BYRE, *s.* a cow-house.

BY-RUNIS, *s. pl.* arrears; past debts.

BYSPRINT, *part. pa.* besprinkled.

BYSSYM, BISSOM, *s.* an unworthy female.

C

To CA, *v. a.* to call; to strike; to drive.

To CAB, *v. a.* to pilfer.

CABBACK. See KEBBUCK.

CADDIS, *s.* lint for dressing a wound.

CADIE, *s.* an errand-runner; a carrier of parcels.

CAFF, *s.* chaff.

CAIGIE, *s.* wanton.

CAIGIELY, *adv.* cheerfully; wantonly.

CAIK, *s.* a flat cake made of oatmeal.

To CAIKLE, *v. a.* to make a noise like a hen.

CAIRD, *s.* a gipsy; a travelling tinker.

CAIP, CAPE, *s.* the highest part of anything.

CAIRN, *s.* a conical heap of stones.

CAIR-WEEDS, *s.* mourning weeds.

CALD, CAULD, *s.* cold.

CALLAN, CALLANT, *s.* a stripling.

CALLER, *adj.* cool; refreshing.

CALLOT, *s.* a cap for a woman's head.

CALM-SOUGH, to say little.

CALSAY, CAWSAY, *s.* a causeway · street; that part of a street which is bounded by the flags.

CAM, *pret.* came.

CAM-NOSED, *adj.* hook-nosed.

CAMPY, *adj.* bold; brave.

CAMSHAUCHEL'D, *part. adj.* distorted.

CAMSTERIE, CAMSTAIRIE. *adj.* unmanageable; perverse.

CANE, KAIN, *s.* a duty paid by a tenant of land to the owners in kind.

CANKERT. *adj.* ill-tempered; cross.

CANN, CAN, *s.* skill; knowledge; acquirements.

CANNA, CANNAE, cannot.

CANNIE, KANNIE, *adj.* cautious; prudent.

CANNILY, *adv.* prudently; cautiously.

CANTY, *adj.* cheerful; lively.

CANTEL, *s.* the crown of the head.

CANTRAP, *s.* an incantation; a spell; mischief artfully performed.

CAP, *v. n.* to crown; to surmount.

CAP, KAP, *s.* a wooden bowl.

CAPERCAILYE, CAPERCALYEANE, *s.* the wood-grouse or cock of the wood, *Tetrao urogallus* (Linn.)

CAPERNOITED, *adj.* peevish; irritable; crabbed; snappish.

CARDINAL, *s.* a long cloak worn by women, generally those of a red colour, and commonly provided with a hood.

CAR-HANDED, *adv.* left-handed.

CARL, CAIRLE, CARLI, *s.* an old man.

CARLIE, *s.* a diminutive man.

CARLIN, *s.* an old woman.

CARLINS-E'EN, *s.* the last night of the year.

CARLISH, *s.* boorish; clownish.

CARRITCH, CARITCH, *s.* the catechism.

To CARP, *v. a.* to contend.

CARSE, KERSS, *s.* a low and fertile tract of land adjacent to a river.

CASTOCK, CASTACK, *s.* the stalk or inner core of cabbage or greens.
To CAST-OUT, *v. n.* to quarrel.
To CAST-UP, *v. a.* to upbraid; to throw in one's teeth.
CATCHY, *adj.* ready to take advantage of another.
CATTLE-RAIK, *s.* a common on which cattle are fed; the feeding range of cattle.
CATWITTIT, *adj.* harebrained; unsettled.
CAUDRON, *s.* a chaldron.
CAULD, *s.* cold.
CAULDRIFE, *adj.* susceptible of cold.
CAULD-STEER, *s.* sour milk and oatmeal stirred together.
CAUSE, *conj.* because.
CAUSEY, CAUSAY, *s.* a street.
CAUTION, *s.* surety.
CAUTIONER, *s.* a surety.
CAVIE, *s.* a hencoop.
To CA', *v. a.* to drive.
To CAWK, *v. a.* to chalk.
CAWKER, *s.* a dram; a glass of any spirits.
CERTIS. *Certis, ye're a fine ane!* you are indeed a good one—(ironically.)
CHACK, CHECK, *s.* a slight repast.
CHAFTS, *s.* the chops.
CHAFT-BLADE, *s.* jaw-bone.
To CHAK, *v. a.* to check.
CHAKIL, *s.* the wrist.
CHALMER, *s.* a chamber.
To CHAMP, *v. a.* to mash; to chop.
CHANCY, *adj.* fortunate; happy.
CHANNEL, *s.* gravel.
CHAP, *s.* a fellow.
To CHAP, *v. n.* to strike with a hammer or any other instrument, or with a stone.
CHAPIN, *s.* a quart.
CHAPMAN, *s.* a pedlar.
CHAUDMELLE', *s.* a sudden broil or quarrel.
To CHAW, *v. a.* to gnaw; to fret.
CHEEK-BLADE, *s.* cheek-bone.
CHEIP, CHEPE, *v. n.* to chirp, as young birds do.
CHEK, *s.* the cheek; the side of a door.
CHESS, *s.* the frame of wood for a window.
CHESWELL. *s.* a cheese-vat.
CHEVERON, *s.* armour for the head of a horse.
CHIEL, CHIELD, *s.* a fellow; a stripling.
CHILD, CHYLD, *s.* a page; a servant.
CHILDER, *s. pl.* children.
CHIMLEY. *s.* a grate; a chimney.
CHIMLEY-BRACE, *s.* the mantelpiece.
CHIMLEY-LUG, *s.* the fireside.
To CHIRK, CHORK, *v. n.* to grind the teeth in a noisy manner.
To CHIRME, *v. a.* the soft warbling of a bird.
To CHITTER, *v. n.* to shiver.
CHOUKS, *s.* the glandular parts under the jaw-bones.
CHOWS, *s.* small bits of coal.
CHUCKIE, *s.* a hen.
CHUCKIE-STANE, *s.* a small pebble.
CLACK, *s.* the clapper of a mill.
CLAES, CLAISE, *s. pl.* clothes.
CLAG, CLAGG, *s.* an incumbrance.
CLAGGY, *adj.* adhesive; unctuous.
CLAIK, *v. n.* to make a clacking noise like a hen.
CLAIRGY, *s.* clergy.
CLAITH, CLAYTH, *s.* cloth.
To CLAIVER, CLAVER, *v. a.* to talk idly.
CLAM-SHELL, *s.* a scallop shell.
CLAMJAMPHRY, *s. pl.* low acquaintances; not respectable.
CLAMP, *s.* a heavy footstep.
CLAP, *s.* a stroke.
CLAP O' THE HASS, the uvula of the throat.
CLARTS, *s. pl.* dirt; smell.
CLARTY, *adj.* dirty or foul.
To CLASH, *v. n.* to talk idly.
To CLAT, *v. a.* to rake anything together.
CLAT, *s.* a rake or hoe.
CLATCH, *s.* thick mud.

To CLATTER, *v. a.* to tell tales; to tittle-tattle.
CLAUGHT, *pret.* laid hold of suddenly or eagerly.
To CLAVER, *v. a.* to talk in an idle or nonsensical manner.
CLAVER, *s.* clover.
To CLAW, *v. a.* to scratch.
CLECKIN, *s. pl.* a brood of birds.
CLECKIN-BROD, *s.* a battledoor.
To CLEED, *v. a.* to clothe.
CLEG, GLEG, *s.* a gad-fly; a horse-fly.
To CLEIK, CLEEK, *v. a.* to catch with a hooked instrument.
CLEIK, CLEEK, *s.* an iron hook.
CLEIKY, *adj.* ready to take advantage.
CLEUCH, CLEUGH, *s.* a precipice; a steep rocky ascent; a strait hollow between two steep banks.
To CLEW, *v. a.* to stop a hole by compressing.
CLICK-CLACK, *s.* uninterrupted talking.
CLINK, *s.* a smart blow; money.
CLIPPIE, *s.* very talkative; generally applied to a female.
CLISH-CLASH, *s.* idle discourse.
CLISHMACLAVER, *s.* idle nonsensical talk.
CLITTER-CLATTER, *s.* idle talk carried from one to another.
To CLOCHER *v. n.* to cough.
To CLOCK, CLOK, *v. n.* to cluck; to call chickens together.
CLOIT, *s.* a clown; a stupid fellow.
To CLOIT, *v. n.* to fall heavily, or suddenly.
CLOITERY, *s* tripe; dirty work.
CLOOT, CLUTE, *s.* a hoof.
CLOSE, *s.* a passage; an entry.
To CLOUR, *v. a.* to dimple.
CLOUSE, *s.* a sluice.
To CLOUT, *v. a.* to patch; to mend.
CLOUT, *s.* cuff; a blow.
CLUF, CLUIF, *s.* a hoof.
CLUMP, *s.* a heavy inactive fellow.
CLUTE, *s.* a hoof.
COBLE, *s.* a small boat, such as is used by fishermen.
COCKERNONNY, *s.* the hair of a female gathered in a knot.
COCKLAIRD, *s.* a landowner who cultivates all his own estate.
COD, *s.* a pillow.
COFF, COFFE, *v. a.* to buy; to purchase.
COFT, *pret.* and *part.* of purchased or bought.
COG, COAG, COGUE, *s.* a wooden basin.
To COGLE, *v. a.* to move anything from side to side, as a boat in the water.
COLLIE, COLLEY, *s.* a shepherd's dog; a lounger.
COLLIESHANGIE, *s.* a squabble; an uproar.
COMMONTIE, *s.* a common; a community.
To COMPEAR, *v. a.* to appear.
COMPLIMENT, *s.* a present.
CONYNG, *s.* knowledge.
COODIE, CUDIE, *s.* a small tub.
COOF, CUFE, *s.* a dastardly silly fellow.
COORIN, *v. n.* crest-fallen; timid.
CORBIE, CORBY, *s.* a raven.
CORP, *s.* a corpse; a dead body.
CORRIE, *s.* a hollow in a hill.
CORS, CORSE, *s.* the market-place or cross.
COSH, *s.* neat; quiet.
COSIE, COZIE, *adj.* warm; snug; well-sheltered.
COTTAR, COTTER, *s.* a person who inhabits a cottage.
To COUP, COWP, *v. a.* to exchange; to deal; to fall; to upset.
COUPER, *s.* a dealer.
COUPLE, *s.* a rafter.
COUR, *v. n.* to stoop; to crouch.
COUT, *s.* a young horse.
COUTH, COUTHY, *adj.* affable; facetious; affectionate; pleasant.
COVE. *s.* a cave.
COW, KOW, *s.* a besom made of broom.
COWE, *v. n.* to beat; to overcome.
To COW *v. a.* to poll the head; to

cut; to prune; to damp or frighten.

Cowit, *part. pr.* docked closely; cut; having short hair.

Cowshot, Cushit, *s.* the ring-dove.

To Crack, *v. a.* to talk.

Craft, *s.* a piece of ground adjoining a house.

Crag, Crage, Craig, *s.* the neck; the throat.

Craig, *s.* a rock; a precipice.

To Craik, *v. n.* the cry of a hen after laying.

Cranch, *v. n.* the sound made by an animal in eating bones or other hard substances.

Crap, *s.* a crop, the produce of the soil; the craw of a fowl; the highest part of anything.

To Craw, *s.* to crow; to boast.

Craw, *s.* a crow.

Creek *of day*, dawn; the first appearance of morning.

Creepy, *s.* a low stool.

To Creep-in, *v. n.* to shrink.

Creil, Creel, *s.* an osier basket.

Creish, *s.* grease.

To Creish-a-lufe, *v. a.* to give money as a bribe or recompense.

Crinch, *s.* a very small bit of anything.

To Crinch, *v. a.* to grind with the teeth.

To Crine, Croyne, Cryne, *v. n.* to shrivel; to shrink.

Crok, *s.* a dwarf.

Croney, *s.* a companion.

Crous, Crouse, *adj.* brisk; brave; speeding courage.

Crowdie, *s.* meal and water in a cold state, or sometimes meal and milk, or cream.

Cruds, *s.* curds.

Cruels, *s.* the king's evil; scrofula.

Crummie, Crummock, *s.* a cow.

Crune, Croon, *s.* a moaning sound.

Crusie, *s.* a lamp, properly one made of malleable iron, and suspended by a handle or wire.

To Cry, *v. a.* to proclaim the banns of marriage in church.

Crying, *s.* childbirth.

Cud, *s.* a club; a strong staff.

To Cuddle, *v. a.* to embrace.

Cuddie, *s.* an ass.

Cufe, *s.* a simpleton.

Cuff-o'-the-neck, the back part of the neck.

Cummar, Kimmer, *s.* a young woman.

Cuning, Cunnie, *s.* a rabbit.

To Curfuffle, *v. a.* to discompose.

To Curl, a game, to throw or force a flat-bottomed stone along the surface of ice.

Curling, *s.* a game in which stones are pushed along ice.

Curple, *s.* a crupper.

Curran, Curn, Kurn, *s.* a few; indefinite number.

Curunddoch, Curcuddy, *s.* a dance among children, in which they sit down on their houghs, and hop round, in different directions.

Cuschette, *s.* a ringdove.

Cute, Coot, *s.* the ankle.

Cutikins, *s. pl.* spatterdashes.

Cutty, *s.* a wanton immoral young woman.

Cutty, Cuttie, *adj.* short.

Cutty-stool, *s.* a low stool; the stool of repentance.

D

To Dab, Daub, *v. a.* to peck, as birds do with their bills.

Dad, Daddie, *s.* father.

To Dad, Daud, *s.* to beat.

To Daddle, Daidle, *v. a.* to do anything slowly.

Daddlie, *s.* a larger sort of bib.

To Daff, *v. n.* to sport; to romp.

Daffin', *s.* gaiety; sporting; diversion.

DAFT, *adj.* delirious; stupid.
DAFT-LIKE, *adj.* foolish-looking; silly-like.
DAFT-DAYS, the Christmas holidays.
DAG, *s.* a gentle shower.
To DAG, *v. a.* to rain gently.
DAIGH, *s.* dough.
DAINTITH, *s.* a dainty.
DAINTY, *adj.* pleasant; good-humoured; worthy; excellent.
DAIVERED, *adj.* dull; stupid; wanting apprehension.
DALL, *s.* a doll.
DAMBROD, *s.* a draft-board.
To DANCE, *his or her lane*, a phrase used to signify sudden and great rage, or joy at any news.
To DANDER, *v. n.* to wander slowly; to roam.
DANDERS, *s. pl.* the hard refuse of a smithy fire.
DANG, the *pret.* of ding.
DARKLINS, *adv.* in the dark; hidden; sly.
To DASE, DAISE, *v. a.* to stupify; to benumb.
DAW, DA, *s.* a sluggard; appropriated to a female, a drab.
To DAW, *v. n.* to dawn.
DAWDIE, *s.* a dirty slovenly female.
To DAWT, DAUT, to fondle; to caress; pet; to dote upon.
DAWTIE, *s.* a favourite; a darling.
DAWTIT, *part. pa.* doted; fondled; caressed.
DAYWERK, DAWERK, *s.* a day's work.
To DEE, *v. n.* to die.
DEAN, DEN, *s.* hollow with sloping banks on both sides; a small valley.
To DEAVE, DEEVE, *v. n.* to deafen.
DEDE-THRAW, *s.* in the agonies of death.
DEED-DAIL, *s.* the board on which the dead are laid before being coffined.
'DEED. *adj.* indeed.
DEEIN', *v. n.* dying.
DEEVIL, *s.* the devil.
DEIL, DEEL, *s.* the devil.
DEIL'S-BUCKIE, *s.* a wicked imp.
DEIS, *s.* the upper part of a hall, where the floor was raised, and a canopy erected over it, for festivals, etc.
DELIERET, *adj.* delirious.
To DEMENT, *v. n.* to deprive of reason.
DEMENTED, *adj.* insane; unsettled in mind; crazy.
DEN, *s.* a hollow in a hill or mountain.
To DEPONE, *v. n.* to testify on oath.
To DEVALL, DEVALD, *s.* to cease; to intermit.
To DEVE, *v. n.* to stupify with a noise.
DEUCHANDORACH, DEUCHANDORIS, *s.* a drink taken at the door before departing.
DICHT, DYCHT, *v.* to wipe.
DIDNA, did not.
DIKE, DYKE, *s.* a wall either of mud or stones.
DING, *v. a.* to beat; to drive.
DINNA, do not.
To DINLE, *v. n.* to tremble.
DIRD, *s.* a stroke.
DIRDUM, *s.* an uproar.
DIRK, a dagger.
To DIRLE, *v. a.* to tingle.
DIRL, *s.* a vibration.
DIRT, *s.* excrement.
DIRTIN, *adj.* mean; shabby; contemptible.
DISNA, DOESNA, does not.
DISJASKET, *part. pa.* having a dejected or downcast look.
To DISPARAGE, *v. n.* to despise on account of want of rank.
To DISPLENISH, *v. a.* to disfurnish.
DIV, *v. a.* do. *I div*, I do.
DIVET, DIFFAT, DIVOT, *s.* a thin oblong turf used for covering cottages and mud walls.
DIZEN, *s.* dozen.
DOCHTER, DOUGHTYR, *s.* daughter.
DOCKEN, DOKEN, *s.* the dock; an herb.

Doddy, Daddit, *adj.* destitute of horns; bald.
Doggit, *adj.* stubborn.
Doin, *v. n.* doing.
Doitit, Doited, *adj.* stupid lack of mental activity.
Dor, *s.* a small copper coin, long in disuse.
Doit, *s.* a fool; a numskull.
Dominie, *s.* a schoolmaster; a pedagogue; a contemptuous name for a clergyman.
Donnard, Donnart, *adj.* stupid.
Doock, Duck, *s.* a strong coarse cloth used for sails, etc.
To Doodle, *v. a.* to dandle; to fondle.
Doof, *s.* a stupid silly fellow.
Dookit, *s.* a dovecot or pigeon-house.
To Dook, Douk, *v. n.* to bathe; to duck.
Dool, *s.* grief; sorrow.
Doon, Doun, *s.* down.
Doot, *s.* doubt.
Dort, *s.* pet.
To Dort, *v. n.* to pet.
Dorty, *adj.* pettish.
Dottar, *s.* become stupid from age.
Douce, Douse, *s.* sedate; quiet.
Douf, *s.* a stupid fellow.
Douf, Dolf, *s.* destitute of courage.
Douked, *v. n.* bathed; wetted.
Doungeoun, *s.* the strongest or chief tower belonging to a fortress.
Doup, *s.* the buttocks; the bottom of anything.
Dour, *adj.* stubborn; inflexible; obstinate.
To Douse, *v. a.* to beat; to maltreat.
Douse, *adj.* solid; sedate.
Douss, *s.* a blow; a stroke.
To Dover, *v. n.* to slumber.
Dow, Doo, *s.* a dove; a pigeon.
To Dow, *v. n.* to fade; to wither; to lose freshness.
Dowcate, Duket, *s.* a dovecot.
Downcome, *adj.* the act of descending.
Dowy, Dowie, *adj.* dull; downcast; sorrowful.
Dozend, Dosend, *s.* stupified; benumbed.
To Drable, Draible, *v. a.* to slabber; to befoul.
Draff, *s.* the refuse of grain after being distilled or brewed.
Dragon, *s.* a paper kite.
To Draigle, *v. a.* to bespatter.
Dramock, *s.* a mixture of meal and water in a raw state.
Drap, *s.* a drop.
Drave, *s.* a drove of cattle.
To Dreel, *v. n.* to move quickly.
Dregy, Dergy, *s.* the compotations after a funeral.
Dreich, Dreech, *adj.* slow; tedious.
Dribble, *s.* a very small drop.
To Drouk, *v. a.* to drench.
Droic, *s.* a dwarf.
Drouth, *s.* drought; thirst.
Drumly, Drumlie, *adj.* troubled.
Drunt, *s.* to be in a sour, pettish humour.
Dub, *s.* a small pool of water, generally applied to those produced by rain.
Dud, *s.* a rag; a dish-clout.
Duddy, *adj.* ragged.
Duke, *s.* a duck.
Dule, *s.* grief.
To Dule, *v. n.* to grieve.
Dumbie, Dummie, *s.* a dumb person.
To Dumfounder, *v. a.* to stupify; to confuse; to confound.
Dumpy, *adj.* short and thick.
Dun, *s.* a hill; an eminence.
To Dunch, *v. a.* to jog; to push with the elbow or fist.
Dunderhead, *s.* a blockhead.
To Dunt, *v. a.* to strike, so as to produce a dull hollow sound.
Durk, Dirk, *s.* a dagger.
Dust, *s.* a tumult.
Dwalm, Dwaum, *s.* a swoon; a sudden fit of sickness.

DWINING, *s.* a declining consumption.
To DWYNE, *s.* to pine.

E

EARN, *s.* an eagle.
To EARN, YEARN, *v.* to coagulate.
EASING, *s. pl.* the eaves of a house.
EASTLIN, *adj.* easterly.
EBB, *adj.* shallow.
EE, *s.* an eye.
EEN, *s. pl.* the eyes.
EE-SWEET, *adj.* agreeable or pleasing to the sight.
EERIE, *adj.* dull; lonely.
EFTERHEND, *adv.* afterwards.
EIDENT, *adj.* diligent; industrious.
EIK, EKE, *adj.* an addition.
To EIK, *v. n.* to add to anything.
EIZEL, *s.* a hot ember.
ELBECK, ELBUCK, *s.* elbow.
ELD, *adj.* old.
ELEVEN-HOURS, *s.* a luncheon.
ELDERS, *s. pl.* the members of the kirk-session among Presbyterians.
ELS, *adv.* already.
ELSYN, ELSHYN, *s.* an awl.
ELVES, *s. pl.* fairies.
ELWAND, ELNWAND, *s.* a rod for measuring, an ell in length.
EMBRO', *s.* Edinburgh.
EMERANT, *s.* emerald.
ENEUCH, ENEUGH, *s.* enough.
ERD, ERDE, YERD, YERTH, *s.* earth; soil or ground.
To ERD, YERD, *v. a.* to inter.
ERDDIN, YIRDIN, *s.* an earthquake.
ERLIS, EARLES, *s.* earnest.
ERSE, *s.* Gaelic or Celtic, the language of the Highlanders of Scotland.
ERY, EIRY, EERIE, *adj.* affected with fear.
ESK, *s.* a newt or lizard.
To ETTIL, *v. n.* to aim at.
To EVEN, *v. a.* to level.
EVENDOUN, *adj.* perpendicular.
EVIRLY, *adv.* continually; constantly.
EVINLY, *adj.* equally.
To EXCAMB, *v. a.* to exchange.
To EXPONE, *v. n.* to explain.

F

FA, FAE, *s.* foe.
FA', *s.* fall.
FAIL, FALE, FEAL, *s.* a grassy turf; a sod.
FAIL-DYKE, *s.* a wall built of sods.
To FAIRLY, FERLEY, *v. n.* to wonder.
FAIRNTICKL'D, *adj.* freckled.
FALD, FAULD, *s.* a sheepfold.
FAME, FAIM, *s.* foam.
FAND, *pret.* found; felt.
FARD, *adj. Weel-fard*, well-favoured; well-looking.
FARLE, *s.* the fourth part of a thin cake of oat or other meal.
FARRAND, FARRANT, *adj.* seeming; *Auld-farrand*, sagacious; *Fair-farrand*, *Weel-farrand*, having a goodly appearance.
To FASCH, FASH, *v. a.* to trouble.
FASCHEOUS, *adj.* troublesome; difficult.
FAUCHT, *pret.* fought.
To FAW, FA', *v. a.* to obtain.
FAY, *s.* faith.
FE, FEE, *s.* wages.
FEALE, *adj.* loyal; faithful; true.
To FECHT, *v. a.* 1. to fight; 2. to toil.
FECK, FEK, *s.* 1. quantity; number; 2 the greater part.
FECKLESS, *adj.* weak.
To FEE, *v. a.* to hire.
FEENT, not any; not one.
FEENICHIN, *adj.* triflingly foppish.
FEEZE, *v. a.* to twist.
FEIGH, FEECH, *interj.* fy!
To FEIKLE, FICKLE, *v. a.* to puzzle.
To FELL, *adj.* to kill; to murder.
To FEND, FEN, *v. a.* to shift.
FERLIE, FAIRLIE, *s.* a wonder.

FETTEL, FETTLE, *s.* power; energy.
FEU, FEW, *s.* a possession held on payment of a certain yearly rent, the same as a chief-rent in England.
FEYKIE, *adj.* troublesome.
To FICKE, FYKE, *v. n.* to be in a restless state.
FIDDLING, *adj.* trifling, although apparently busy.
FIDGING, *v. n.* itching.
To FILE, FYLE, *v. a.* to dirty or sully.
FILIBEG, *s.* a kilt or short petticoat, reaching a little way above the knee-cap (*patella*), and worn by the men in the Highlands instead of breeches.
FILL, *s.* full.
FILLAT, FILLET, *s.* the flank of an animal.
FILLER, *s.* a funnel.
To FIND, FIN, *v. a.* to feel.
FIREFLAUCHT, *s.* lightning.
FIRLOT, *s.* the fourth part of a boll.
FIRTH, *s.* an estuary.
To FISSLE, *v. n.* to rustle.
FIXFAX, *s.* the tendon of the neck of cattle or sheep.
To FIZZ, *v. n.* to make a hissing noise.
To FLAF, *v. n.* to flap.
FLAT, *s.* a floor of a house.
FLEE, *s.* a fly.
FLEEIN, *v. a.* flying.
To FLEG, *v. n.* to affright, to frighten.
To FLEISH, FLEITCH, *v. a.* to wheedle.
FRENDRIS, FLINDERS, *s. pl.* splinters.
FLIPE, FLYPE, *v. a.* to turn a stocking or glove inside out.
To FLISK, *v. a.* to skip; to caper.
FLIT, *s.* to transport.
To FLIT, *v. n.* to remove from one house to another.
FLOURISH, *s.* blossom.
FLUNKIE, *s.* a servant in livery.
FLUSTER, *s.* bustle; confusion.
To FLUTHER, *v. n.* to be in a bustle.
FLYTE, *v. n.* to scold.
FOG, *s.* moss.
FOISON, FUSHIOUN, *s.* strength; ability.
FOISIONLESS, *adj.* weak in intellect; weak in body.
FOK, *s. pl.* folk.
FOOL, *s.* a fowl.
FOR, *conj.* because.
FORAT, *adv.* forward.
FORBEARIS, *s. pl.* ancestors.
FORBY, *adj.* besides.
FORE, *prep.* priority; to the fore; still remaining.
FOREFOUGHT, FORFOUGHTEN, *adj.* exhausted with fighting.
FORGANE, FOREGAINST, *prep.* opposite.
To FORGATHER, *v. n.* to meet accidentally.
FORGIE, *v. a.* to forgive.
FORJESKET, *p. pa.* jaded; fatigued.
FORNENT, *prep.* opposite.
FORPET, *s.* the fourth part of a peck.
FORRAY, *s.* a predatory excursion.
To FORSTA, *v. a.* to understand.
FOUL, *adj.* wet, rainy.
FOUMARTE, *s.* a polecat.
FOURHOURS, *s.* tea; four o'clock being the old hour at which that meal was taken in early times.
FOUTRE, *s.* a term expressive of the greatest contempt.
FOW, FU, FOO, *s.* full; drunk.
FOY, *s.* an entertainment given by or to a person before leaving home, or where he has been some time on a visit.
FOZY, *adj.* spongy; porous.
FRACTIOUS, *adj.* fretful; peevish.
FRAE, *prep.* from.
FREND, FREEN, FREEND, *s.* a relation.
FRESH, *s.* a slight flood after rain.
FREY, *s.* a tumult; a fray.
FUD, *s.* the tail of a hare or rabbit.
FUGIE, *s.* a coward.
To FUNK, *v. a.* to strike or kick

behind, like a horse. *In a funk*, in a bad humour.

FUR, FURE, *s.* a furrow.

G

To GA, GAE, *v. n.* to go.

GAB, *s.* the mouth.

GABBY, *adj.* fluency of speech.

To GAB, *v. n.* to prate; to mock.

GABERLUNGIE, GABERLUNZIE, *s.* a wallet that hangs by the loins, such as is often used by beggars.

GAED, GAID, *pret.* went.

To GAFFAW, *v. n.* laugh loud.

GAISLINE, *s.* a gosling, a young goose.

GAIST, *s.* a ghost.

GAIT, GATE, *s.* a way; a street.

GAIT, *s.* a goat.

GANE, *part. pa.* gone.

To GANG, *pret.* to go; to walk, in opposition to riding.

GANGIN, *v. a.* going.

To GANT, GAUNT, *v. n.* to yawn.

GAPUS, *s.* a fool; a silly fellow.

To GAR, *v. a.* to make; to cause; to force.

GARRIN, *v. a.* making.

GARRON, GERRON, *s.* a small horse.

GART, GERT, *pret. of* made.

GART, *pret. of* Gar.

GARTEN, *s.* a garter.

To GASH, *v. n.* to talk much and confidently; pert, insolent talking.

GASH-GABBIT, *s.* with a projecting under-jaw.

GATE, *s.* road.

GAUCY, GAWSY, *s.* plump; jolly.

GAUCKIT, *adj.* stupid.

GAVEL, GAWL, *s.* the gable of a house.

To GAW, *v. n.* to gall.

GAWD, *s.* a goad.

GAWKIE, GAWKY, *s.* a foolish gaping person.

GAWKIT, *adj.* foolish; giddy.

GAWN, *pret. of* going.

GEAN, GEEN, *s.* a wild cherry.

GEAR, GERE, GEIR, *s.* goods.

GEAT, GETT, *s.* a child.

GEBBIE, *s.* the crop of a fowl.

GEE, pettish. *To tak the gee*, to become unmanageable.

GEY, GAY, *adj.* tolerable; pretty much. *A gey wheen*, a considerable number.

GEILY, GEYLIES, *adj.* pretty well.

GENTY, *adj.* neat; genteel-looking; neatly formed.

GEORDIE, *s.* George.

GERS, GYRS, *s.* grass.

GEYEN, GEISIN, GIZZEN, *v. a.* to become leaky for want of moisture.

GIBBLE-GABBLE, *s.* noisy confused talk among a party.

GIBE, *v. n.* to tease; to taunt.

GIE, *v. a.* to give.

GIEN, *pret. of* given.

GIF, GYVE, *conj.* if.

GIFF-GAFF, *s.* mutual giving.

GILLIE, *s.* a page or attendant.

GILLIEPAGUS, *s.* a fool; a silly fellow.

GILPY, *s.* a roguish boy or frolicsome girl.

GILSE, *s.* a young salmon.

GIMMER, *s.* a ewe two years old.

GIMP, GYMP, JIMP, *adj.* slim; delicate; scanty.

GIMPLY, JIMPLY, *adv.* scarcely.

GIN, *conj.* if.

GIR, GIRD, GYRD, *s.* a hoop.

GIRDLE, *s.* a circular plate of malleable iron with a handle, for toasting oaten bread, etc., over a fire.

To GIRN, *s.* to grin.

GIRN, *s.* a snare for catching birds.

GIRNALL, GIRNELL, *s.* a large chest for holding meal.

GITE, *s.* crazy.

GLAIKIT, *adj.* light; giddy.

GLAMER, GLAMOUR, *s.* gipsies were formerly supposed capable of casting a charm over the eyes of persons, and thus making them see objects differently

from what they really were. *Cast the glamer o'er her*, caused deception of sight.

GLAR, GLAUR, *s.* mud; mire.

To GLAUM, *v. a.* to grasp anything greedily.

GLAYMORE, *s* a two-handed sword.

GLED, *s.* the kite, a bird of the hawk kind.

GLEEK, *v. a.* to gibe.

GLEG, *adj.* quick of perception.

To GLEG, GLYE, GLEE, *v. n.* to squint.

GLEN, *s.* a hollow betwixt two hills.

To GLENT, GLINT, *part. pa.* to glance.

GLEYD, *adj.* squint-eyed.

GLIB-GABBIT, *adj.* glib-tongued.

GLIFF, *s.* a sudden fright or alarm.

GLIMMER, *v. n.* to wink; to blink; to twinkle.

GLISK, *s.* a transient view.

GLOAMIN, *s.* twilight.

GLOCK, *s.* a gulp.

To GLOUM, GLOOM, *v. n.* to frown.

To GLOUR, GLOWR, *v. n.* to stare.

GLOUR, *s.* a broad stare.

GLU, *s.* a glove.

To GLUDDER, *v. n.* to work in a dirty manner.

To GLUNSH, *v. n.* to pout.

GOLACH, *s.* a beetle of any kind.

GOLDSPINK, GOUDSPINK, *s.* the goldfinch.

GOLK, GOWK, *s.* the cuckoo; a stupid fellow.

GOMRELL, *s.* a stupid fellow; a numskull.

GOOL, GULE, *adj.* yellow.

GORB, GORBET, GORBIE, *s.* a young bird.

GORMAND, *s.* a glutton.

GOUF, *s.* a stroke; a blow.

GOUD, GOULD, *s.* gold.

GOUPIN, GOWPIN, *s.* the hollow of the hand.

GOWAN, *s.* the wild mountain daisy. *Ewe-gowan*, the common wild daisy.

GOWANY, *adj.* abounding with daisies.

GOWK, *s.* the cuckoo.

GOWK'S-ERRAND, *s.* a fool's errand.

GOWL, *s.* a hollow between two hills.

To GOWL, *v. n.* to howl; to yell.

GOWP, *s.* a mouthful.

To GOWP, *v. a.* to gulp.

GRAIP, *s.* a dung-fork.

To GREEN, GREIN, *v. n.* to long for anything.

To GREIT, GREET, *v. n.* to weep.

GREETING, *s.* weeping.

GRIEVE, *s.* an overseer.

GRILSE, *s.* a salmon not full grown.

GRIPPY, *adj.* disposed to defraud; to be quick at taking advantage.

GRIST, *s.* fee paid to a mill for grinding any kind of grain.

GROATS, *s.* oats with the husks taken off.

GROSET, GROSART, *s.* a gooseberry.

To GROUE, GROWE, *v. n.* to shiver.

GROUSAM, GRUESOME, *adj.* frightful, uncomely.

GRUMPHIE, *s.* a vulgar name for a sow. People are said to be *Grumphie* when in a bad humour.

GRUTTEN, *part. pa.* of cried.

GRYCE, *s.* a pig.

GUD, GUDE, GUEED, *adj.* good. Frequently used for the name of God, as *Gude forgie me*, God forgive me.

GUD-BRODER, GUD-BROTHER, *s.* brother-in-law.

GUD-DOCHTER, *s.* daughter-in-law.

GUD-SISTER, *s.* sister-in-law.

GUD-SYR, GUDSHER, *s.* a grandfather.

GUD-WIFE, *s.* 1. a wife; 2. a landlady.

GUDGIE, *adj.* short and stout.

GUFF, *s.* a vapour; a smell.

GUIDMAN, GUDEMAN, *s.* a proprietor of land; a farmer; a husband.

To GULLER, *v. n.* to guggle.

GULLY, *s.* a large knife.

GUMPTION, *s.* understanding.

GUSEHORN, GUISSERN, *s.* the gizzard.
GUSTY, *adj.* savoury.
GUTSY, *adj.* gluttonous.
To GUTTER, *v. n.* to do anything in a dirty manner.
GUTTERS, *s. pl.* mire; mud; dirt.
GUTTY, *adj.* gross; thick—applied both to persons and things.
GYISARD, GYSART, *s.* children who go from door to door singing during the Christmas time. Masks are frequently used on such occasions.
GYM, *adj.* neat and spruce.
To GYS, *v. a.* to disguise.
GYTE, *adj.* foolish. *To gang gyte*, to act extravagantly or foolishly.

H

HA', *s.* a hall.
HAAFLANG, HAFLIN, *adj.* half-grown.
HAAR, *s.* a fog; a chill easterly wind.
To HABBER, *v. n.* to stutter.
HA-BIBLE, *s.* a large family Bible.
HABBLE, *s.* a scrape; a perplexity.
HACK, *s.* a chop in the hands or feet.
To HAE, *v.* to have.
HAE, *v. n.* to offer anything.
HAEIN, *s.* having.
HAENA, have not.
HALF-MERK-MARRIAGE, a clandestine marriage. From the price paid, viz. a merk.
HAFFIT, *s.* the side of the head.
To HAG, *v. a.* to hew wood.
HAGABAG, *s.* coarse table-linen.
HAGBUT, *s.* a kind of firearms used soon after the discovery of gunpowder.
HAGGIES, HAGGIS, *s.* a pudding made of a lamb's maw, lungs, heart, and liver, mixed with suet, onions, salt, pepper, and oatmeal, and boiled in the stomach of a sheep.
HAILSOME, *adj.* wholesome; healthful.
To HAIN, HANE, *v. a.* to spare; to save.
HAIR-MOULD, *s.* the mould which appears on bread. *Hair-ryme*, hoar-frost.
HAIRST, *s.* harvest.
HAIRUMSKARUM, *adj.* harebrained.
To HALD, *v. a.* to hold; to cease.
HALE, HAILL, *adj.* whole; unbroken.
HALF-MARROW, *s.* a husband or wife.
HALLACH'D, HALLAKET, *adj.* crazy; boisterous; extremely frolicsome.
HALLANSHAKER, *s.* a sturdy beggar; a person of shabby appearance.
HALLAN, HALLON, HALLOND, HALLIN, *s.* a mud wall in cottages, extending from the front backwards, to shelter the interior of the house from the draft of the door when open.
HALLOWE'EN, *s.* the evening before Allhallows.
HALLOKIT, *adj.* giddy; harebrained.
HALLOCK, *s.* a thoughtless, giddy girl.
HALS, HAWSE, *s.* the neck.
HALY, *adj.* holy.
HAME, HAIM, *s.* home.
HAMELY, *adj.* familiar; friendly.
HANDSEL. *s.* the first money received for goods; a gift on the first Monday after New Year's Day.
HANDSEL-MONDAY, *s.* the first Monday of the new year.
HANK, *s.* a coil.
HANTLE, *s.* a considerable number.
To HAP, *v. a.* to cover; to conceal.
HAP-STEP-AN'-LOUP, *v. a.* to hop, step, and leap.
HARIGALDS, *s.* the pluck of an animal.
HARN, *s.* coarse linen cloth made from the tow-hards.
HARNES, *s.* brains.

HASH, *s.* a sloven.

HASSOCK, HASSICK, *s.* a besom; a large round turf used as a seat.

HATE, HAIT, HAID, *s.* a whit; an atom; the smallest bit of anything. *Fient a haid hae I i' the house*, I have not a particle of anything in the house.

HATHER, HEATHER, *s.* heath.

HAUGH, HAWCH, HAUCH, *s.* low-lying flat ground.

To HAUP, *v. n.* to turn to the right, applied to horses in the yoke. *He will neither haup nor wind*, he will neither turn to the right nor left; a stubborn man.

To HAVERS, *v. n.* to talk foolishly.

HAVERS, *s.* foolish, incoherent talk, or idle talk.

HAVERIL, *s.* one who habitually talks idly.

To HAWGH, *v. n.* to force up phlegm; to hawk.

HAWKIT, *adj.* having a white face —applied to cattle.

HAWKEY, *s.* a cow with a white face.

HAWSE, *s.* the throat.

HEARTSOME, *adj.* merry; light-hearted.

HEARTY, *adj.* cheerful; liberal.

HEATHER-BELLS, *s.* heath-bells.

HECH, *s.* an exclamation.

HECK, *s.* a rack for cattle.

To HECKLE, *v. a.* to dress flax; to examine with severity.

HEGH-HEY, HEIGH-HOW, an interjection expressive of languor or fatigue.

HEIL, HEYLE, *s.* health; in health.

HEIS, HEESE, *v. a.* to lift up.

HEMPY, *s.* a rogue.

HENDER, *adj* past; bygone. *Henderend*, the back end.

HEREAWAY, *adv.* in this quarter.

HERISON, *s.* a hedgehog.

HERRIE, *v. a.* to rob; to pillage.

HERRIE-WATER, *s.* a net made with meshes of a small size, such as used by poachers.

HESP, *s.* a clasp; a hook.

HET, *adj.* hot.

HETFUL, *adj.* hot; fiery.

HET-PINT, *s.* a hot beverage carried by persons to the house of their friends early in the morning of New Year's Day, composed of ale, whisky, and eggs.

HEUCH, HEUGH, *s.* a crag; a rugged steep.

HEUCK-BANE, *s.* the hackle-bone.

HIDDIL, HIDLINS, *adv.* secretly.

HILLIEGELEERIE, *adv.* topsy-turvy.

HILT AND HAIR, *adj.* the whole of anything.

HILTER-SKILTER, *adv.* in rapid succession.

HIMSEL, *part. pa.* of himself.

To HIRD, *v. a.* to tend cattle or sheep.

HIRD, *s.* a shepherd; one who tends cattle.

To HIRE, *v. a.* to let; to engage.

To HIRPLE, *v. a.* to walk in a lame or waddling manner.

HIRSELL, HIRSLE, *v. n.* to move forward resting on the hams.

HISSIE, HIZZIE, *s.* a housewife.

HISSIESKIP, HUSSYFSKAP, *s.* the business of housewifery.

HIT, *pron.* It.

HITCH, *s.* a quick motion by a jerk.

HOAM'D, HUMPH'D, *part. adj.* fusty tasted.

HOBBLE, *s.* a scrape, or state of perplexity.

HOBBLEDEHOY, *s.* a stripling.

HOCUS, *s.* a stupid dull fellow.

HODDEN-GREY, *adj.* cloth made of wool in its natural condition, and worn by the peasantry.

HODDIE, HOODIE, *s.* a carrion crow; also applied to the black-headed or royster crow.

HOESHINS, *s.* stockings without feet.

HOG, *s.* a sheep before it has been shorn of its first fleece.

HOGGERS, *s.* coarse stockings without feet, generally worn over the shoes.

HOGMANAY, HOGMENAY, *s.* the last day of the year.
HOGRY-MOGRY, HUGGERY-MUGGERY, *adj.* slovenly.
HOIF, HOUFF, *s.* a haunt; a place of concealment; burying-ground.
To HOIST, HOST, HOAST, *v. a.* to cough.
To HOLK, HOUK, HOWK, *v. a.* to dig.
HOLL, HOWE, *s.* a hollow or deep place; concave.
HOLM, HOWN, *s.* the low level ground on the bank of a river.
HOOLIE, *adj.* slowly; moderately.
HOP, HAP, *s.* a dance.
HORSE-COUPER, *s.* a horse-dealer.
HOSTELER, *s.* an innkeeper.
HOSTILAR, HOSTILLARIE, *s.* an inn.
To HOTCH, *v. n.* to move the body by sudden jerks.
HOTCH-POTCH, *s.* broth made of lamb cut into small pieces, accompanied with greens, carrots, turnips, green-peas.
HOW, a hollow.
HOWDY, *s.* a midwife.
HOWSOMEVER, *adv.* howsoever.
HOUP, *s.* hope.
HOWTOWDY, *s.* a hen that has never laid eggs.
HUBBILSCHOW, *s.* a tumult; a hubbub.
HUDGE-MUDGE, *adv.* clandestinely.
HULLION, *s.* a sloven.
HUMMEL-BEE, *s.* a drone bee.
To HUNKER, *v. n.* to squat down upon one's hams.
HURCHEON, *s.* a hedgehog.
HURDIES, *s.* the buttocks.
To HURDLE, *v. n.* to crouch.
To HURKLE, *v. n.* to draw the body together.
HURRY-SCURRY, *s.* an uproar.
HY, *s.* haste.
HYNDER, *s.* hindrance.

I

IDLESET, *s.* the state of being idle.
IER-OE, *s.* a great-grandchild.
ILK, ILKA, ILKE, *adj.* each; every.
ILKA-DAY, *s* a week-day.
ILL-AFF, *adj.* badly off.
ILL-DEEDY, *adj.* mischievous.
ILL-FARD, *adj.* ill-looking.
ILL-SAR'D, *adj.* ill-served; badly used.
ILL-WILLIE, ILL-WILLIT, *adj.* ill-natured.
IMMICK, *s.* an ant.
To IMPLEMENT, *v. a.* to fulfil.
IN-BY, *adv.* the inner part of the house.
INCH, *s.* an island; a level plain.
INGAN, INGIN, *s.* onion.
INGLE, INGIL, *s.* fire.
INGLE-NOOK, *s.* the corner of the fireside.
INLYING, *s.* childbearing.
INTILL, *pret.* into; denoting entrance.
IRNE, AIRN, *s.* iron.
ISK! ISKIE! *interj.* a word used in calling a dog.
ITHER, *pron.* other.
IZIE, IZBEL, *s.* Isabella.

J

To JAG, *v. a.* to job.
JANET, *s.* Jess.
JANTY, *adj.* cheerful.
JAP, JAWP, *s.* a spot of mud.
JAPIT, *adj.* bespattered with mud.
JAW, JAWE, *s.* a wave; coarse raillery.
JEDDART, *s.* Jedburgh, a town of Roxburghshire.
JEDDART-JUSTICE, *s.* a legal trial after punishment has been inflicted on the accused.
To JEE, *v. n.* to move to one side.
To JELOUSE, *v. n.* to suspect.
JENNY, *s.* Jess.
JIFFIE, *s.* a moment.
JILLET, *s.* a giddy girl.
JIMP, *s.* neat, slender.
JINK, *v. n.* the act of one eluding another.
JO, JOE, *s.* a sweetheart.

Jock, Jockie, *s.* John.

Jockteleg, *s.* a clasp knife; a folding knife.

To Jogill, *v. n.* to jog; to move from side to side.

Jog-Trot, *s.* to trot at a slow rate on horseback; anything done in a slow manner.

To Jouk, *v. n.* to bend down the body with a quick motion so as either to elude the sight or a blow.

Joukry-Pawkry, *s.* trickery; juggling.

Juggs, Jougs, Jugges, *s. pl.* a kind of pillory, used on the Borders, whereby criminals were fastened to a post on the wall, with their necks enveloped in an iron collar.

Jupe, *s.* a kind of short mantle for a female.

K

Kail, Kale, *s.* common colewort.

Kail-Brose, *s.* raw meal placed in a basin with boiling broth poured over it, and then stirred all together.

Kail-Runt, *s.* stem of colewort.

Kaim, *s.* a comb.

Kar-Handed, *adj.* left-handed.

Kay, Ka, Kae, *s.* a jack-daw.

Kayme, Kame, *s.* honeycomb.

Kebbuck, Cabback, *s.* a cheese.

Kegie, *adj.* cheerful.

Keek, Kenk, *v. n.* to look with a prying eye.

Keek-Bo, *s.* bo-peep.

Keeking-Glass, *s.* a mirror.

Keelivine, *s.* a blacklead pencil.

To Kekkil, Kekil, *v. n.* to cackle; to laugh aloud.

Kell, Kull, *s.* a dress for a woman's head. *A caul*, the hinder-part of a woman's cap.

Kelpie, Water-Kelpie, *s.* the spirit of the waters, who, as is vulgarly believed, gives warning of those who are to be drowned within the precincts of his beat. This is indicated by preternatural noises and lights. He is supposed to appear in the form of a horse. Many wonderful exploits are attributed to the kelpie.

Kelt, *s.* a salmon that has just spawned; a foul fish that has not been in salt water.

Kemp, *s.* a champion.

Kempin, *s.* the act of striving on the harvest field.

To Ken, *v. n.* to know.

Kenned, *part. pa.* of to know.

Kenspeckle, *adj.* having so remarkable an appearance as to be easily known.

Kep, Kepp, *v. a.* to intercept.

Kick, *s.* a novelty. *Kickshaw*, a new piece of finery.

Kill, *s.* a kiln.

Kilt, *s.* a short petticoat extending from the belly to the knee, used by the Highlanders of Scotland instead of breeches.

To Kilt, *v. a.* to tuck up.

Kimmer, *s.* a young woman.

Kin, *s.* kindred.

Kink, *s.* a violent fit of coughing, with suspension of breathing.

Kinkhost, Kingcough, *s.* the hooping-cough.

Kinsch, *s.* a loop made on a string or rope.

Kipper, *s.* a salmon split open, salted, and dried.

Kirk, *s.* church; a body of Presbyterian Christians.

To Kirk, *v. a.* to carry to church as a bride after being married.

Kirn, *s.* a churn.

To Kirn, *v. a.* to make a confused mass of anything.

Kirn-Milk, *s.* butter-milk.

Kist, Kyst, *s.* a chest; a coffin.

Kisting, *s.* the act of placing a corpse in a coffin.

Kit, *s.* the whole of a person's property.

KITCHEN, KITCHING, *s.* anything taken to bread, as meat, cheese, or butter.
KITH, *s.* acquaintances, friends.
KITLING, *s.* a kitten.
KITTIE, KITTOCK, *s.* an immodest female.
To KITTLE, *v. a.* to litter; to tickle; to puzzle: to perplex.
KITTLIE, *adj.* itchy.
KITTY-WREN, *s.* the common wren.
KNACKETY, *adj.* self-conceited; small; trifling.
KNACKY, *adj.* quick at a reply or repartee.
KNAPPISH, *adj.* snappish; tart.
KNOCK, *s.* a clock.
KNOIT, NOYT, *s.* a sharp blow.
KNOW, KNOWE, NOW, *s.* a little hill; a hillock.
KNYFE, *s.* a hanger; a dagger; a cutlass.
KOBIL, *s.* a small boat.
KOWSCHOT, CUSHAT, *s.* the ring-dove.
To KRUYN, *v. n.* to murmur.
KY, KYE, *s. pl.* cows.
KYLE, *s.* a strait of the sea; a sound.
KYNRIK, *s.* a kingdom.
KYTE, *s.* the belly.
KYTIE, *s.* fat; big-bellied.

L

LAB, *s.* a stroke; a blow; a lump.
To LABOUR, *v. a.* to plough.
LACHTER, *s.* the whole eggs laid successively by a hen.
To LACK, *v. a.* to slight.
LAD, *s.* a sweetheart.
LADDIE, *s.* a boy, or young man.
LADE, LAID, *s.* a load.
LADE, LEAD, *s.* a mill course.
LAFE, LAVE, *s.* the rest.
LAIF, LAEF, *s.* a loaf.
LAIGH, LAYCHE, *adj.* low; flat.
LAIRD, LARDE, *s.* a person of superior rank; a landholder, under the degree of a knight or squire.
LAIRDSHIP, *s.* a landed estate.
LAITH, *adj.* reluctant; unwilling.
LAITHFOW, *adj.* bashful.
To LAME, to yean.
LAMMER, LAMBER, *s.* amber. *Lammer beads and red thread*, when together, were supposed to be a charm with power to repel witchery in former times.
LAMPER, *s.* a tall woman.
LAMPET, LEMPET, *s.* the limpet, a testaceous shellfish which adheres to rocks.
LAND, *s.* a house consisting of several stories, generally including separate dwellings.
LAND O' THE LEAL, state of the blessed; heaven.
LAND-LOUPER, *s.* a person who shifts frequently from one place of the country to another.
LANE, *adj.* alone; lone.
LANELY, *adj.* lonely.
LANESOME, *adj.* lonesome.
To LANG, *v. n.* to long; to weary; to think long.
LANG-NEBIT, *adj.* long-nosed or long-billed.
LANG-RIN, *adv.* at length.
LANGSUM, *adj.* slow; tedious.
LANGSYNE, *adv.* long ago.
LANG-TONGUED, *adj.* babbling; given to tell secrets.
LAP, *pret.* leaped.
LAPPERED, *part. pa.* coagulated.
LARE, LERE, *s.* learning.
To LARE, LERE, *v. a.* to teach; to learn.
LARICK, LAVROCK, *s.* a lark.
LASS, *s.* a sweetheart; a young woman.
To LAT, *v. a.* to permit; to suffer; *to lat-be*, to let alone.
LAWIN, LAWING, *s.* a tavern bill; money subscribed or paid for drink.
LAW, *s.* a conical hill.
LEA, *s.* pasture land not ploughed.
LEA-LANG, *adj.* livelong; tedious; long in passing.
To LEATHER, *v. a.* to lash; to flog.

Leddie, Leddy, *s.* lady.
Lee, *adj.* lonely; fallow land.
Lee, *s* a lie.
Leesome, *adj.* pleasant.
Leeze-Me, Leese-Me, dear is to me—expressive of strong affection or love.
To Leg, *v. n.* to run.
Leg-Bail, *s.* to run off.
Leglin, Laiglin, *s.* a milk-pail.
Leid, Lede, Luid, *s.* a song; a lay.
Leir, *adj.* willing.
Leil, Leele, Lele, *adj.* lawful; right.
Leisch, *s.* a lash; a thong.
Leister, Lister, *s.* a pronged instrument for striking fish, generally used by poachers.
To Len, *v. a.* to lend.
To Let-Be, *v. n.* to let alone.
Leuch, Leugh, *pret.* laughed.
To Leue, Luve, *v. n.* to court; to make love.
Levin, *s.* lightning.
Lew-Warme, *adj.* tepid.
Liart, Lyart, *adj.* having grey hairs intermixed.
Lichter, Lichtare, *part. pa.* delivered of a child.
Lichts, *s. pl.* the lungs.
To Lick, *v. a.* to strike; to beat.
Lift, Lyft, *s.* the atmosphere; the sky.
Liglad, *s.* a confused noise of tongues; a deal of idle or noisy talk.
Likand, *part.* pleasing.
Like-Wake, *s.* the watching of a dead body.
Lilt, *s.* a cheerful air.
To Lilt, *v. n.* to sing cheerfully and merrily; lively music.
Lilt-Pype, *s.* a musical instrument, the upper part of which was in the form of a flageolet, terminating below in a kind of trumpet-shaped mouth.
Limmar, Limmer, *s.* a scoundrel; a woman of loose manners.
Lin, Lyn, *s.* a cataract; a waterfall.
To Link, *v. a.* to trot or walk smartly.
Links, *s. pl.* sandy barren ground.
Lintie, *s.* the grey linnet.
To Lippen, *v. n.* to expect; to place confidence in.
Lippie, *s.* the fourth part of a peck.
Lisk, Leesk, *s.* the groin.
Lister, *s.* a fishing spear.
To Lithe, *v. a.* to thicken; to render mellow; to soften.
Littleane, *s.* a child.
Loan, Lone, Loaning, *s.* an opening between fields of corn; lane; a narrow enclosed way.
Loch, Louch, *s.* a lake.
Lock, Loake, *s.* a small quantity.
Logie, Killogie, *s.* a vacuity in a kiln for producing a draft of air.
Lome, Loom, (pronounced *Lume,*) *s.* a utensil of any kind.
Loot, Lout, Lowt, *v. a.* to bow down the body; to make obeisance.
Losh! *v. a.* an exclamation of wonder.
To Loue, Lowe, Luve, *v. a.* to love.
Loun, Lown, Loon, *s.* a tricky, worthless person; a boy.
Loun's-Piece, *s.* the first slice of a loaf of bread.
Loun, Lowne, *adj.* sheltered; calm.
To Lounder, *v. a.* to beat severely.
Loundit, *part. pa.* beaten.
To Loup, *v. n.* to leap; to spring.
Loupin-Ague, *s.* St. Vitus' dance.
Loupin-on-Stane, *s.* a large stone, or flight of steps, for assisting a person to leap on a horse easily.
Low, *s.* a flame.
Lozen, *s.* a pane of glass.
Lucken, *part. pa.* shut up; contracted.
Luckie, Lucky, *s.* an elderly woman; a grandmother; the mistress of an alehouse.
Luck-Penny, *s.* a sum given to a person who makes a bargain.

LUESOME, *adj.* lovely; worthy of being loved; attractive in manner or appearance.
LUFE, LUIF, LUFFE, LOOF, *s.* the palm of the hand.
LUG, *s.* the ear.
LUGGIE, *s.* a small wooden dish for holding meat or drink, made of staves in the manner of a tub, with one of them prolonged considerably above the others.
LUM, LUMB, *s.* a chimney.
LUM-HEAD, *s.* the chimney-top.
LUNCH, *s.* a large piece of anything, particularly applied to something eatable.
LURE, *s.* the udder of a cow.
LUSTY, *adj.* beautiful; pleasant; of agreeable manners.
LYART-HAFFETS, *s.* grey hairs on the cheeks.

M

MA, MAY, MAE, *adj.* more in number.
MAAD, MAWD, *s.* a shepherd's plaid.
MADGE, *s.* Magdalene.
To MAE, *v. n.* to bleat.
MAGGS, *s.* a perquisite.
MAHOUN, *s.* Mahomet; the devil.
MAIDEN, *s.* an instrument formerly used for beheading state prisoners, similar in its construction to the French guillotine.
MAIK, *s.* a cant word for a halfpenny.
MAIL, *s.* tribute. *Black Mail*, a tax paid to freebooters by heritors and tenants for the security of their property.
MAILAN, MAILING, MALING, *s.* a farm.
MAIL-FREE, *adj.* without paying rent.
MAIN, *s.* moan.
MAINING, *adj.* moaning.
MAINS, *s.* the chief farm of an estate, generally that which is attached to the mansion.
MAIST, *adj.* most.
MAISTER, *s.* a landlord; a designation given to the eldest son of a baron.
MALISON, *s.* a curse.
MAMMIE, *s.* a childish term for mother.
MAN, *s.* a vassal; a husband; a male servant.
MAN, MAUN, *aux. v.* must.
MANE, *s.* lamentation.
MANGLE, *s.* a calender.
To MANGLE, *v. a.* to calender linen or other clothes.
MANSE, *s.* a parsonage house, the house of a minister.
To MANSWEIR, MENSWEIR, *v.* to perjure.
To MANT, MAUNT, *v. n.* to stammer.
MARCHE, *s.* a landmark.
MARK, MERK, *s.* a pound of thirty-two ounces.
MARK, MIRK, *adj.* dark.
MARROW, *s.* a companion; a married partner.
MARROWLESS, *adj.* matchless.
MART, MARTE, MAIRT, *s.* a cow or ox killed for winter's use.
To MASK, *v. a.* to catch in a net; to infuse.
MAUK, *s.* a maggot.
MAUKIN, *s.* a hare.
MAUMIE, *adj.* mellow.
MAUCHLESS, MAUCHTLESS, *adj.* feeble; inactive.
MAW, *s.* a sea-gull.
MAWKISH, *adj.* spiritless; actionless; slow.
MAWT, *s.* malt.
MAY, *s.* a maid; a virgin.
MEDE, *s.* a meadow.
MEIKLE, MEKYL, MUCKLE, *adj.* great.
MELL, *s.* a maul.
MELT, *s.* milt.
MENDS, *s.* atonement.
To MENE, MEANE, MEYNE, *v. a.* to bemoan.

MENSK, MENSE, *s.* dignity of demeanour; discretion.
MENSKFUL, *adj.* manly; moderate; discreet; mannerly.
MERE, *s.* a boundary; a limit; the sea.
MERK, *s.* an ancient Scottish silver coin, value thirteen shillings and fourpence Scotch money, or thirteen pence and one-third of a penny sterling.
MERLE, *s.* a blackbird.
MERRY-BEGOTTEN, *s.* an illegitimate child.
MERRY-DANCERS, *s.* the Aurora Borealis.
MES. *s.* mass. *Mes* or *Mass John*, a name of derision for a parish minister.
MESSAN, *s* a small mongrel dog.
MET, METT, *s.* measure.
MEVIS, *s.* a thrush.
MICHTIE, *adj.* of high rank; stately; haughty.
MICK, *s.* Michael.
MIDDEN, *s.* a dunghill.
MILK-SYTH, *s.* a milk strainer.
MILL, MULL, *s.* a snuff-box made of a horn.
MILL-LADE, MILL-LEAD, *s.* a mill-course.
MIM, *adj.* prim; demure; prudish.
MIM-MOU'D, *adj.* soft of speech; bashful.
To MIND, *v. n.* to remember; to recollect.
MINNIE, MINNY, *s.* mother.
MIRK, MYRK, MARK, *adj.* dark.
MIRLYGOES, *s. pl.* when persons see indistinctly they are said to be in the *Mirlygoes*.
MISCALL, MISCA', *v. a.* to call hard names.
MISCHANTER, *s.* misfortune; mishap.
To MISKEN, *v. n.* not to recognise.
To MISTROW, *v. a.* to suspect; to mistrust.
To MISTRYST, *v. a.* to break an engagement.
MITTENS, *s. pl.* woollen gloves.
MIXTIE-MAXTIE, *adj.* in a state of confusion.
To MODERATE, *v. n.* to preside in an ecclesiastical court.
MODERATOR, *s.* he who presides in an ecclesiastical court.
MODYWART, MODEWORT, *s.* a mole.
MOLLIGRANT, MOLLIGRUBS, *s.* whining, complaining.
MONY, *adj.* many.
To MOOL, *v. a.* to crumble.
MORN, MORNE, *s.* to-morrow. *The morn*, to-morrow.
To MORTIFY, *v. a.* to give in mortmain.
MOSS-TROOPERS, *s.* banditti.
MOTHERWIT, *s.* common sense.
MOW, *s.* the mouth.
To MUCK, *v. a.* to carry out dung.
To MUDDLE, *v. n.* to be busy without making progress at a trifling work.
To MUDGE, *v. n.* to stir; to budge.
MUIR, *s.* a heath.
MULIN, MULOCK, *s.* a crumb.
MULTURE, MOUTUR, *s.* the fee for grinding corn.
MUNDS, MUNS, *s.* the mouth.
MURRION, MURREON, *s.* a helmet.
MUTCH, *s.* a cap for a female.
MUTCHKIN, *s.* an English pint.
MY-CERTE, by my faith.
MYSCHANCY, *adj.* unlucky.
MYSELL, *s.* myself.

N

NA, NAE, *adv.* no; not.
NA, NE, *conj.* neither; nor.
NACHET, NACKET, *s.* an insignificant person. *A little nacket*, one of very diminutive size.
NAIG, *s.* a stallion; a riding horse.
NAIPRIE, *s.* table linen.
NANCY, NANNIE, *s.* Agnes.
NANE, *adj.* no; none.
NATHING, NAETHING, *s.* nothing.
NAYSAY, *s* a refusal.
NEAR-GAWN, NEAR-BE-GAWN, *adj.* niggardly.

NEB, *s.* the bill of a fowl.
NEEBORS, *s.* neighbours.
NEER-DO-WEEL, *s.* a never-do-well.
NEFFIT, *s.* a pigmy; a very diminutive thing.
To NEIFFER, NIFFER, *v. a.* to exchange.
NEIPCE, *s.* a granddaughter.
NEIRS, *s. pl.* the kidneys.
NEIST, NIEST, *adj.* next; nearest.
NEIVE, NEIF, *s.* the fist.
NEVEW, NEVO, NEVOW, *s.* a nephew.
NEWFANGLED, fond of new things or persons.
To NICHER, *v. n.* to neigh; a loud coarse laugh.
NICHT, *s.* night. *The nicht*, to-night.
NICHTFA, *s.* twilight.
NICK-NACK, *s.* a gim-crack; small wares.
NIP, *s.* a small bit of anything.
To NIP, *v. a.* to carry off cleverly; to pinch.
NIPPIT, *adj.* niggardly.
NO, *adv.* not.
NOB, *s.* a knob.
NOCHT, *s.* nothing.
NOLT, NOUT, *s.* black cattle; a stupid vulgar fellow.
NOO, *s.* now; at the present.
NOR, *conj.* than.
NORLAN, NORLAND, *adj.* belonging to the north country.
NORYSS, *s.* nurse.
NOUTHER, NOWTHIR, *conj.* neither.
NUIK, *s.* the corner.

O

OE, OYE, *s.* a grandson.
OERCOME, OURCOME, *s.* the overplus.
OHON! *interj.* alas!
OMNE-GATHERUM, *s.* a miscellaneous collection; an incongruous mass.
ONCOME, *s.* a fall of rain or snow.
ONGOINGS, *s. pl.* procedure.
ONKEND, *part. adj.* unknown.
ONSTEAD, *s.* the building on a farm.
ONY, *adj.* any.
OO, *s.* wool.
OORIE, OURIE, OWRIE, *adj.* chill; bleak; having the sensation of cold.
OR, *conj.* lest; than.
OR, *adv.* before, as *Or this*, before this time; rather than, *Or than*, before then.
ORROW, ORA, *adj.* unmatched; not used.
ORROWS, *s. pl.* supernumerary articles.
OSTLER, OSTLER, *s.* an innkeeper.
OTHIR, OTHERE, ODYR, *adj.* other.
OUER, *prep.* over.
OULK, OWLK, *s.* a week.
OUR, OURE, OUER, OWRE, *prep.* over, beyond; denoting excess.
OURGAE, OURGANG, *v. a.* to overrun; exceed; to surpass.
OUR-RAUGHT, *pret.* overtook.
To OURSET, *v. a.* to overcome; to overpower.
OURTILL, *prep.* above; beyond.
OUSEN, *s.* oxen.
OUT-ABOUT, *adv.* out of doors.
OUTBREAKING, OUTBREKIN, *s.* eruption of the skin.
OUT-BY, *adv.* out of doors; abroad.
OUTFALL, *s.* a contention.
OUTGAIT, OUTGATE, *s.* a way of egress; escape from any kind of hardship.
OUTGANE, *part. pa.* elapsed.
OUTLAY, *s.* expenditure.
OUT-OUR, OUT-OWRE, *adv.* over.
OUTSHOT, *s.* a projection.
OUTSPECKLE, *s.* a laughing-stock.
OUTSPOKEN, *s.* free of speech; undisguised in conversation or opinion.
OUTSTRIKING, *s.* an eruption.
OUTWAILE, OUTWYLE, *s.* the refuse.
To OUTWAIR, *v. a.* to expend.
OUTWITH, *prep.* without; on the

outer side or exterior; outwards; out from.
OVERLY, *adj.* careless.
OWKLY, *adj.* weekly.
OXTAR, OXTER, *s.* the armpit.

P

PACKMAN, *s.* a pedlar.
PADDOCK-STOOL, *s.* a toad-stool; agaricus in general.
PAFFLE, *s.* a small landed estate.
PAFFLER, *s.* a farmer of a small estate.
To PAIK, *v. a.* to beat; to drub.
PAIKER, *s. a causey-paiker*, a street-walker.
PAILIN, PAILING, *s.* a fence of stakes.
PAINCHES, *s.* tripe.
PALAVER, *s.* idle talk.
To PALE, *v. a.* to make an incision in cheese to try its quality.
PALLACH, *s.* a porpoise; a lusty person.
PAND, *s.* a pledge.
PAN-KAIL, *s.* broth made of cole-worts, thickened with oatmeal.
PANNEL, *s.* one brought to the bar of a court for trial.
PAP-O'-THE-HASS, s. uvula.
PAPE, PAIP, *s.* the pope.
PAPEJAY, PAPINGAY, *s.* a parrot.
PARITCH, PARRITCH, *s.* hasty-pudding; oatmeal and water boiled together.
PARROT-COAL, *s.* cannel coal which burns clearly.
PARTAN, *s.* the common edible crab.
PARTICATE, *s.* a rood of land.
PARTRICK, PATRICK, *s.* a partridge.
PAT, *pret.* of put.
To PATTER, *s.* to mutter uninterruptedly.
PATTLE, PETTLE, *s.* a stick wherewith a ploughman clears away the earth which adheres to his plough.
PAUK, *s.* art; wile.
PAUKY, *adj.* sly; artful.
PAWMIE, *s.* a stroke on the hand with the ferula.
PAWN, *s.* a narrow curtain fixed to the roof or bottom part of a bed.
PAY, *s.* a drubbing.
PAYS-EGGS, *s. pl.* eggs boiled in dye of various colours, and given to children to amuse themselves during Easter.
PEARIE, *s.* a pegtop in the shape of a pear.
PEARLIN, *s.* a species of thread lace.
To PECH, *v. n.* to puff; to pant.
PEEL, PEEL, *s.* a place of strength; a Border tower.
To PEENGE, PINGE, *v. n.* to whine; to complain.
PEESWEIP, PEEWEIP, *s.* the lapwing.
PEG, *s.* a stroke.
To PEG OFF or AWAY, *v. n.* to run off quickly.
PENCH, PENCHE, *s.* the belly. *Penches*, tripe.
PEND, *s.* an archway.
PENDICLE, *s.* a small piece of ground.
PENNIE-BRYDAL, PENNY-WEDDING, *s.* a wedding at which those who attend pay money for their entertainment.
PENNYSTANE, *s.* a flat stone used as a quoit.
PEPE, PEEP, *s.* the chirp of a bird.
PERJINK, *adj.* precise.
PERNICKITIE, *adj.* precise in trifles.
To PETTLE, *s.* to fondle.
To PEW, PEU, *v. n.* the mournful sound emitted by birds.
PHILIBEG, *s.* See FILIBEG.
To PHRASE, FRAISE, *v. n.* to boast; to wheedle.
PIBROCH, *s.* a Highland air of a martial character.
PICKLE, PUCKLE, *s.* a grain of seed; a small quantity.
PIG, PYG, *s.* an earthen vessel.
PIGS, PYGS, *s. pl.* earthenware.
PIK, PICK, *s.* pitch.

Pilk, *v. a.* to pilfer.

To Pingle, *v. a.* to labour with assiduity.

To Pink, *v. n.* to glimmer with the eyes half contracted.

Pinner, *s.* a female head-dress, with long lappets pinned to the temples and reaching to the bosom, where they were fastened.

Pirn, *s.* a reed or quill. *To wind him a pirn*, to make him repent of what he has done.

Pit and Gallows, *s.* an ancient baronial privilege, by which they had on their ground a pit to drown women and a gallows to hang men.

Plack, Plak, *s.* a small copper coin formerly in use, the value of the third part of a penny sterling.

Plackless, *adj.* moneyless.

Plaid, *s.* an outer covering, of an oblong square shape, of different coloured stripes, worn by the Highlanders.

Plaiden, Plaiding, *s.* coarse tweeled woollen cloth.

Plainstones, *s. pl.* the pavement or flags.

To Plash, *v. n.* to make a noise by the dashing of water.

To Plat, Plet, *v. a.* to plait.

Playfair, *s.* a toy.

Pley, Pleye, *s.* a debate; a quarrel.

To Plenish, Plenys, *v. a.* to furnish a house.

Plenishing, *s. pl.* household furniture.

Pleuch, Pleugh, *s.* a plough.

Pleugh-Gang, *s.* as much land as can be tilled by means of a single plough.

Pliskie, *s.* a mischievous trick.

Ploy, *s.* a harmless frolic.

To Plot, *v. a.* to scald.

Plouke, Plouk, *s.* a pimple.

Ploukie-Faced, *adj.* having a pimpled face.

To Plouter, *v. a.* to make a noise among water.

Pluffy, *adj.* flabby; chubby.

Plumb-Dames, *s.* a Damascene plum.

Plump, *adj.* a heavy shower of rain without wind.

Plunk, *v. n.* the sound made by a stone or other substance thrown into water.

Ply, *s.* a plait; a fold.

Podlie, *s.* the fry of the coal fish.

To Poind, Poynd, *v. a.* to distrain.

Policy, Pollece, *s.* a demesne.

Poortith, *s.* poverty.

Porringer, *s.* a small round earthenware jug with a handle.

Portioner, *s.* a person who possesses part of a property which has been divided among co-heirs.

Pose, Pois, Poise, *s.* hidden treasure.

Pourin, *s.* a small quantity of anything liquid.

Pout, *s.* a young fowl.

To Pout, Pouten, *v. n.* to poke or stir with a long pole or stick.

Pow, *s.* the head.

To Pree, *v. a.* to taste.

Preen-Cod, *s.* a pin-cushion.

Prein, Prin, *s.* a pin.

Preserves, *s. pl.* spectacles which magnify but little.

Pretty, *adj.* having a handsome face.

Prickmadainty, *s.* a person who is finical in dress or carriage, particularly a small person.

Pridefow, *adj.* proud; conceited.

To Prig, *v. n.* to haggle; to beat down in price.

To Prink, *v. a.* to deck; to prick.

To Prinkle, *v. n.* to thrill; to tingle.

Procurator, *s.* a barrister or advocate.

Prog, Progue, *s.* a sharp point.

Prop, *s.* an object placed up to be aimed at.

To Propone, *v. a.* to propose.

Prospect, *s.* a telescope.

PROVOST, *s.* the mayor of a royal burgh.
PUBLIC-HOUSE, *s.* a tavern or inn.
PUDDENFILLER, *s.* a glutton.
PUIR, PURE, *adj.* poor.
PUIRLIE, *adj.* humbly; unwell.
To PUNCH, *v. a.* to jog with the elbow.
PURPOSE-LIKE, *adj.* seemingly well qualified for anything; well clad.
To PUT-UPON, to impose upon; to take advantage of another's weakness.
To PUT, *v. n.* to throw a heavy stone with the hand raised over the head.
PUTTING-STONE, *s.* a heavy stone used in the game of putting.
PYAT, PYOT, *s.* a magpie.
PYGS, *s. pl.* crockery ware; earthenware.

Q

QUAICH, QUEYCH, QUEGH, *s.* a small shallow drinking cup, made of wood or silver, with two ears.
QUEET, CUTE, *s.* the ankle.
QUEINT, QUENT, *adj.* curious; wonderful.
QUENT, AQUENT, *adj.* acquainted; familiar.
QUEY, *s.* a two-year-old cow.
QUEYN, QUEAN, QUINE, *s.* a young woman.
QUHAIP, QUHAUP, WHAAP, *s.* a curlew.
To QUHEMLE, WHUMMIL, *v. a.* to turn upside down.
To QUHID, WHEED, *v. a.* move quickly.
QUHILK, *pron.* which; who.
QUHIRR, *v. n.* to make a sound like the wings of a partridge or grouse in the act of flying.
QUHITRED, QUHITRET, *s.* a weasel.
QUHYNE, QUHENE, WHEEN, *adj.* a few.

R

RA, RAE, *s.* a roe deer.
RACHE, *s.* a lurcher, or dog that finds and pursues his prey by the scent.
RACK, *s.* a shelved frame fixed to the wall for holding plates.
RACKLE-HANDED, *adj.* careless; rash.
RADE, RAID, *s.* an invasion; a violent attack.
RAIK, *s.* a single carrying of a thing from one place to another.
To RAIL, *v. n.* to jest.
RAIP, *s.* a rope.
RAISED, *adj.* excited; maddened.
RAIVEL, *s.* a rail.
RAMFEEZLED, *part. adj.* exhausted, fatigued.
RAMMER, *s.* a ramrod.
To RAMPAGE, *v. n.* to prance about in a furious manner, as exemplified in passion.
RAM-STAM, *adj.* forward; rash; thoughtless.
RANDY, RANDIE-BEGGAR, *s.* a beggar who endeavours to obtain alms by means of threats; a female scold.
RANDY, *adj.* quarrelsome.
RANTLE-TREE, *s.* a tall raw-boned person.
RAPEGYRNE, *s.* the ancient name given to the little figure made of the last handful of grain in the harvest-field, now called the maiden.
RAPLACH, RAPLOCH, *s.* coarse, homespun, undyed woollen cloth.
RASCH, RASH, *s.* a rush.
RASHY, *adj.* beset with rushes.
RATH, *adj.* strange or savage in aspect.
RATTAN, ROTTEN, *s.* a rat.
RAUCHAN, *s.* a plaid worn by men, formerly made of grey undyed wool.
RAUN, RAWN, *s.* roe of a fish.

RAUCLE, *adj.* rash.
To RAVE, *v. a.* to plunder by violence.
RAW, *adj.* damp; chill.
RAW, *s.* a row or rank.
To RAX, *v. n.* to extend the limbs; to stretch them.
RAY, REE, *adj.* mad; wild.
REAM, REYME, *s.* cream.
REAMING-FULL, *adj.* full to the lip or brim.
REAVER, *s.* robber.
REBALD, *s.* a low contemptible fellow.
To REBUT, *v. a.* to repulse.
RED, *s.* riddance.
To RED, REDE, *v. a.* to counsel; to disentangle.
REDDIN-STRAIK, *s.* the blow which persons frequently receive on attempting to separate those who are fighting.
To RED-UP, *part. adj.* to put in order.
RED-WUD, *adj.* in a violent passion; furious.
REEK, REIK, *s.* smoke.
REEL, *s.* a Scottish dance generally performed by two males and two females.
REEL-RALL, *adj.* topsy-turvy.
To REESE, *v. a.* to extol.
REIF, REFE, *s.* the itch.
REIKIE, *adj.* smoky.
To REIK-OUT, *v. a.* to fit out or dress out.
To REIST, *v. a.* to dry by exposure to the heat of the sun, or in a chimney.
To RENG, RING, *v. n.* to reign.
To RESETT, *v. a.* to harbour; to receive stolen goods.
To REST, *v. n.* to be indebted.
To RETOUR, *v. a.* to return.
RIBBLE-RABBLE, *adj.* disordered.
RICKLE, RICKILL, *s.* a heap. *A rickle o' banes*, a person who is very meagre.
RIFE, RYFE, *adv.* plentiful.
RIFF-RAFF, *s.* the rabble.
To RIFT, *v. n.* to belch.
RIGGING, *s.* the ridge of a house.
RIN, *v. n.* run.
To RIND, RYNDE, *v. a.* to melt fat by the heat of the fire.
RINGE, *s.* a whisk made of heath.
RINGLE-EE'D, RYNGIT, *adj.* having a great quantity of white seen round the irides of the eyes.
RINO, *s.* ready money.
To RIPE, RYPE, *v. a.* to search a person.
To RIPPLE, *v. a.* to separate the seed of flax from the stalks.
RIPPLIN-CAME, *s.* a flax-comb.
RISE, RYSS, *s.* a small twig.
RIVE, *s.* rent; tear.
ROCKLAY, ROKELY, *s.* a short cloak worn by females.
RODEN, ROWEN, *s.* the fruit of the mountain ash.
RODEN-TREE, ROWAN-TREE, *s.* the mountain ash.
ROID, ROYD, *adj.* rude; severe.
ROLLOCHIN, *adj.* lively; free-spoken.
To ROOSE, RUSE, *v. a.* to extol.
ROSET, *s.* rosin.
ROSIE, *s.* Rose—a Christian name.
ROSIGNELL, *s.* a nightingale.
ROUNG, RUNG, *s.* a cudgel.
ROUP, ROOP, *s.* hoarseness.
To ROUP, to cry aloud; to shout; to sell by auction.
ROUSTY, ROOSTY, *adj.* rusty.
To ROUT, *v. n.* to bellow.
ROUTH, ROWTH, *s.* plenty.
To ROW, *v. a.* to roll.
ROYED, *adj.* wild.
ROYSTER, *s.* a freebooter.
RUCK, *s.* a heap of corn.
RUDE, *adj.* strong; stout.
To RUG, *v. a.* to tear.
RULLION, *s.* a shoe made of untanned leather; a coarse masculine female.
RUM, *adj.* excellent.
RUMGUMPTION, RUMMILGUMPTION, *s.* common sense.
To RUMMIL, *v. n.* to make a noise.
RUMPLE, RUMPILL, *s.* the rump; the tail.

Rund, Roon, *s.* a border; a selvage.
Runt, *s.* the stalk of colewort or cabbage; term applied to an old disagreeable woman.
Ruskie, *s.* a basket made of twigs.

S

Sab, *v. n.* to sob.
Sad, *adj.* grave; heavy.
Sae, *adv.* so.
Saelike, Salike, *adj.* of the same kind, similar.
Saft, *adj.* soft.
Saftly, *adv.* lightly; softly.
Sailye, *s.* assault.
Saip, *s.* soap.
Sair, *adj.* sore; a sore; a wound.
To Sair, *v. a.* to satisfy; to serve.
Sairhead, *s.* a headache.
Sairing, *s.* as much as satisfies one.
Sairly, *adv.* sorely.
Sal, *v. defective*, shall.
Sand-Blind, *adj.* being very short-sighted, as is often the case with people with very fair hair.
Sandy, *s.* Alexander.
Sang, *s.* a song; also the past of sing.
Sap, *s.* liquid of any kind taken to solids.
Saps, *s.* bread soaked or boiled in ale, or wine and water.
Sark, *s.* a shirt, frequently applied to the shift of a female.
Sauch, Saugh, *s.* the willow tree.
To Sauch, Soagh, *v. n.* to emit a rustling or whistling sound, like the wind in a narrow pass.
Saul, Sawl, *s.* soul.
Saulless, *adj.* destitute of soul.
Saullie, Saulie, *s.* a hired mourner, such as go in front of a hearse.
Saut, *s.* salt.
Saut-Foot, *s.* a salt-cellar.
To Saw, *v. a.* to sow.
Scail, *s.* a kind of tub.
Scant, *s.* scarce.
Scanty, *s.* scarcity.
Scantlings, *s. pl.* small pieces of wood tying the rafters together.
Scamp, *s.* a cheat.
Scape, *s.* a bee-hive.
Scar, Scaur, Scaur, *s.* a bare place on the side of a hill from which the soil has been washed off.
To Scart, *v. a.* to scratch.
Scart, *s.* a scratch.
Schachled, *adj.* crooked; unseemly.
Schank, *s.* the leg.
Schave, Sheave, Sheive, *s.* a slice of anything, such as bread, etc.
Schaw, *s.* a grove or thicket; a shadowy place.
Schel, *s.* a shed for sheep.
To Schere, *v. n.* to divide.
Schill, *adj.* shrill.
Schoag, Shog, *v. a.* to move backwards and forwards.
Schoggle, *v. a.* to shake.
Schone, Shoone, *s. pl.* shoes.
Schule, Shuil, Shool, *s.* a shovel.
To Schute, *v. a.* to push.
Sclaite, Sklait, *s.* slate.
Sclatch, *s.* a lubberly lazy fellow.
To Sclent, Sklent, *v. n.* to slope.
Asclent, *adv.* obliquely.
Scon, *s.* a flat cake, made of barley meal or flour.
Screed, *s.* a harangue.
To Screed, Skreed, *v. a.* to rend in pieces.
To Screigh, Skreigh, *v. n.* to shriek.
Scrimp, *adj.* narrow: scanty.
Scrooff, Scruff, a thin crust.
Scrymmage, *s.* a skirmish.
To Scug, *v. a.* to shelter.
Sculdudry, has an illusion to a breach of chastity.
Scull, *s.* a shallow basket.
Scum, *s.* a mean greedy fellow.

To SCUNNER, *v. n.* to loathe; to shudder in disgust.
To SCUTLE, *v. a.* to spill from carelessness.
SEAM, used in respect to any sort of needlework.
SEATH, SYTHE, *s.* the coal-fish.
SEGG, *s.* the yellow flower-de-luce.
SEKER, SICKER, *adj.* firm.
SEMPILL, SYMPILL, *adj.* low-born.
SEN, *conj.* since; seeing.
SENSYNE, since that time.
SERD, SAIRD, *pret.* served.
SERGE, *s.* a sieve.
SESSION, *s.* the consistory, or parochial eldership in Scotland.
SESSION-HOUSE, *s.* a vestry.
To SET, *v. a.* to let; to become—as, *He sets his rank well.*
SHACHLED, *adj.* crooked; unseemly.
SHACKLE-BANE, *s.* the wrist.
SHAFT, *s.* a handle.
To SHAK-A-FA', *v. a.* to wrestle.
SHAKE-DOWN, *s.* a temporary bed made on the floor.
To SHAMBLE, *v. n.* to make a wry mouth.
To SHANK, *v. a.* to travel on foot.
SHARNE, SHERNE, *s.* the dung of cattle.
SHAVER, *s.* a wag.
SHAWS, *s. pl.* the foliage of esculent roots.
SHEAL, SHIELLING, *s.* a hut or residence for shepherds or fishermen.
To SHEAL, *v. a.* to take the husks off pulse, etc.
SHEELINS, *s. pl.* the husks of grain.
To SHEAR, *v. a.* to reap; to cut down corn.
SHEARER, *s.* one employed in reaping corn.
SHEARIN, *s.* the act of cutting corn.
SHELTIE, *s.* a very small horse.
SHEUCH, *s.* a furrow.
To SHEUCH, *v.* to place plants in the earth before they are planted.
To SHEVEL, *v. a.* to distort.
SHILFA, *s.* the chaffinch.
SHILPIE, SHILPIT, *adj.* weak; insipid; sickly looking; thin.
SHILLINGS, SHEELINS, *s. pl.* the outermost husks of grain.
To SHIMMER, *v. n.* to shine.
SHINTY, *s.* a stick with a crooked end, used as a club for playing a game with a ball called Shinty.
To SHOOT, *v. n.* to push.
To SHOWL, *v. n.* to distort the mouth or face.
To SHUE, *v. a.* to drive away any animals by making a noise.
SIB, *adj.* related by blood; consanguineous.
SIBMAN, *s.* a near relation.
SIBNES, *s.* propinquity; nearness of relationship.
SIC, SICK, SIK, *adj.* such; in the same manner.
SICKER, SIKKER, *adj.* secure; cautious.
SICKEN, *adj.* such kind of.
SICKERLY, *adv.* firmly.
SICKLIKE, *adj.* of the same kind.
SIDE, SYDE, *adj.* a long low-hanging dress.
SIDLINGS, SIDELINS, *adv.* placed side by side.
SILDER, SILLER, *s.* silver.
SILLY, weak from ill health; weak in mind.
SIMMER, SYMER, *s.* summer.
SIMPELL, SEMPLE, *adj.* low-born; poor in circumstances.
SIND, SEIN, SYND, *v. a.* the last water used in washing clothes.
To SINDER, *v. a.* to sunder.
SINDRY, *adj.* sundry; in a disjoined state.
SINGIT-LIKE, *adj.* miserable-looking; puny.
SINCESYNE, *adv.* since that time.
To SIPE, SEIP, *v. n.* to ooze.
To SIST, *v. a.* to delay or stop proceedings.
To SKAIL, SKALE, *v. a.* to dismiss; to spill.
SKAITH, *s.* hurt; damage.
To SKAUDE, *v. a.* to scald.

SKEELY, *adj.* skilful.

SKEICH, SKEIGH, *adj.* apt to be startled; proud; shy, applied to females.

SKEIL, SKEILL, *s.* a small tub for washing, with a single handle.

SKELB, *s* a splinter.

SKELF, *s.* a shelf.

SKELLIE, SKELLY, *s.* squint in the eye.

To SKELLIE, *v. n.* to squint.

To SKELLOCH, *v. n.* to utter a shrill cry.

To SKELP, *v. a.* to beat; to strike with the open hand.

SKELVE, *s.* a thin slice.

SCEP, SCAPE, *s.* a bee-hive.

SKERRY, *s.* a sunken rock in the sea.

SKIET, *s.* a flying shower.

SKILLY, SKEELY, *adj.* skilful; intelligent.

SKIPPARE, SKIPPER, *s.* a master of a sailing vessel.

To SKIRL, *v. n.* to utter a shrill cry.

To SKITE, *v. a.* to eject any liquid forcibly; to squirt.

SKLAIT, *s.* slate.

To SKLICE, *v. a.* to slice.

SKRANKY, *adj.* a lean, meagre person.

SKRUNTY, *adj.* raw-boned; meagre.

SKUG, SCUG, *s.* a shade; shelter.

SKULE, SCULE, *s.* a large collection of individuals, as a flight of crows.

SKULL, *s.* a hollow basket of an oval or semicircular form.

SKYNK, *v. a.* to pour out liquor.

SLAE, *s.* a sloe.

To SLAISTER, SLOYSTER, *v. n.* to perform anything in a dirty awkward manner.

SLAP, *s.* a narrow pass between two hill's; a breach in a wall or hedge.

SLEEKIT, *adj.* deceitful; cunning.

SLOGAN, *s.* the war-cry or gathering word of a Highland clan.

To SLOKEN, *v. a.* to quench thirst.

To SLOUNGE, *v. n.* to walk about in a slovenly manner.

SLUMP, *by the slump*, altogether, or in unbroken quantities.

SLUMP, *adj.* taken in gross.

SLUSCH, SLUSH, *s.* soft plashy ground; snow in a state of thawing.

SMA, *adj.* small.

SMATCHET, *s.* a term of contempt applied to a man, but more commonly to a child.

SMEDDUM, *s.* quickness of apprehension.

To SMEEK, *v. a.* to smoke.

SMIDDY, *s.* a smithery.

SMIRRIKIN, SMEERIKIN, *s.* a hearty kiss.

To SMORE, *v. a.* to smother; to choke.

SMIT, SMYT, *v. a.* to stain.

SNAB, *s.* a shoemaker.

SNACKIE, *adj.* tricky; quirky.

SNAW, *s.* snow.

SNAK, SNICK, *s.* the latch of a door.

SNEESHIN, *s.* snuff.

SNEESHIN-MILL, *s.* a snuff-box.

SNEIST, *s.* a taunt.

SNELL, *adj.* keen; severe.

SNELLY, *adv.* sharply; quickly.

SNIPPY, *adj.* tart in speech.

SNISTY, *adj.* given to saucy language.

To SNITE, *v. a.* to snuff, applied to a candle.

SNODDED, *adj.* lopped; pruned.

SNOT, *s.* mucus from the nose.

SNOOD, SNUDE, *s.* a fillet which binds the hair of young women.

SNAW-FLAKE, *s.* the snow bunting.

SOBER, *adj.* poor.

SODROUN, SOTHROUN, *s.* an Englishman.

SONSE, SONSY, *adj.* plump in appearance; in good condition of body.

SOOCH, *s.* a copious draught.

SOOTH, *adj.* true; faithful.

SOSS, *s.* a mixture of different qualities of food.

Soup, Sup, *s.* a spoonful.
Sour-Milk, *s.* buttermilk.
Sourock, Sourack, *s.* sorrel.
Soutar, Souter, a shoemaker.
Sow, Hay-Sow, *s.* a stack of hay before it is ready to be removed from the field.
Spae-Man, *s.* a soothsayer; a fortune-teller.
Spae-Wife, *s.* a female fortune-teller.
To Spain, Spean, *adj.* to wean.
Spait, Spate, *s.* a flood.
Spang, *s.* the act of spanning.
Spare, *adj.* lean; meagre.
Speere, *s.* a hole in the wall of houses in former times, whereby the family received and answered inquiries from strangers.
To Speir, *v. a.* to ask.
To Spelder, *v. a.* to spread open.
To Spell, *v. n.* to climb.
Spicy, *adj.* proud; testy.
Spleuchan, *s.* a tobacco holder.
Spraich, *s.* a shriek.
Spreckled, *adj.* speckled.
Spree, *adj.* trim; gaudy; spruce.
Spring, *s.* a quick cheerful tune on a musical instrument.
Spunk, *s.* a match; spirit; vivacity.
Spunkie, *s. Ignis Fatuus*, or Will-o'-the-Wisp.
Spunkie, *adj.* mettlesome; spirited.
To Spunk-out, *v. n.* to be gradually discovered or brought to light.
Staig, *s.* a horse not yet broken in.
Stalwart, *adj.* brave; strong; powerful.
Stammack, *s.* the stomach.
To Stamp, *v. n.* to go about stoutly.
Stamrel, *adj.* half-witted.
Stane, *s.* a stone.
To Stang, *v. a.* to sting.
Stang, *s.* a long pole.
Stank, *s.* a ditch with a slow running stream or stagnant water.
To Stap, *v. a.* to stop; to cram; to fill.
To Staw, *v. n.* to surfeit.
Stay, Stey, *adj.* steep.
Stead, Steading, *s.* a farm house.
To Steek, *v. a.* to shut.
To Steer, Stir, *v. a.* to meddle with.
Steeve, *adj.* firm, relating to a bargain made; sometimes used for obstinate.
To Steik, *v. a.* to stitch.
Stell-net, *s.* a net stretching a considerable way into a river, and sometimes across it.
To Stend, *v. n.* to spring; rise to an elevation.
To Stere, Steir, *v. a.* to stir.
Stere, Steir, *s.* commotion.
Stey, *adj.* steep.
To Stick, *v. a.* to bungle.
To Stilt, *v. n.* to go on crutches.
To Stint, *v. n.* to limit; to act shabbily.
Stirk, *s.* a bullock or heifer between the age of one and two years; a stupid rude fellow.
Stob, *s.* a prickle.
Stock an' horn, *s.* a musical instrument composed of a *stock*, which is the thigh-bone of a sheep, and the *horn*, the smaller end of a cow's horn, and a reed.
Stoiter, the act of staggering.
Stolum, *s.* as much ink as a pen will hold.
Stook, Stouk, *s.* a rick of corn consisting of twelve sheaves.
Stoop, *s.* a post fastened in the earth; a prop; a support.
Storm-sted, *adj.* stopped on a journey in consequence of a storm.
Stot, *s.* a young bull.
To Stot, *v. n.* to rebound from the ground as a ball.
To Stound, *v. n.* to ache.
Stoup, *s.* a deep and narrow vessel for holding or measuring liquids.
Stourie, *adj.* dusty.

To STOVE, *v. a.* to stew.

STOWN, STOWIN. *part. pa.* stolen.

STRAIK, STRAKE, *s.* a blow.

STRAND, *s.* a rivulet; a gutter.

STRAPPING, STRAPPAN, *part. adj.* tall and handsome.

STRATH, *s.* a valley of considerable extent.

STRATHSPEY, *s.* an air slower than a reel.

STRAVAIG, *v. n.* to stroll about in an idle manner.

STRAUCHT, *adj.* straight.

STREAMERS, *s. pl.* the Aurora Borealis.

To STREIK, STREEK, *v. a.* to stretch; lay out a dead body.

STREIN, STREEN, *s.* evening. *The Strein,* yesternight.

STRIDELEGS, *adv.* astride.

STROUP, STROOP, *s.* the spout of a tea-kettle or pump.

STUDY, STYDDY, *s.* an anvil.

To STUMP, *v. n.* to go about stoutly.

STURDY, *s.* a vertigo; a disease to which black-cattle and sheep are liable when young.

STURE, STOOR, *adj.* strong; robust; rough; hoarse.

SUCH, *s.* a whistling sound.

SUNKETS, *s. pl.* provisions of any description.

SUTHFAST, *adj.* true.

To SWAY, SWEY, *v. n.* to incline to one side; to swing.

To SWEEL, *v. n.* to drink copiously.

SWEETIES, *s. pl.* comfits; sweetmeats.

SWEIR, SWEER, *v. n.* lazy; indolent.

To SWIDDER, SWITHER, *v. n.* to be irresolute.

To SWIRL, *v. n.* to whirl like a vortex.

SYNE, *adv.* afterwards; late as opposed to soon.

T

TABETLESS, TAPETLESS, TEBBITLESS, *adj.* benumbed.

TACK, *s.* a slight hold, as a stitch or two; a lease.

TACKET, *s.* a small nail with a head.

TACKSMAN, *s.* the holder of a lease.

TAE, *s.* a toe.

TAID, *s.* a toad.

TAILE, TAILYE, *s.* a covenant; an entail.

TAIS, TASSIE, *s.* a cup.

TAIVERS, TATTERS, *s. pl.* Meat which has been much overboiled is said to be boiled to *taivers.*

TAIVERSUM, *adj.* tiresome.

To TAK THE GATE, *v. n.* to go off on a journey.

To TAK-ON, *v. a.* to buy on credit.

TALE-PIET, *s.* a tale-bearer; a tattler.

TAM, TAMMIE, TAMMAS, *s.* Thomas.

TANGLE, *s.* an icicle; the large *fuci* or sea plant.

TANGS, TAINGS, *s.* tongs.

TANTRUMS, *s.* high airs; exhibiting a proud and dignified aspect.

To TAPE, *v. a.* to use sparingly.

TAPPIE-TOORIE, *s.* anything erected on a slight, tottering foundation.

TAPPIT-HEN, *s.* a crested hen; a quart measure of ale or beer with a top of foam.

TARRY, *s.* delay.

TARRY-FINGERED, *adj.* light-fingered; a thief.

TARTAN, *s.* cloth chequered of various colours, and originally worn only in the Highlands, every clan adopting its own peculiar tartan.

To TASH, *v. a.* to tuffle; to soil.

TATE, TAIT, *s.* a very small portion of any dry substance.

TATTER-WALLOPS, TAUTER-WALLOPS, *s. pl.* rags fluttering in the wind.

TATTIES, *s. pl.* potatoes.

TAULD, *adj.* told.

TAUPIE, TAWPIE, *s.* an inactive, silly, and slovenly woman.

TAWIS, TAWES, *s.* a whip; a lash; the ferula used by a schoolmaster.

TEAZLE, *s.* a severe brush; an onset.

To TEET, *v. n.* to peer; to look with the eyes half shut.

TEHEE, *s.* a loud laugh.

TEINDS, *s. pl.* tithes.

To TEND, *v.* to guard.

TENEMENT, *s.* a house, sometimes applied to one containing several separate dwellings under one roof.

TENT, *s.* care; attention.

To TENT, *v. n.* to attend.

To TENT, *v. a.* to observe; to remark; to put a value upon.

TENTLESS, *adj.* inattentive.

TERCER, *s.* a widow living upon a terce.

TEUCH, TEUGH, *adj.* tough.

To TEYME, TEME, TUME, *v. a.* to empty.

THACK, THEIK, *s.* thatch.

THAFTS, *s. pl.* the benches of a boat.

THAIRANENT, *adv.* concerning that.

THAIRATTOUR, *adv.* concerning.

THAIRBEN, *adv.* in an inner apartment of a house.

THAIRM, *s.* the belly.

THAN, *adv.* then; at that time.

THANE, THAYNE, *s.* an ancient Scottish title of honour, denoting presidency in a county or province.

THEE, THEY, *s.* thigh.

THEGITHER, *adv.* together.

To THEIK, *v. a.* to cover with straw; to thatch.

THEIVIL, *s.* a porridge-stick, or stick for stirring broth while boiling.

THEN, *conj.* than.

THEWLESS, THOULESS, THIEVLESS, *adj.* unprofitable; useless; feeble.

THICK, *adj.* intimate; familiar.

THIR, *pron. pl.* these.

THIRL, *s.* to bind; to enslave.

THIRLWALL, *s.* the name given to the wall between England and Scotland thrown up by Severus.

THO, *adv.* at that time.

To THOLE, *v. n.* to bear; to endure; to suffer.

THON, *adv.* yonder; yon.

THOUELL, *s.* the nitch in which the oars of a boat work.

THOUGHT, THOUGHTY, *s.* a moment.

To THOW, *v. n.* to thaw.

THOWLESS, *adj.* inactive.

To THRAPPLE, *v. a.* to throttle.

THRAW, *s.* a pang; an agony.

THRAW-CRUK, *s.* an instrument for twisting straw or hair ropes.

THRAWIN, *part. adj.* distorted.

To THREPE, *v. n.* to aver pertinaciously; to argue; to persist.

THRESUM, *adj.* three together.

THRETTY, *adj.* thirty.

THRIFTY, *adj.* industrious and economical.

THROPILL, THRAPILL, *s.* the windpipe.

THUD, *s.* a dull noise.

THUMBIKINS, *s.* an instrument of torture applied as a screw to the thumbs to force the sufferer to confess or divulge a secret, etc.

THUMBLICKING, *s.* an ancient mode of confirming a bargain by the parties licking their thumbs and then placing them against each other.

TIBBIE, *s.* Elizabeth.

TICK, TICKER, *s.* a dot.

To TICK, *v. n.* to click as a clock or watch.

TID, *s.* humour.

To TID, *v. n.* To choose the proper time.

TIFT, *s.* the act of quarrelling; a hasty fit of ill humour.

To TIG, *v. n.* to touch lightly; a game played by children.

TIKE, TYKE, *s.* a cur; a dog; a rough bad-tempered fellow.
TIL, TIYL, *prep.* to.
TILL, *adv.* while; during the time that.
TIME-ABOUT, *adj.* alternately.
TIMMER, *s.* timber.
TIMMER-TUNED, *adj.* unmusical; destitute of ear.
TINCHELL, TINCHEL, *s.* a circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding an extensive space, gradually closing, bring a number of deer and game within a narrow compass.
To TINE, TYNE, *v. a.* to lose.
TINT, *pret.* of To lose.
To TIRL, *s.* to give a stroke.
TIRLESS, TIRLASS, *s.* a lattice; a wicket.
TIRLIEWIRLIE, *s.* a whirligig.
To TIRR, TIRLE, *v. a.* to tear; to uncover.
TIRRIVEE, *s.* a fit of passion.
TIRWIRR, TIRRWIRRING, *adj.* habitually growling.
TITTY, *s.* a sister.
TO, *adv.* shut. The door is *to*, *i. e.* shut.
TOCHER, *s.* the dowry brought by a wife.
TOCHERLESS, *adj.* destitute of portion.
TOD, *s.* a fox.
TODLE, TODDLE, *v. n.* to walk in a tottering manner, or with short unsteady steps.
TODDY, *s.* whisky, sugar, and hot water.
TODDY-LADLE, *s.* a small ladle of wood or silver used in filling a glass from a tumbler in which toddy is made.
TOFALL, *s.* a building annexed to the wall of a larger one.
TOIT, TOUT, *s.* a fit of illness; a fit of bad humour.
TOKIE, *s.* the head-dress of an old woman, resembling a monk's cowl.
TO-NAME, *s.* a surname.
TOOM, TUME, *adj.* empty.
TOOT, TOUT, *s.* the blast of a horn or bugle.
TOOTHFU', *s.* a moderate quantity of strong drink.
TOSCH, TOSH, TOSHE, *adj.* neat; trim.
TOT, *s.* a term of endearment used to a child.
TOUSIE, TOWSIE, *adj.* disordered; shaggy; rough.
To TOUSLE, *v. a.* to pull at; to put in disorder, as tearing at a girl in sport or rough dalliance.
TOUT, *s.* a copious draught.
TOW, *s.* a rope of any kind.
TOWMONT, TOWMOND, *s.* a year.
TOY, *s.* a woollen or linen head-dress worn by women of the lower orders, with the lower part hanging down to the shoulders.
To TOYTE, TOT, *v. n.* to totter as in childhood or old age.
TRAIST, TRYSTE, *s.* an appointed meeting.
TRAM, *s.* the shaft of a cart or carriage.
To TRAMP, *v. a.* to tread with vigour; to walk, as opposed to riding.
TRANCE, *s.* a passage within a house leading from one part to another.
To TRANSMUGRIFY, *v. a.* to transform; to transmute; to change in appearance.
TRAWART, *adj.* perverse.
TREWS, *s. pl.* trowsers.
TRIG, *adj.* neat.
To TRIM, *v. a.* to drub.
To TROKE, *v. a.* to bargain in the way of exchange; to barter.
TROTTERS, *s. pl.* sheep's feet.
To TROW, TREW, *v. a.* to believe.
TROWTH, *s.* truth; belief.
TRUE-BLUE, *s.* an epithet applied to rigid Presbyterians, in allusion to the colour of the cockad worn by the Covenanters.
TRUMPH, *s.* the trump at cards.

Trunscheoun, *s.* a plate; a trencher.
Trysting-Place, *s.* a place of meeting previously agreed on.
Tuck, *s. tuck of drum*, beat of drum.
Tuilyie, Toolyie, *s.* a quarrel; a broil.
To Tume, *v. a.* to empty.
Tup, *s.* a ram; a foolish, stupid fellow.
Tuttie-Tuttie, *interj.* pshaw!
Twal, *adj.* twelve.
Twa-three, *s. pl.* a few in number.
To Twin, Twyne, *v. n.* to separate.
Twopenny, *s.* small beer.
Tydy, Tydie, *adj.* neat; clean in person or house.
Tyre-cap, *s. a hat of tyre*; part of the dress of Bruce at Bannockburn.

U

Uncanny, *adj.* unsafe; as having supernatural powers.
Unchancy, *adj.* unlucky.
Unco, *adj.* strange; unknown; very much.
Uncoft, *adj.* unbought.
Ulie, *s.* oil.
Uman, *pron.* woman.
Umbre, *s.* shade.
Unreason, *adj.* disorder.
Unrycht, *s.* injustice; iniquity.
Unsickkie, Unsicker, *adj.* not secure.
Until, *prep.* unto.
Uppish, *adj.* aspiring; ambitious.
Uptak, *s.* uptaking; apprehension.

V

To Vaig, *v. n.* to wander; to roam.
Valises, *s. pl.* saddlebags.
Varlot, Verlot, *s.* an inferior servant.
Vaunty, *adj.* boastful.
Vent, *s.* a chimney.
Virle, *s.* a ferule.
Vogie, Vokie, *adj.* merry; cheerful.
Vout, *s.* a vault.
Vow, Wou! *interj.* expressive of admiration, somewhat equivalent to Oh!

W

Wa, Way, Wae, *s.* wo; grief.
To Wachle, *v. n.* to move backwards and forwards.
Wadds, *s. pl.* pledges used in youthful amusement.
Wadsetter, *s.* one who holds the property of another.
Waff, *adj.* worthless in conduct; ill-dressed.
Waffie, *s.* a vagabond.
Waft, Weft, Woft, *s.* the woof in a web.
Wagang, Waygang. *s.* a departure.
To Waigle, Weigle, *v. n.* to waddle; to waggle.
To Waik, *v. a.* to watch.
Wair, *v. a.* to spend.
Wakerife, *adj.* watchful.
Wald, *v. aux.* would.
To Wale, *v. a.* to select; to pick; to choose.
To Wallop, *v. n.* to move quickly.
To Wallow, *v. n.* to be immersed or rolling in anything.
Waly! Wally! *interj.* expressive of lamentation.
Wambe, Wame, *s.* the belly.
To Wamble, Waumble, *v. n.* to move in an undulatory manner.
Wan, *adj.* black; gloomy.
Wancouth, *adj.* uncouth.
Wanter, *s.* a widower or bachelor.
To Wap, *v. a.* to throw rapidly; to throw.

WAPPIN, WAPPYN, *s.* a weapon.
WAR, WARR, *adj.* worse.
To WAR, *v. a.* to overcome.
WARE, *s.* sea-weed.
WARK, WARKE, *s.* work.
WARKMAN, *s.* a labourer.
WARLD, *s.* the world.
WARLOCK, *s.* a wizard.
To WARSELL, WERSILL, *v. n.* to wrestle; to strive.
WARWOLF, WARWOUF, *s.* a person supposed to be transformed into a wolf.
WASTING, *s.* a consumption.
To WAT, *v. n.* to know.
WATERGANG, *s.* a mill-race.
To WAUBLE, *v. n.* to swing or reel.
WATER-WRAITH, *s.* the spirit of the waters.
To WAUGHT, WACHT-OUT, *v. n.* to quaff; a large draught of any liquid.
To WAUK, *v. a.* to full cloth; to shrink in consequence of being beetled.
To WAW, WAWE, *v. n.* to caterwaul.
WEAN, WEANE, *s.* a child.
To WEAR-IN, *v. a.* to gather in.
WEARY, *adj.* feeble.
WEBSTER, WABSTER, *s.* a weaver.
WEE, *adj.* little.
WEEM, *s.* a natural cavern.
WEET, *s.* rain; wet.
WEFT, *s.* woof.
WEILL-FARAND, WEEL-FARD, *adj.* good-looking.
WEIRD, WEERD, *s.* fate; prediction.
WEIRDLESS, WIERDLESS, *adj.* unprosperous; worthless; not well-doing.
WELCOME-HAME, *s.* repast presented to a bride on entering the door of the bridegroom.
WERSH, *adj.* insipid; tasteless.
WHAAP, *s.* the curlew.
WHANG, *s.* a thong; a large slice.
WHEEN, *s. pl.* a number; a few.
WHID, *s.* a lie.
WHINGE, *v. n.* to whine.
WHISHT! *interj.* hush! be silent.
WHISTLE, WHUSSEL, *s.* the throat.
WHITTLE, *s.* a knife.
WHITTRETS, WHUTTRET, *s.* a weasel.
To WHUMMIL, WHOMEL, *v. a.* to turn upside down.
WHUTTLE, *s.* whitlow; a gathering in the fingers.
WHYLES, *s.* sometimes.
WIDDIE, WUDDY, *s.* the gallows.
WIFE, WYFE, *s.* a woman.
WIFFIE, *s.* a little woman.
To WILE, WYLE, *v. n.* to entice.
To WIMPLE, WYMPEL, WOMPLE, *v. n.* to meander as applied to a stream.
To WIN, WYN, *a. v.* to dry corn.
WINDOCK, WINNOCK, *s.* a window.
WINKERS, *s.* the eye-lashes.
WINSOME, *adj.* merry; gay; cheerful.
To WISEN, WYSSIN, *v. n.* to wither.
WISHY-WASHY, *s. pl.* shuffling; half-and-half.
To WIT, WITT, *v. n.* to know; *I wit na*, I know not.
WITE, WYTE, *s.* blame.
To WITE, WYTE, *v. n.* to blame; to accuse.
WITTENS, *s.* knowledge.
WIZEN, *s.* the throat.
WIZZEN, *adj.* dry; withered
WOB, *s.* a web.
WOD, WODE, *adj.* mad.
To WON, *v. n.* to dwell.
WOO, *s.* wool. *v.* To make love; to court.
WORDY, WEIRDY, *adj.* worthy.
WORLIN, *s.* a feeble puny person.
To WORRY, *v. n.* to choke; to be suffocated.
WORSET, *s.* worsted.
To WOUFF, *v. n.* to bark.
WOW! *interj.* expressive of admiration.
WRAITH, WRAITHE, *s.* the apparition of a person seen before death, or soon after it.
WRAK, WREK, WRACK, *s.* anything cast upon the sea-shore.

WRAT, *s.* a wort.
WRITER, *s.* an attorney.
WYND, *s.* a narrow lane or alley.
WYSS-LIKE, *adj.* having a decent appearance.
WYTELESS, *adj.* blameless.

Y

To YABBLE, *v. n.* to gabble.
YAD, *s.* an old worn-out mare.
YALD, YAULD, *adj.* sprightly; alert.
To YAMER, YAMMER, *v. n.* to complain; continued whining; to pet.
To YAMPH, YAMF, *v. n.* to bark.
YAP, YAPE, *adj.* having a keen appetite; very hungry.
YARD, *s.* a garden for flowers; pot herbs.
YARE, *s.* a weir for catching fish.
YAUD, *s.* an order given by a shepherd to his dog; *far-yaud*, signifying drive the sheep to a distance.
To YAUP, *v. n.* to yelp.
YEALD, *adj.* barren.
YEARN, YERNE, *adj.* eager; wishful.
YELD, YELL, EILD, *adj.* a cow is said to be *eild* when she is giving no milk.
YELDRING, YELDRIN, *s.* a yellow-hammer.
YERD, YERTH, YIRD, *s.* earth; soil.
To YERD, *v. a.* to bury.
To YERK, *v. a.* to beat; to strike smartly.
YESTREEN, *s.* last night.
YET, YETT, *s.* a gate.
YHULL, YULE, *s.* Christmas.
YILL, *s.* ale.
To YIRR, *v. n.* to snarl; to growl.
To YOKE, *v. n.* to engage with another in dispute or in a quarrel.
YONT, *prep.* beyond.
YOUDEN-DRIFT, *s.* snow driven by the wind.
To YOUF, YUFF, *v. n.* to bark.
YOUK, YEUK, *s.* the itch.
To YOUK, YUKE, *v. n.* to itch; to be itchy.
YOUKY, *adj.* itchy; metaphorically, eager, anxious.
To YOUL, YOULL, *v. n.* to howl; to yell.
YOW, YOWE, *s.* a ewe.
YULE, *s.* the name given to Christmas.
YULE-E'EN, *s.* the night preceding Christmas.
To YYRNE, *v.* to coagulate; to curdle.

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